This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

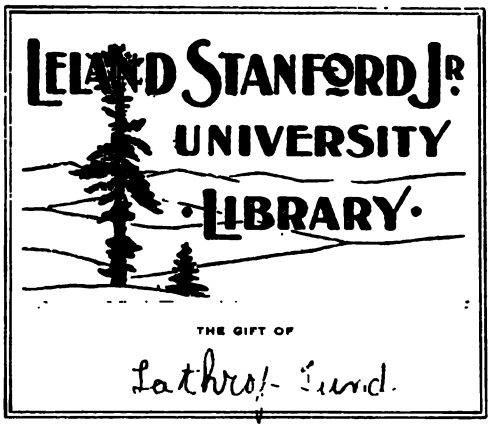
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

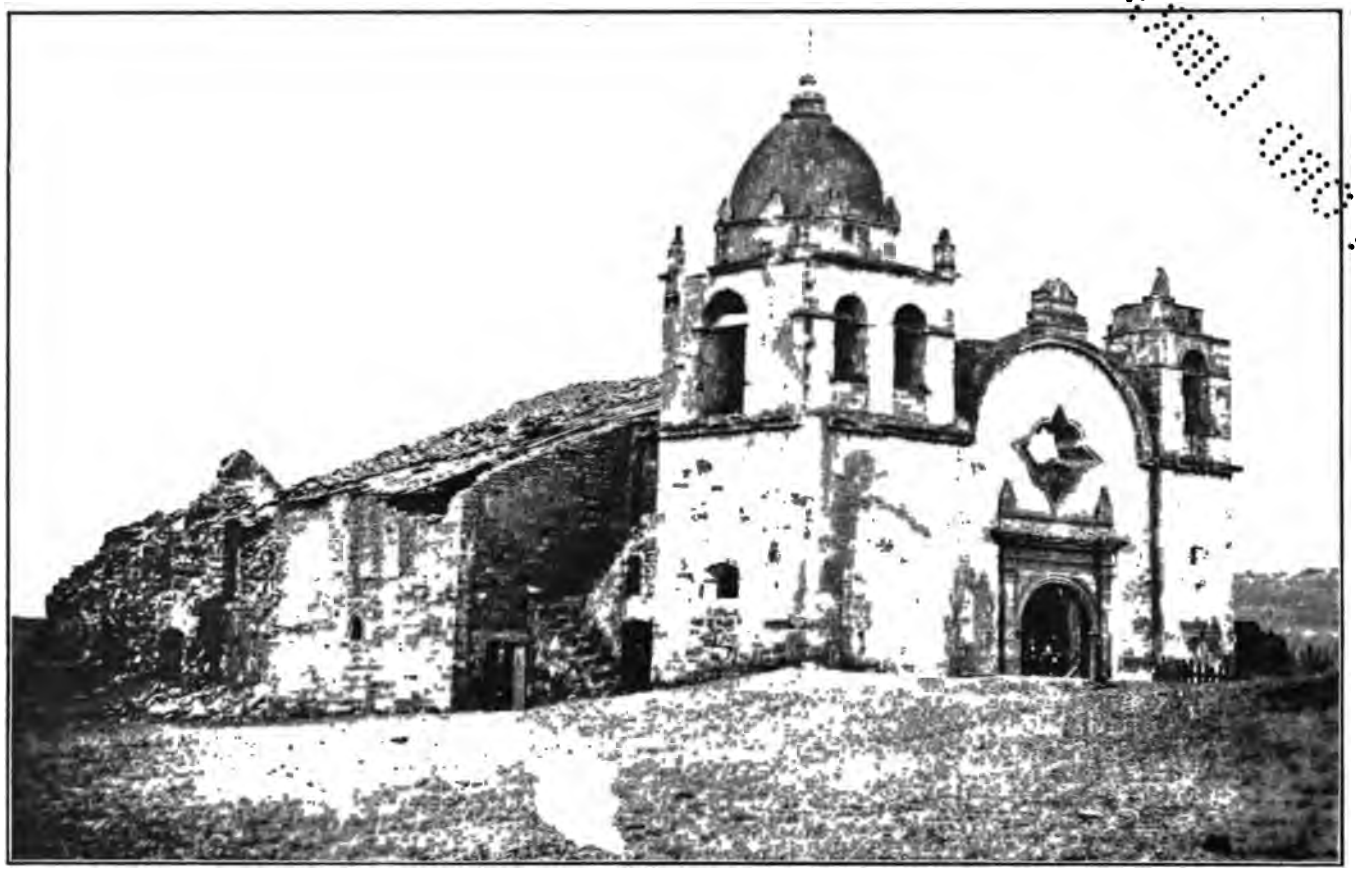
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


LELAND STANFORD JR.
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
THE GIFT OF
Lathrop Fund.

Stanford Libraries



MISSION SAN CARLOS DE CARMEL
(Painted by Langdon Smith)

CALIFORNIA
ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE

CALIFORNIA
ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE

BY

JOHN S. McGROARTY

ILLUSTRATED

LOS ANGELES
GRAFTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
1911

Copyright, 1911, by
Grafton Publishing Company

179276

Press of the West Coast Magazine
Los Angeles

YALE LIBRARY

GRATIAS

IN the production of this book I am indebted to many men and women who have written about California in books of their own. I am indebted, also, to many others who have not written, but whose sympathy and encouragement have been given me without stint. I am greatly indebted, in an especial manner, to Charles F. Lummis, James Main Dixon, Rabbi Isidore Myers and Miss Anna McC. Beckley; and I have to thank Allison Aylesworth who has been as my right hand from the first word to the last.

THE AUTHOR.

LOS ANGELES,
AUGUST 8, 1911.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER PAGE

I. THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE 3

The physical beauty of California, the charm of its climate, the glory of hill and valley and sea.

II. WHEN CALIFORNIA BEGAN 23

Legends and traditions that preceded the discovery of the Golden Land, tales of wanderers, Cabrillo's appearance at San Diego.

III. THE STORY OF THE MISSIONS 55

How the great Franciscan, Junipero Serra, came to California in 1769; an account of the labors performed by him and his successors.

IV. MONTEREY, THE FIRST CAPITAL 99

The lost place that was found and where the star of a new empire was swung from cypress shores.

V. THE SPANISH ERA 117

A narrative of the days when the King's men lived and had their being under California's skies.

VI. THE MEXICAN ERA 151

Stories of the romantic times when the great ranchos between the Harbor of the Sun and the Valley of the Seven Moons were scenes of love and hate.

CONTENTS—*Continued*

CHAPTER		PAGE
VII.	THE BEAR FLAG REPUBLIC	187
	The wonderful band of Americans who established a free and independent republic prior to the supremacy of the Stars and Stripes.	
VIII.	THE ARGONAUTS	209
	The thrill of the "Days of Forty-nine," when the gold fields of California became the mecca of the world and the goal of picturesque adventurers.	
IX.	THE AMERICAN CONQUEST	239
	Stirring times that led up to the admission of California into the sisterhood of states of the American Union.	
X.	THE FIVE MIRACLES	275
	The marvelous achievements of progress to which California lays claim from the date of first settlement to the dawn of the twentieth century.	

APPENDIX

I.	COUNTIES OF CALIFORNIA	309
II.	CELEBRATED "PIOUS FUND"	323
III.	FREMONT'S FAMOUS RIDE	343
IV.	JUNIPERO SERRA'S MOST FAMOUS WALK	349
V.	THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE	355
VI.	EL CAMINO REAL	361
VII.	THE GRAVE OF JUNIPERO SERRA	363
VIII.	MUSTER ROLL OF "THE VIGILANTES"	367

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Mission San Carlos De Carmel (Frontispiece)	
The Land of Heart's Desire	3
Map of California	23
Hanging the Mission Bell	55
Monterey	99
The Golden Gate	117
Old California House	151
The Bear Flag Monument	187
Coloma	209
Cahuenga Pass	239
The Sierra Nevada	275

CALIFORNIA
ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE

'Twixt the seas and the deserts,
'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves,
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it,
In the gladness of His eyes,
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry
Beneath His shining skies;
With the green of woven meadows,
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers,
And the flash of poppied plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay that was of old
Sail countless argosies;
Morns break again in splendor
O'er the giant, new-born West,
But of all the lands God fashioned,
'Tis this land is the best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peaks of snow;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below, the white seas swirled—
Just California stretching down
The middle of the world.

SAN DIEGO LIBRARY

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE
(*From a Painting by William Wendt*)

CALIFORNIA
ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE

I

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

THE cosmographers have done their worst, at last—or their best. It is wholly a matter of which way you care to look at it. Nothing remains, any more, for the imagination. There is not a terra incognita left on the face of the earth.

From Dan to Beersheba is now a mere day's Marathon for the members of an amateur athletic club. The whole "cow country," even, has been fenced in. All that lingers is the long baffled heel which is to be placed on the South Pole; and that is liable to happen any day. Then the last parallel and meridian will have been checked up, and Marco Polo may rest content in his forgotten grave.

But the situation is not without compensation, though the ultimate Treasure Island has been plowed knee-deep and John Silver need never come back to muster another cut-throat crew. And the compensation is this, that the poet's dreams—ages old—of a "Land of Heart's Desire" have been realized in the actual discovery of that earthly Paradise. It is certainly California.

Happily, there is no country unbeloved. It may be that you will have seen a Patagonian pining among the green fields of a sunny land for the desolate plains where he was born. Or it may be that you have turned from the note of a flute in a music hall to see

in the eyes of a stranger the hunger of a longing, not knowing that his heart was far fled to a forest where none but himself had been a boy. Native land with some people is a passion; with every man it is at least a memory tender with affection.

Still, it is true that in all ages men have dreamed that there was somewhere on the yet ungirdled globe an ideal land, fairer and kindlier than their own. Long was that fair land sought. Phœnician, Greek and all went forth to seek it—deep-sea voyagers, far-inland wanderers, Jason in the Argo and Marcos de Niza with dusty staff upon Cibola's luring trails. Wave-tossed and footsore they fared upon the quest.

But now there is no longer a dragon-guarded frontier that awaits a daring prow or an adventurous sandal. The knowledge of every land and every sea is complete and available. You can get it all for a penny at the map-seller's store, just around the corner.

It seems that there has never been such a thing as a myth. Everything that man has dreamed of or that he saw in visions from the beginning had some foundation in fact. We speak now with our very voices across seas that were limitless to the ancients and that Columbus spent so many weary weeks to cross. Dædalus was not a myth, but simply a man in advance of his age, as was also "Darius Green in his flying machine." And so, with California known to all the world as it is known today, we see that the "Land of Heart's Desire" was equally as unmythical as were the other strange visions which have dreamed their way across the mist-hung pathways of the centuries.

The proof lies in the fact that those who come to California, like the messengers of Ulysses to the Lotus Land, lose the desire to return whence they came. It is so from the very first wanderer

who set foot upon the bright shores of the Sunset Sea, stretching in glory down the world from Shasta's snowy crown to San Diego's harbor of the sun. He found a new land fairer than his own on which to feast his senses, a new love in his heart stronger than the old. Since that far-away day when Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed with his galleons from Navidad to lie down with death on a sunny isle of Santa Barbara, California has called with luring lips the wandering sails and caravans of all the world.

Of old she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk,
From peaks where the sunlight lingers long,
From the vales in the purpled dusk;
She called to the seas with their tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.

So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas,
And the flaming lips of her wild love pressed
Upon them, about her knees;
She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there,
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.

With cheeks of olive and eyes of night,
They laughed in her glad caress,
And she gave them her Land of the Living Light
For their wandering feet to press;
She gave them her Land of the Sun and Shine,
Where the seas and the deserts part,
And they brought her their gifts of the fig and vine,
And wound them around her heart.

Yet, oft in the light of the mellow moons
From the jaspered heavens hung,
'Mid the tinkle of soft Castilian tunes
And the bells from the Mission rung,
She dreamed of her bounty brimming o'er,
Of her largess of field and plain,
And then from the sweep of the sunlit shore,
Her fond lips called again.

Again she called, and from far away,
Over desert and mountain keep,
In lands where the wind-swept prairies lay,
And the ice-clasped torrents sleep,
They heard her voice, like a golden chime,
And in dreams they saw her rise
From golden streams in a golden clime,
'Neath the blue of faithful skies.

Then, forth from the toil of grudging field
And their grinding marts they fled,
While the good ship Argo sailed, new-keeled,
Where the long sea journey led;
And anon through forests and wastes they fared,
Over trackless plain and hill,
And many a blood-stained trail they dared,
To the voice that called them still.

They came, and she dowered with spendthrift hands,
The hopes of their wildest dreams,
And she flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams—
Saxon and Teuton and Celt that trod
The paths of her treasured springs,
With shoon of silver their feet she shod,
And clothed them in robes of kings.

Thus hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk.
And so, from her heart's unwearied love,
Rings her voice with its olden thrill;
From the seas below and the skies above,
She is calling, calling still.

The charm of California is no fitful charm. She has never had a faithless lover. Whoever has fallen under the spell of her beauty seeks no other mistress. Son and daughter that she has borne worship her very name. The expatriate clings to her with a deep and undying affection that ends only with the shadow of death. At the touch of her hands the ills that terrorize childhood in the fickle outlands come not to estop the frolics of health; manhood rises to vast achievements and great deeds of progress; old age lengthens to unwonted years, blessed with serene content.

There is no other land so lovely, so constant, so generous. It lies between the desert and the sea—God's two sanatoriums for weary flesh and weary mind. The Sierra's eternal snows, the desert's clean, hot breath, the Ocean's cool winds and the warmth of the sinuous current of Japan winding through it, all combine to make a climate hopelessly unrivaled by even the most favored shores of the Mediterranean. It is a land of artists' dreams, endless with flower-flamed uplands, swinging lomas and majestic mountains. It changes with every color of the day and is soft and sweet unspeakably under low-hanging stars and great, shining moons.

There is not anywhere a Valley to rival the beauty of Yosemite, or the fruitful area of the San Joaquin; the most splendid harbor in the world is the Bay of San Francisco; the Mariposa Sequoias are the largest trees in existence as they are also the oldest living things on the face of the earth. Never was there a road more glamorous with romance or more eloquent with service than El Camino Real on which still linger the gray ruins of the old Franciscan Missions. Southward wind still the brown trails of the Padres, northward are the hills from which the Argonauts

wrung the most stupendous cache of gold that Nature had ever hidden away.

If you were to spend a year of happy wanderings between San Diego's harbor of the sun and the Valley of the Seven Moons, and then another summer still till you reach the trails that lie under Shasta across the hills of Del Norte, Modoc and Siskiyou, then would you know with what tenderness God has fashioned California. Always from the Wander Trail would your eyes behold the glory of the sea, the soft purple of dreamy isles, sun and shine to light your feet by day and the wonder of the stars to cover you at night.

There is no brighter estuary on any shore than the Bay of San Diego, and it is there that California began. It is the place of first things. It is the first Port of Home on the shores of the Pacific on the western rim of the United States. Here were reared on those shores the first cross, the first church and the first town. It was here, too, that sprang from primeval wastes the first cultivated field, the first palm, and the first vine and olive tree to blossom into fruitage beneath a wooing sun from the life-giving waters of the first irrigation ditch.

San Diego is very old in history, yet young in destiny. She looks back on a past that stretches nearly four hundred years into the now dim and misty pathways of civilization. She knew the white man's wandering ships before Columbus was much more than cold in his grave. Her tiled rooftrees and Christian shrines received the salutes of the booming tides before the Declaration of Independence was signed and before Betsy Ross wove from summer rainbows and wintry stars the miracle of "Old Glory."

It would seem that San Diego has more than a share of good fortune in her Bay and the charm that

environs it, yet she has in reserve a charm fully as great in the mountain valleys that lie within the clasp of the mighty hills above and all around her. Over vast sunlit passes and down through a thousand winding trails of glory these marvelous vales lie in wait for the traveler with an endless and kaleidoscopic delight. In changeful series, one after another, they lure and beckon the wayfarer eagerly and with a joy indescribable.

In these wonderful valleys and uplifted hills still linger memories of the romantic past. Upon the way are the remains of olden shrines; an ancient mission bell suspended from scarred and weather beaten timbers, all that remain of a chapel; fields where battles were fought, and the pathetic wrecks of villages where, solemn and pleading, linger the remnants of a race starved and wronged and outraged through years of cruel neglect. You shall see many a dark face still in the wild outposts of Campo and in places near—they who once were the sole possessors of all this beauty. No more is theirs the land that rose like a dream of Paradise before the enraptured eyes of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo and his daring crew in the long dead centuries of the past; no more is the kindly care of the Padres thrown around them. Against the greatness of today they stand as the sole pitiful, hopeless protest—the one sad blot on an enthralling picture.

Through these valleys, beginning with the one called El Cajon, the trail leads wild and high, bidding the wanderer ever to turn that he may still see the bright, distant Bay, the towers of Coronado and the purple islands far out upon the bosom of a turquoise sea. The road goes ever upward until it reaches Descanso, which is called "the place of rest," then down into the valley which lies over San Felipe, and downward yet again into Santa Ysabel and Santa

Maria. From thence the road leaps across shining summits into the hot springs of Warners and on and on until the "King's Highway" stretches before you to ruined Pala and the splendor of San Luis Rey.

You shall swing now inward from sight of the sea to the bright Lake of Elsinore. Happily it may be near evening time, and you shall behold the lingering kiss of the sun on the Mountains of Mystery—the peaks of San Gorgonio, San Bernardino, San Antonio, and, beyond them all, the white majesty of San Jacinto, the kingly outpost of the royal hills.

There are mountains everywhere in California—barriers alike against the great ocean and the great desert—gleaming hills of glory upstanding against the bluest of skies or rifting the sometime cloud. Between Shasta in the north and Whitney in the south they stretch their golden chains—and farther still. So vast and mighty are they that half a world might find room and sustenance within their canyons and innumerable recesses—each man with his vine and fig tree, his nine bean rows and a hive for the honey bee.

It were difficult to say which section of these mountains is the most alluring, but where now you stand under the glow of the San Bernardinos you shall behold the Mountain of the Arrowhead, which is certainly the most mysterious mountain in the world. From the floor of the valley below it rises to a height of two thousand feet and is visible with perfect distinctness from a distance of thirty miles.

Nowhere else on the globe has nature produced a phenomenon so startling. There are mountains elsewhere marked with what purport to be symbols, but they all demand a more or less generous stretch of the imagination. It is not so, however, in the case of the Arrowhead. The representation is absolutely faithful, even to the slightest details. It is as though

a giant Indian god had torn an arrowhead from a shaft in his quiver and had hurled it flat into the great green hill—how long ago no man knows or ever can know.

With its point downward, the gigantic Arrowhead is a quarter of a mile in length and five hundred fifty feet in width, covering an area of seven and one-half acres. It is caused by a growth of light green vegetation known as "white sage," springing from a gray soil of decomposed granite. This growth and soil are confined to the Arrowhead's absolutely perfect outlines. There is not a flaw in the drawing from shank to barb. Closing in on these outlines is a dark soil on which is a growth of thick chaparral composed mostly of chamiso and greasewood. Thus is the Arrowhead caused. But who or what caused the cause? It is unworthy of any thoughtful person, scientist or layman, to dismiss so strange a subject with the weak assertion that the thing is "merely a freak." Freaks are freaks; the Arrowhead is a perfection.

The Argonauts of '49 tell us that the Arrowhead was there when they first saw California; the Mormon pioneers of the San Bernardino Valley say it antedates their coming; the Franciscan Padres saw it a hundred years ago, just as we see it now, and the Indians told the first white man that their fathers and their fathers' fathers had climbed to its great shadows to drink and bathe in the healing waters that still leap scalding hot and freezing cold from its point.

Strangely enough, the only explanation of the mystery is that offered by the Indians, who, in their legends, assert that the mark was made by a fiery arrowhead hurled from the sky in a battle between two gods. The mark may have been made by a lightning bolt, by some god who desired to use it

to direct the afflicted to the healing waters. It may be so. Who is so wise as to say no?

Was the Arrowhead there when the mountain first rose from the flood, or was it wrought afterward by some wonderful race of men in a dim age of the past? If it be man-made, by what skill was it accomplished to withstand the ravages of fire and water, earthquake and the inexorable destroyer, Time itself, century after century, down to this very hour? And how much longer will it last? Is it destined to await the final crash of the universe or will it fade from sight tomorrow, disappearing as mysteriously as it came?

It serves only to deepen the mystery of this strange and wonderfully beautiful mountain to contemplate the fact that the arrowhead is the most universal of symbols. All arrowheads, whether found in California, Ohio, Asia, Africa, Peru or anywhere else on earth, are fashioned from the same pattern. Whereever savage man, prehistoric or otherwise, made an arrowhead, he made it exactly on the design with which we are all familiar. In illustration, if a tribe of savages were brought from the African jungle to America, everything would be entirely strange to them. They would see nothing familiar, nothing that they could recognize. But if they were brought to San Bernardino Valley they would instantly recognize the symbol on the Mountain of the Arrowhead. Therefore, if it were the intent of the inscrutable power that branded the mountain to draw the attention of all men to it, no symbol at all approaching the effectiveness of the arrowhead could have been used.

Leaving reluctantly, indeed, the fascination of the Mountain of the Arrowhead, the wanderer comes soon on the trails he has set out to travel to the spot where, enfolded in a curve of the King's Highway, bright

with beauty and glamorous with the romance of California of the South, lies mountain-belted Riverside. It is clasped in an evergreen valley, walled by the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Madre and the swinging lomas of the Temescals. Above the town towers the mount of Rubidoux, brown-robed like a Franciscan and tipped by a great cross erected by reverent and loving hands in memory of Fra Junipero Serra, founder of the California Missions. To reach this cross there is a winding road, sinuous as a serpent's trail and broad and smooth as the Appian Way. Beneath the cross is a tablet of bronze unveiled on the twelfth day of October, year of Christ, 1909, by William Howard Taft, twenty-seventh President of the United States, and at another point on the road is still another tablet bearing this greeting from John Muir:

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into the trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy; while cares will drop off like Autumn leaves."

It is even so. From the top of Rubidoux great are the good tidings. You shall look up and see, still higher, the peaks of the Mother Mountains crowned with November snows that wait for August with her drowsy noons. Around and all below you stretch the green groves of Hesperides, heavy with golden apples or decked with perfumed blossoms, the thread of a silvery river wound between; the flame of flowered hedges leaping across rolling hillocks like the swell of the sea and the lash of its breakers at sunset; red-roofed cottages and the wide porticos of stately mansions against which the roses clamber; never Winter and never death, but Summer always and undying bloom.

There was a time when the spot where glow these

Daphnean groves lay fathoms deep beneath salt water and the Valley of the Santa Ana was an estuary of the great ocean that can still be seen from the top of Rubidoux. Doubtless the ancient cave-men and cliff-dwellers of Mount San Jacinto, twenty miles away, knew Rubidoux only as an island where the gray gulls made their nests. It may be that once a venturesome voyager built a camp-fire there and boasted afterward of his grand emprise in the San Jacinto caves, upon his return. But, be that as it may, the happy thing is that when the sea shrank and receded from amid these mountain walls it did not carry Rubidoux with it. Man has builded pyramids, but he could not build a mountain.

From Rubidoux the journey lies through citrus groves and bright cities into the Valley of Our Lady, which is set between the great dyke of the Tehachapi and San Diego's harbor of the sun, about midway. You will come to the ancient mission hospice of San Gabriel and the still waiting welcome that was there of old for Juan de Anza, the captain of Tubac, and for every wayfarer that followed after him on the trail he blazed from Sonora to Monterey. You will look upon Mission walls gray with the century and a quarter of age, still strong to endure—the campanile song-haunted with thrush and linnet, the bells eloquent with the voices and memories of the past.

The Mother Mountains hem the Valley in as though with the shining scimitar of a giant god. Its open boundaries are the Sunset Sea's white shores of glory. Its capital is the world-famed city of Los Angeles, metropolis of the wide-flung, magical Southwest, reborn to verdant pastures and orchard blooms from desert dust and immemorial wastes.

It is a place of miracles from first to last—miracles of faith that were of old and miracles of progress that are of today. From Pasadena at the foot of the

Sierra Madre to Santa Monica on the ocean strand, the Valley of Our Lady is grown into one vast city. A half million people dwell within it, and ever the mighty throng increases. The feet of countless thousands of tourists and strangers tread its sunlit highways every year. Day by day its vineyards and olive groves are invaded by crowding homes and towering, steel-ribbed marts of trade until there shall be at last no place for the honey bee to keep his hive. The fields that fed a thousand flocks and yet a thousand herds are fighting their hopeless battles against the aggressions of brick and mortar and stone. Few men once knew the place; and once there was a time when one man owned it all. Now it has been slashed and calipered into squares and triangles, some of which—not larger than a tennis court—cannot be purchased with less than a king's ransom.

From any hill in the Valley of Our Lady, or from the housetops of Los Angeles, you shall see Santa Catalina lying upon the bosom of the Pacific—the magic isle in a summer sea. From July to November Santa Catalina is a glamor of brown hills—a group of segregated Franciscans in their own sea monastery, as though for special meditation apart from the populous brown-robed hills across the dancing waters on the shores of the continent. Yet it is then that the isle is vibrant and joyously boisterous with the hallos and laughter of many children. Whole families transport themselves across the channel from all over California and the sun-blazed Southwest during vacation season. In tents and quaint cottages that look like dolls' houses, the world of the Pacific slope is at play on Santa Catalina.

But in winter, when the rains have fallen, the magic isle doffs its Franciscan gown and dons robes of emerald, jewelled and spangled with red and yellow holly, pink and white cherry blossoms, acacias,

purple lilac and a thousand wild flowers of every sheen.

And like unto this isle are the isles of Santa Barbara, each one with a charm and beauty of its own, Santa Rosa being particularly beautiful with its sunny central valley and its great shore caves in which are the sea's centuries of thunders and its voices of mystery.

Of Santa Barbara itself, one need not hesitate to say that there is no other spot on the globe that, for the purposes of comparison, can be likened to it. It is different from all the spots found on the West Coast of the Americas. Sometimes a traveler will say that he is reminded of Capri when he comes to Santa Barbara. Be this as it may, it is a place unto itself, exceeding the Riviera in beauty and in climate.

Sometimes, again, there are those who speak of a "Valley of Santa Barbara," but it is not a valley. Instead, it is a mountain slope creeping down to the sea across the rise and fall of gentle lomas. To the north, Point Concepcion shoulders itself out into the vast waters as the shining, magnificent mountain wall of the Santa Ynez range sweeps in a great, glowing, crescent above the sunset ocean. There, sheltered in warm embrace with a southern exposure, sits Santa Barbara, not more than 100,000 acres comprising her entire domain, but every rood of ground as fertile as the silts of the Nile.

Nor is this all that makes the charm, the beauty, the climatic peace and calm and the fascination of Santa Barbara. Twenty-five miles out to sea a marine mountain range, twin sister of the Santa Ynez on shore, rears its glowing peaks from the tumbling billows in a series of islands. So it is that Santa Barbara faces not the open sea, but a channel or a strait of the sea. Up into this channel flows the warm ocean current from the south and so adds

its beneficence to complete the climatic combination that keeps the spot snug and warm and free from all violence in winter, the selfsame combination leaving it cool and refreshing through the long, sunny summers. So, also, do the twin mountain ranges—the one on land, the other out at sea—give Santa Barbara a marine playground as safe and as placid as the lake of Tahoe. The channel is a yachtman's paradise. To its long sweep of blue waters—a stretch of seventy miles—come the Pacific-coast-built ships of the American navy to be tried out and tested for speed and endurance.

From Santa Barbara the Wander Trail, ever glowing and ever luring, swings inland again upon the glorious vista of the Valley of Santa Clara. From any one of a hundred hills the lovely vale stretches beneath the eye in gardens of roses and miles of orchards, making endless pictures of delight that words are weak to describe. No soul could be so dull as to ever forget the matchless scene of valley and hill and winding stream that spreads itself for the beholder from the fascinating hill town of Los Gatos, clasped in a curve of the Santa Cruz mountains. It is one of the rarest scenic panoramas on the globe. First, there is the town itself, clean and quaint, nestled in the sunny embrace of the great, kind hills. Then, look what way you will, there are endless pictures—soft glens green with spreading oaks, towering groves of eucalyptus, green orchards jewelled with the sapphire of ripening plums, winding, curving, sweeping uplands and the uplifted splendor of mountains in glowing majesty.

Above Los Gatos tower the Santa Cruz mountains in the innumerable nooks of which are clinging vineyards, gardens and homes that hide under magic trails, surprising the traveler into new delights at every one of a thousand turns. Quaint nooks are

these that have each their own vistas of valley and mountain or glimpses of the bright waters of the Bay of San Francisco leagues away in the distance. And, if you will climb the brown peaks of the highest mountain, you may see the Sunset Ocean breaking against its white shores.

One time in Springtime God made a perfect day,
He woke me in the morning and hid my cares away,
He woke me with a thrush's song and with the linnet's trills,
And took me in His hands and set me on the hills.

He set me on the hills, on the topmost hill of all,
And I heard the morning winds and far sea-breakers call;
I heard the winds a-singing from land and water met,
And I live a thousand years, oh, I never can forget!

Once each year in the glory of the Californian springtime, while yet the world beyond the rims of the Sierras is cold in the death of winter, the people of Santa Clara Valley celebrate the Feast of the Blossoms. The wonder is that half the world is not there when the wondrous vale is one great white sea of living bloom. Neither cherry blossom time in Japan nor blossom time anywhere can compare with the intoxication of beauty in the Place of the Two Shrines when the prune orchards are arrayed in the splendor of the Spring.

He touched my eyes with gladness, with balm of morning dews,
On the topmost rim He set me, 'mong the Hills of Santa Cruz,
And I saw the sunlit ocean sweep, I saw the vale below—
The Vale of Santa Clara in a sea of blossomed snow.

It was Springtime and joy-time, and God had filled His loom
With woven plains of poppies and orchards all a-bloom,
With web of gold and purple in the fields and uplands green,
And the white woof of blossoms that stretched away between.

In the Place of the Two Shrines linger the romance and glory of the golden age of California. There is also found a beauty than which no beauty can be greater. The sweep of the majestic hills is there, and the wondrous fascination of the opulent valley. It is always beautiful, ravished with roses in January as well as in June, and endless with color at all times. But it is in the magic Springtime, when from mountain wall to mountain wall, from the green lomas of Los Gatos to the waters of the Bay, the sea of the blossoms ebbs and flows in tides of perfume, that Santa Clara is by far the most entrancingly beautiful spot in the whole wide world.

The trail that Portola and his men made from San Diego in 1769 upon the quest for Monterey leads through the Valley of Santa Clara and on to San Francisco. It is a trail now beaten with the feet of countless wanderers, and you will do well to follow where so many have gone before. Throughout all the Land of Heart's Desire there are innumerable places of majestic beauty—the snow-crowned peaks of the vast Sierra, the stretches of endless, white surf-beaten shores and great, bold headlands challenging the sea. And there are nooks in the hills and among crescent waters where the red and green roofs of the villages are a kindness to the eye.

But the country lying around and all about the Golden Gate, to which now you have come, is the place where nature revels in moods of splendor, delighting in vastness that she softens with the magic touches of an affection ever changeful yet never inconstant.

From the top of Tamalpais, which rises like a green monolith above the blue ocean, there stretch beneath the eye on every side the kaleidoscopes of hill and valley, plain and river, the two hundred and fifty

square miles of the great harbor and the limitless sweep of the stupendous Pacific, the Mother of the Seas.

Sometimes the vision beholds a sea of fog, rolling in milky waves and wrapping the world below in deep-hung veils of mystery. Again the veil is lifted and yonder crowd the masts of the ships from near and distant ports, flying the pennants of all nations. The Sacramento and the San Joaquin, like threads of silver, wind down from their native hills, through lush and opulent valleys, to mingle their waters with the salty tides. Bronzed and crypted with iron-throated guns, sleep the pillars of the Golden Gate in the setting sun. The voices of laughing children and the clang of bells rise from the villages nestled at the mountains' feet. Dim in a purple haze lie the Farallones off to sea. Oakland with her busy life, the green meadows of Alameda, the clustering towns of Marin and the sweep of Contra Costa's hills, all send their sunset greetings to the uplifted heights, to the parting ships that put out upon wandering voyages. Then night and its myriad stars in the vaulted blue of the wide, deep overhanging heavens, and the countless lights of the city of St. Francis and her sisters of the waters twinkle in the vibrant dusk.

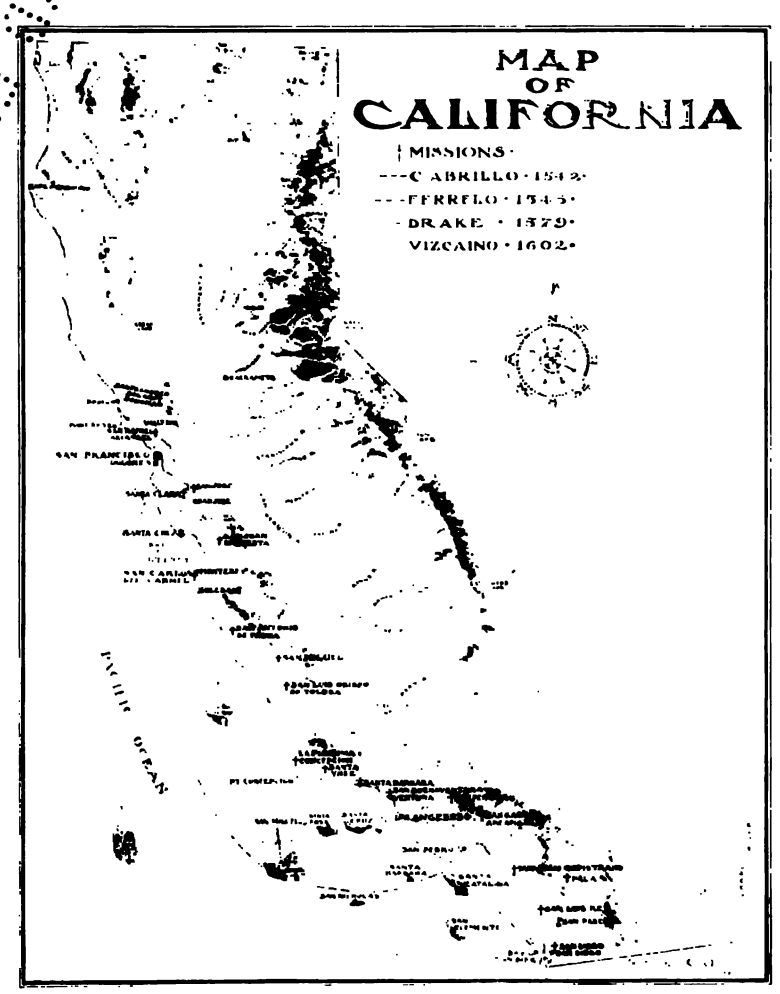
Ofttimes, mayhap, there be those that wander there whom the eyes of mortals cannot see—St. Francis with sandaled feet and Brother Juniper, his beloved disciple, searching for hungry mouths and ragged beggars and tossed, sore-beaten souls; Portola in plumed hat and slashed breeches haunting the brown hill which made him immortal; Father Serra harkening to the Mission bells when the Angelus is ringing; the souls of Argonauts seeking again the golden fleece; deep-sea sailors, tattooed and swart, with rings in their ears; and, in the soft, deep glory of the sum-

mer night, Juan de Ayala, on the deck of the San Carlos, the first to sail through the Golden Gate.

Nor is it here the bright trails end. Still on they lead in sun and shine far beyond the last estuary of the great Bay, past San Rafael and Sonoma in the Valley of the Seven Moons where the Franciscans reared the last outpost of the Missions. And farther still they lead amid vast forests, tumbling rivers and gleaming lakes to Shasta's snowy glory, and yet onward for many another league. And then you shall double on your tracks, backward across the ranges of Siskiyou and Modoc, through orchard land and meadow, in and out of the haunts of the Argonauts, greeting anon the ancient Sequoias as your elder brothers whom time has towered to the skies. The Yosemite shall beckon to you from the vast stretches of the San Joaquin, into which the German Fatherland might be thrown and have room to spare.

So shall you wander, with sunny heart, upon the golden trails of the Land of Heart's Desire. A thousand miles the trail shall lead you, and thrice a thousand wonders shall you see—white peaks of glory and sunset shores of dream, yucca and poppy on the upland slopes, gardens deep with roses in each valley's heart, brown roadsides hushed with ruined fanes; and, here and there, a moldered cross upon a haunted hill.

STANFORD LIBRARY



MAP OF CALIFORNIA
(Early Voyages and Old Missions)

II

WHEN CALIFORNIA BEGAN

VERY early in the sixteenth century there was published in Spain a book of romance called "Las Sergas de Esplandian." In this book the author told of "the great Island of California, where a great abundance of gold and precious stone is found." As far as can be known it was in this book that the name "California" was first coined. And from that hour the quest of the same island began—the goal of deep-sea wanderers and soldiers of fortune, conquistadores, proselytizers and the dreamers of dreams.

The mistaken idea that California was an island lasted long after her golden shores of glory had been seen and to some extent explored. Legend also peopled it with a race of Amazons who wore bracelets and other ornaments of gold. It was pictured as a land of untold riches, which, of course, it was and is, but the discovery of gold remained for the Americans who did not come in the footsteps of the Spaniards until more than three hundred years had passed.

To begin at the beginning of California, or rather to go back to events which led up to its beginning, it is necessary that the mind revert to the year 1521 when Cortes had reduced by conquest the New Spain of those times, which is the Mexico and the South America of today. Cortes had reduced the country to a state of servility and the Aztecs who still remained alive had been tamed to eat out of the Conqueror's hand, although a time had now come when

Cortes had somewhat lost his influence with the throne in far-away Spain. He had also lost a good deal of the gold and treasure he had wrung from poor old Montezuma and his people, and was eager to find another virgin field for his masterly exploitation in order that he might make another haul and reinstate himself with the King by adding new and perhaps greater provinces to Castile and Leon.

Well, there were great tales going the rounds in Mexico those days of a country to the north which outshone both Mexico and Peru in wealth as the sun outshines the moon. And the favorite tale was of the Seven Cities of Cibola—seven magical cities where the people made use of gold with the same abandon that people living on a lake use water. Their great flat-roofed houses were said to be fairly wainscoted with gold; gold nuggets were lying around in the streets to throw at the cats. The Seven Cities were the talk of all Mexico, and everybody believed in their existence, including Cortes, who sent out three different expeditions, from time to time, in vain searches to find them.

It was in the height of this excitement that Alvaro Nunez Cabesa de Vaca appeared in the City of Mexico one fine summer's day in the year 1537, footsore and weary, but able to eat a man's-sized meal and to swallow a few flagons of pulque to wash the cobwebs and the dust of travel from his throat. With him were three companions, Alonzo del Castillo, Andres de Orantes and a negro named Estevanico. It does not appear from the ancient chronicles that the three companions had much, if anything, to say, but it does appear that Cabesa de Vaca was full of speech and nowise loth to let it out.

The tale which de Vaca brought to Mexico was well calculated to stir the blood of men whose sole object in life was the amassment of wealth. He said

he had come from Florida, a distance of considerably more than 3000 miles, and that it had taken himself and his companions a period of nine years to make the journey. He explained his presence in Florida by the statement that he had been a member of an ill-fated expedition from Spain to those shores and that all his companions except the three who were now with him had perished at the hands of the natives. He and the three who were saved with him managed to escape only because he had persuaded the Indians that he was possessed of miraculous powers.

So greatly had this man caused himself to be reverenced that the Indians handed him along from tribe to tribe without even so much as examining his hair to see how he would look without it. In those wonderful years of his wandering he had seen many great nations and grand cities; he had seen so many bags of silver in different places that he couldn't begin to count them. The natives of the countries through which he passed even used emeralds for arrowheads. But what he had seen, he said, appeared to be trifling compared to what he had heard of as existing in other countries and other cities farther north, in which gold and silver and precious gems were as common as thistles in Scotland.

Mexico was stirred to its deepest depths by the narrative, and nobody even so much as took the trouble to cross-examine de Vaca. He was not asked to explain how he managed to wade the swamps and morasses and wend his way through the forests and tramp the great wastes that lie through Louisiana, Alabama and Texas; or how he got across the Mississippi River and tramped the vast waterless plains and on down another seven hundred miles to the City of Mexico. It must be remembered, anyway, that in the year 1537 the geography of America was

not clear in anybody's mind. One would suppose, however, that some doubting Thomas would have asked to be shown an emerald arrowhead, at least, being that they were so plentiful; but, no. Alvaro Nunez Cabesa de Vaca was a gentleman and therefore his word was not to be questioned by a people so imbued with chivalry as were the Spaniards. But we of this day may be excused if we sometimes wonder what became of that tremendous supply of emeralds and in what particular portion of the southern part of the present United States they were indigenous to the soil, so to speak.

It must have been a delight to de Vaca's heart to note the reawakening of energies which his tale called forth. The message of the really great liar is always one of awakenment. His purpose is to set things going, to stir sluggish blood and to supply courage to timid spirits. All this de Vaca did and more. Cortes and other men in Mexico immediately jumped out of the dumps and started in to build ships and to outfit expeditions. The Seven Cities of Cibola, golden and studded with gems, again miraged the horizon.

Comes now Marcos de Niza, a friar, consumed with a burning desire to convert the heathen of the Seven Cities to the faith. At any rate, and be this as it may, it is certain that Fray Marcos was the first man to get into action for the purpose of taking some advantage of the magnificent opportunities which Cabesa de Vaca had recounted. Calling the negro Estevanico aside in the cool of the cloister one fateful day, he interrogated him as to the truth of the tale. Estevanico was shocked that anybody should doubt what his master had told, but Fray Marcos smoothed that over somehow or other and asked the negro to go with him on an expedition to the Seven Cities.

So, two years almost to the day after Cabesa de

Vaca had appeared with his thrilling story, Marcos de Niza was on his way north with an expedition headed for Cibola and its Seven Cities, with Estevanico as guide and several Indian porters to carry the baggage and supplies.

It was many moons before Fray Marcos returned, but when he did he brought with him exact information of his journey, together with the sad intelligence that his entire entourage had been left dead behind him, including Estevanico. Of all that brave company whose eyes had beheld so many wonders the friar himself was the only one destined to return. But what are a few men, more or less, in a world that was then, as now, perhaps overburdened with men? And, anyway, since Marcos was a holy man, it was not necessary that he should furnish corroboration of his story. Everybody believed him without the slightest hesitation.

The account of his travels on this memorable journey given by Marcos de Niza was substantially as follows:

Upon setting out from Mexico he traveled a distance of one hundred leagues and struck a desert which required four days to cross. He then met a number of natives who had never before seen a white man and who believed the friar to have come from another world. They offered him all kinds of provisions and presents and there wasn't anything that they were not willing to do for him. He had but to say the word. In answer to his inquiries they told him that there was a valley four days' journey to the east the inhabitants of which wore ornaments of gold on their arms and legs and in their ears and nostrils. Their pots and pans and kettles and things were also made of gold and the precious yellow metal was as common among them as adobe.

But Fray Marcos did not take the trouble to visit

this valley. What he was after was the Seven Cities, and he was on his way. He had no time to bother about a mere valley, no matter what amount of gold it might contain. Besides, Estevanico, the negro guide, was opposed to side trips. He said a valley of gold was a mere bagatelle to what was ahead of them.

The expedition pushed on until it is likely that it was up beyond the present location of Fort Apache in Arizona. Many weeks had now passed, and the Easter season being at hand, Fray Marcos decided that he would rest and pray awhile, sending his followers out in three different directions to explore the country, Estevanico taking command of the principal party which went to the north, the other two taking to the east and west respectively.

Later on two of the parties returned with nothing special to report, and things looked a little blue until one morning Estevanico was heard from. His report proved that there is all the difference in the world in sending out a man of imagination to do something and sending those who have to take a thing in their hands and feel of it before they can make up their minds what it is like. Estevanico had found the Seven Cities of Cibola and, though he did not return, himself, he sent a messenger with the good news.

Fray Marcos de Niza now relates that he immediately set forth in company with the messenger, leaving the rest of the party, alas! to die during his absence.

As he advanced he received many confirmatory evidences of the greatness of the land which he was approaching, both from the people on the way and from the things he saw. He passed through a district where unicorns were as thick as the buffalo once were in Montana. These unicorns were twice the size of ordinary oxen and each beast had a horn of

great length and strength growing out of the middle of its forehead. He also was told of another kingdom farther north that was even richer than Cibola.

As the friar proceeded he was constantly joined by bands of friendly Indians who told him tales that made his eyes stick out, and he felt that he couldn't get into the Cibola country any too soon. He kept pushing along as fast as his legs could carry him and at last he was told that just on the other side of a hill to which he came the Seven Cities awaited him. At that moment a messenger came breathlessly to meet him with the terrifying news that the King of Cibola had put Estevanico and all his companions to a cruel and bloody death and that this fierce monarch was, even then, waiting with the same war-club for Fray Marcos in order that he might kill him also. It was very discouraging, as any one might suppose, and the heart of the good friar faltered.

Although Marcos was a brave man, he felt that he owed a duty to his country. If he were to die, who would take back to Mexico the news of the discovery of Cibola, the long-dreamed-of land of the Seven Cities? Ah, no! he must think of Spain. So he turned his face once more toward the south. But he could not resist the temptation to get at least a glimpse of Cibola. He stole stealthily upward until he had reached the summit of the hill overlooking the valley, and there before his entranced vision shone the Seven Cities in all their glory, encrusted in gold and shining with jewels. It was enough. Backward he traced his steps across the deserts to Mexico, arriving there safely and in due time with his tale of wonder.

What happened after that was a-plenty. Ships started immediately up the West Coast to land expeditions that would cut across the country and strike into the heart of Cibola from the sea. A land expe-

dition under command of the famous Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, after whom Coronado Beach in California and the islands off the San Diego coast are named, also started out. Coronado got as far as the middle of Kansas, but was obliged to return disappointed in his quest. The sea expedition also came back unrewarded. The Seven Cities were never seen again, save as the present well-known Indian pueblos of New Mexico.

Next comes Juan de Fuca, a Greek, and famous in his time as a pilot. And it was in his time that there was all kinds of talk in Mexico and all over the then known world of what were called "The Straits of Anian," which constituted a waterway somewhere up in Oregon from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Probably they had been better called the Straits of Ananias, because there never were any such straits. But navigators thought there surely must be a northern way to get back to Europe by boat without having to double Cape Horn.

The hope of this short-cut by water back to Europe was not forsaken, and it was in the year 1592 that Juan de Fuca came to the fore with a proposition to go find this passage. His reputation as a sailor was so great that the Viceroy of Mexico fitted him out with two ships, well manned and provisioned.

Juan de Fuca sailed away blithely and in due time returned with banners flying and an air of triumph about all his movements. He told the Viceroy he had found the Straits, all right, and had sailed through them from the Pacific clear out into the Atlantic and back again. He described the country along the Straits on both sides with patient minuteness of detail, drew pictures of the islands he passed and, of course, said that the people living along the route were as rich as Midas.

Juan de Fuca was never able to collect the bill with which he presented the Viceroy for his services. He later returned to his native land of Greece broken-hearted by the shabby treatment he had received at the hands of a rich but ungrateful nation. All that was ever done for him, as far as can be learned, was to name the entrance to Puget Sound in his honor, which was small reward for a man who had set things going as he had done.

It was fifty years prior to Juan de Fuca's voyage of fable, however, that our California of today was discovered. In the year 1542, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator of great repute, sailed from Navidad in the service of Cortes under the flag of Spain, and arrived in the Bay of San Diego. This is the first record that we have of the presence of white men in that harbor, and history acknowledges that the discovery of California belongs to this man, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. From out the mass of fiction, romance, legend and fairy tale that clings around California, the certain and authenticated voyage of Cabrillo stands as the one unimpeached fact upon which we can rely.

Cabrillo never returned from the new bright Empire of the Sun which he had discovered from the prows of his daring ships. He died in California; his ships returned under another commander. Neither did the voyage bring back to Cortes, who had sent it out, any profit or benefit; but the adventure has become immortal from the fact that it placed California on the map of the world. And it was from the records of the voyage which Cabrillo made and from the reckoning of the California coast line as far north as Cape Mendocino which he made that Sebastian Vizcaino, sixty years later, was able to sail over the same pathway to San Diego, the Isles of Santa Barbara, the dancing waters of Monterey

and far northward beyond the portals of the Golden Gate.

It is a strange thing that the great encyclopedias of modern times make no mention of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, whose achievements as a discoverer are second only to the achievements of Columbus, and whose ability as a navigator was so marvelous. The books have taken great care to record the name of James W. Marshall, who discovered the first gold nugget in California, but the name of the man who discovered California itself is usually left out of works of reference, and the fame of one of the world's greatest sailors is in this way neglected.

Cabrillo's voyage, which resulted in the discovery of California, thrills with the interest of adventure. To begin with, it is to be remembered that he succeeded in penetrating portions of the Pacific which had turned back the repeated daring attempts of other capable mariners. The ships in which Cabrillo sailed, the San Salvador and the Victoria, were small vessels that would now be considered unfit for service on our placid lakes. He met with many an adverse tide and was buffeted and beaten by furious storms, yet he sailed on and on with a dauntless heart until he had mapped leagues upon leagues of shore that the eyes of no white man had ever seen before.

Leaving the port of Navidad at the end of June, 1542, Cabrillo reached on August 20 a point on the west coast of Mexico called Cabo Bajo, which was the most northerly point ever reached by any of his predecessors. Putting in and out of every harbor he met upon the way and placing its location correctly in his log, as well as giving these harbors and prominent headlands names, he at length passed the Coronado Islands and entered San Diego harbor, which he called San Miguel. The name San Diego was given to the place in subsequent years, and, al-

though it is a goodly name, it seems that the saints themselves might have well agreed that this great harbor and the great city on its shores should bear the name of Cabrillo of the ships who was the first of his race to drag an anchor there or to set foot upon its sun-swept hills.

It seems that Cabrillo's expedition tarried a space of six days in San Diego and was loth to leave. A few days later he discovered the isles of San Clemente and Santa Catalina, planting the flag of Spain wherever he went and claiming the country for the Spanish King. He visited the Harbor of San Pedro and sailing from thence he came upon the islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa and San Miguel lying off the coast of Santa Barbara. Upon these islands and the points on the mainland at which he touched the Indians came to meet and to greet him, often bringing him fish and other things to eat.

Again lifting sail, the little fleet put out to sea and sailed northward to what is now known as Point Concepcion, where it met with violent head-winds which drove it out to sea for several days. When the winds had somewhat abated Cabrillo put back into the shelter of a small port where he remained for a time, and where an Indian queen and many of her people came to his ships as guests and made merry in feast and dance with the Spanish sailors.

Although the weather continued very lowering with black skies, the expedition once more proceeded upon its voyage, rounding Point Pinos and entering the Bay of Monterey in the waters of which the ships anchored and the crews attempted to land. The violence of the sea was such, however, and continued to be so, that Cabrillo concluded to put back to the Santa Barbara coast and winter there. It is recorded that on the return voyage a severe accident from a falling mast befell the admiral, breaking his arm and other-

wise so severely injuring him that, a few weeks after his arrival on the Island of San Miguel, he sickened and died, January 3, 1543. And there on that sunny island he still sleeps on, heedless of running tides and passing sail, the immortal Portuguese whose ships were first to sail on pathways of the seas to the Land of Heart's Desire.

When Cabrillo knew that his time had come he placed his fleet in command of his chief pilot, Bartolome Ferrelo, at the same time exacting from him a solemn pledge to continue the voyage of exploration as far northward as ships could sail—the thing he himself would have done had not death cut short his brave and splendid career. And when the great admiral had been laid in a sailor's grave on the sunny isle, they left him lonely there and the ships again sailed northward, reaching the point now known as Cape Mendocino. Then a furious storm blew up, driving Ferrelo ahead at tremendous speed until, when the calm fell and the thick fog had partly lifted, he found he was as far northward as Cape Blanco on the southern coast of what is now the State of Oregon. The storms continued and the ships, greatly disheartened, again turned southward intending to put in at the isle of San Clemente.

On the way the Victoria disappeared. Ferrelo on his own ship, the San Salvador, searched far and near but could not find the sister vessel. He then ran down to San Diego and, still failing to find the Victoria, the San Salvador started for home. Far southward at Cerros the two wandering and sadly buffeted vessels came together at last, the crews half-starved. On April 18 they again entered the port of Navidad, from which they had sailed almost a year before.

The next man after Cabrillo who appears to have left any footprints in California was the famous English buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake, sometimes less

harshly referred to as a "privateersman." Perhaps since the asperities of the times are so long ended, and in order to offend no one, Drake may be placed in history as a gentleman adventurer. His appearance in California was in the year 1579, thirty-seven years after the voyage of Cabrillo. On June 17 of that year his ships anchored on the coast at the place still known as Sir Francis Drake Bay, where he remained for a period of thirty-six days overhauling and replenishing his vessels and otherwise getting into shape for his return voyage to England, laden with the spoils of a very successful privateering campaign on the Spanish Main.

During his stay in California, Drake established very friendly relations with the Indians. It was to assuage the fears of the savages, who regarded the white men as gods, that Drake ordered religious services to be performed with the Indians as witnesses in order to convey to their minds the idea of the everlasting God who created heaven and earth and reigned above. The important contention is made that this was the first Christian service ever held on the soil of California, and the contention is one that must be regarded as correct except it be true that the members of Cabrillo's expedition in 1542 were moved when on shore to hold divine service. It does not appear from the records that Cabrillo's expedition carried a chaplain and for this reason historians are inclined to the belief that there was no celebration of divine service during Cabrillo's presence in California. There is no mention of anything of the kind in Cabrillo's log, which fact greatly strengthens the belief that no such ceremony was held. But there can be no doubt of the record in Drake's case, so that it is quite certain that the first Christian service ever held in California was celebrated by Sir Francis Drake and his crew on the shores of the bay bearing

his name, near the headlands of Point Reyes, in the year 1579.

Drake's presence in California was purely accidental, but he took full advantage of the accident by claiming the country for his English Sovereign. His presence on the California coast so far north from the scenes of his marauding adventures on the coast of South America is accounted for by the fact that he was looking for a shorter way back to England. He was a victim of the old mistaken belief that there was a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific as set forth by Juan de Fuca and other splendid romancers of earlier days. Drake failed to find the Northwest Passage and returned to the shores of his native country by the way of the Pacific.

His arrival in his native country was made a matter of great acclaim. In the first place he was regarded as a hero who had wiped out an old personal score against the Spaniards who had some years before severely castigated him, also his exploits assumed national importance for the reason that the English regarded the Spaniards as their enemies and therefore subjects upon whom depredations might be committed properly, although there was no open rupture of war. The Sovereign and the Court heaped great honors on Drake and the sight of the vast treasures which he had brought home with him as the spoils of his adventures aroused the cupidity of many other gentlemen of his class.

It was even thought that the time might come when California would be made an English possession. This was something that never came about, but it did come about that some of Drake's countrymen imitated his exploits on the California coast with varying fortunes. Eminent among these adventurers was Thomas Cavendish, described as having been "a gentleman of Suffolk" who occupied a high position

at the English Court but was in straitened circumstances. He managed to fit out a fleet of three vessels with crews numbering one hundred twenty-three men and sailed from Plymouth in July, 1586, bound for the Spanish Main. By February he had passed the Straits of Magellan and was on the way up the west coast of South America, fighting as he went along and losing a number of his men, creating what depredation he could and seizing whatever spoils were at hand. On his return to England he made this boast: "I navigated along the coast of Chili, Peru and New Spain, where I made great spoils. I burned and sunk nineteen sail of ships, small and great. All the towns and villages that ever I landed at, I burned and spoiled." Cavendish made another voyage to the scenes of his former exploits, in 1591.

In 1708 Woodes Rogers, another gentleman adventurer, visited these same Pacific waters, creating considerable havoc. In 1719 Capt. George Shelvoke headed a similar expedition, taking back with him much valuable data concerning the Indians of the New World. He did not manage to get as far north as California.

It must not be supposed that Drake and the other English privateers—men who followed him into these Pacific waters—visited the coast of North and South America for the purpose of exploration. Their purpose was, instead, solely to gather spoils. When Alexander VI, Pope of Rome in the time of Columbus, drew his famous line of demarcation north and south one hundred leagues west of the Cape de Verde and Azores Islands, giving the Portuguese all east of that line and the Spaniards all west of it, together with rights to each of exclusive navigation, Spanish ships carrying on a trade with the Philippines were compelled to cross the Pacific. With a knowledge

of this fact in mind, Drake and the privateersmen who succeeded him steered to the western shores of the Americas to lie in wait on the high seas for Spanish vessels laden with treasure, returning from the Philippines, homeward bound for Spain.

No foothold whatever was gained in California by the English or any nation, other than Spain, in those early days, or in fact, until the occupation by the United States, centuries afterwards. Referring back, therefore, to the original voyage of discovery made by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542, we come again to the Spaniards as the real explorers and ultimately the colonizers of California. Cabrillo's voyage, made only fifty years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, shows that California had its beginning at an early date in the history of the New World.

Putting aside the mere marauding expeditions of the English privateers who have been mentioned, the next important expedition to California was that of Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602. The expedition was undertaken by command of Philip III, then King of Spain. Vizcaino had four ships and, serving under him as Captain General, were the necessary number of sailors and soldiers, together with some learned men, the purpose being, obviously, to thoroughly explore California and, if advisable, to set up there the authority of Spain.

Very great care was taken by this expedition to survey every spot along shore that might present possibilities for settlement, but no such place was found until San Diego was reached on November 10. It does not appear that any settlement was then made at San Diego but that the whole expedition set forth again, touching at Santa Catalina Island and the other islands of the coast, anchoring on December 15, 1602, within the waters sheltered by Point Pinos,

finding the place a good harbor and giving it the name of Monterey, in honor of the Mexican Viceroy.

The expedition went ashore at Monterey, where it camped for several days, visiting the neighboring Indians and exploring the adjacent country. It was during this visit that the first Roman Catholic celebration of divine service took place on the soil of California.

The expedition then sailed north, one of the ships reaching latitude 43 degrees and finding the mouth of what appeared to be a very large river. The commander of this ship, Juan Martin de Aguilar, without attempting to explore the river, immediately turned about and hastened back to Mexico where he meant to claim that he had found the western entrance to the celebrated straits of Anian, which were supposed to lead to the fabled city of Quivira and onward to the Atlantic. But, during the passage, Aguilar and many of his sailors died from scurvy. A month afterward Vizcaino and the remainder of the expedition also returned to Mexico, having accomplished nothing except to gather a great deal of valuable information which formed a basis for the future Spanish conquest of California.

In looking backward upon the early explorations, the one great fact that stands out more strikingly than any other in connection with them is that three great sailors each sailed past the very portals of the Golden Gate, yet failed to discover the existence of the greatest harbor in the world. Cabrillo never sailed as far north as San Francisco or possibly he might have secured the deathless honor of making that great discovery, but after Cabrillo's death his successor, Bartolome Ferrelo, passed the entrance to the mighty port unknowingly and, returning southward, unknowingly passed it again. Sir Francis Drake passed it also in the same way and camped for

a week on shore almost within stone's throw of the splendid inland sea, but he never knew it was there. Then came Sebastian Vizcaino with no better luck, and it seems more than passing strange that these three great sailors should so unaccountably have missed plucking so great a prize and that the glory of it was destined, more than a century and a half afterward, to fall unexpectedly into the hands of a footsore and weary soldier wandering in quest of the lost port of Monterey.

It was in stirring days such as these that have been described that California began, as far as the white man and his civilization is concerned. When it began geologically, who can say? Certainly it is very old, perhaps as old as any other portion of the earth and it may be that it was the first to emerge from the Deluge. In very recent years the remains of prehistoric animals unknown to the science of zoology have been unearthed from asphaltum beds in the Malibu hills of Southern California. Still growing and vibrant with life are the great Sequoias of the north, six thousand years old—the oldest living things on the face of the earth. Wherefore, who can say when California began?

Had Cabrillo, when he came in 1542, or the explorers and pirates who came afterward, found in California an intelligent race of human beings, some light on the question as to when California began might have been secured if only from traditions. But the natives which the white men found here were Indian savages of the lowest possible order. They knew not from whence they came and had not even a theory as to whom their immediate ancestors may have been. It is interesting as well as important to the story of California that some knowledge of the aborigines be had. Cabrillo's account of them is very meager and not at all illuminating. The

same may be said of the account given by Vizcaino. It is really the English gentlemen adventurers to whom we are indebted for the first authentic description of the Indians of California and their methods of life. Other visitors of other nationalities who were in California during the days of the Franciscan padres also give us entertaining descriptions of the Indians. From all these sources it is quite easy to get a clear picture of these primitive people.

Sir Francis Drake has described the Indians he met when he was camped under Point Reyes in 1579. He relates a visit of state made to him on one occasion when it appears that the Indians placed a feather crown on Drake's head and hung a string of wampum about his neck, which he took to mean that they desired to make him their chief. While it is thought that the famous sailor was somewhat fanciful in his account, it is probably in the main quite true.

According to Sir Francis the Indians who came to visit him in state had with them their "hioh" or ruler who was preceded by a sort of scepter-bearer in line with the best European usages. The "hioh" was attired in an elaborate head-dress and a mantle of squirrel skins was thrown over his shoulders and hung down to his waist. The hioh's attendants also wore head-dress, but the multitude of men who followed were entirely naked, their faces painted. The women who followed were dressed with extreme scantiness and it was noticed that the bodies of all of them were terribly bruised, their faces torn and their breasts bespattered with blood.

It seems that the country immediately around San Francisco Bay contained a large population of Indians, as was the case throughout all California. They were separated into small tribes or families, their communities being designated as "rancherias" by the Spaniards. Although separated by short dis-

tances, the Indians of one rancheria spoke a different language from that spoken by even their nearest neighbors. They had no houses or tepees and were accustomed in the severe weather of winter to cover their bodies with mud in order to keep out the cold.

Very few of the California Indians occupied a plane of civilization higher than that of beasts when the white men first found them. Some, it is true, were a little more intelligent than others. For instance, the "Channel Indians," who lived in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, built rude shelters for themselves in the shape of huts. The Indians found on the California islands had some skill in the making of implements and in some instances really fashioned a sort of pretty jewelry from shells and the bones and claws of animals. Occasionally natives were found who fished and navigated in a small way with rude canoes that they had somehow learned to construct. Like all Indians, the world over, they used bows and arrows, and the men of some of the tribes were very skilful archers in war and in the hunt. Perhaps the best fighting men among them were found in the San Joaquin Valley. The physical appearance of these natives was not such as to fascinate an artist in quest of types of beauty. Men and women alike were usually below the average height of human beings. They were fat and ungainly, with abnormal abdomens but thin shrunken legs, the result, no doubt, of an almost nameless diet. They ate anything they could lay their hands on, including bugs, lizards, grub worms, grasshoppers, carrion and raw fish. It made no difference to them in what state of decay these things were found, they ate them. They had straight coarse black hair, low foreheads, small eyes and wide flat noses on wide flat faces.

They had no names for themselves, no traditions and no religion. They were lazy and indolent to a

degree and made no attempt whatever to till the soil. In their dealings with the white men they were much given to petty thievery and treachery. On occasion they committed murder. The lives they led subjected them to many diseases. Such a thing as a marriage relation appears to have been almost wholly unknown among them and there was no such thing as morals.

As has been stated, the Indians of the islands were the intellectual superiors of those who dwelt on the mainland. Concerning them a pathetic tale is told which belongs to later years yet which furnishes a vivid picture of the manner in which they must have existed. It is the story of "The Woman of San Nicolas."

In the days when the Mission of Santa Barbara had attained great strength and power there resided on the island of San Nicolas an Indian tribe differing in language and in customs from the Indians of the mainland. They lived as in a world by themselves and were seldom, if ever, visited by their kinsmen from across the channel for the reason that the Indians of California were not a sea-faring people. The most they ever did in the way of seamanship was to venture short distances from shore on rafts constructed of tules.

There came a day when it was decided to transport the Indians of the islands to the Mission at Santa Barbara in order that they might be under the more constant care of the Padres, who desired, of course, to civilize and christianize them. So, a ship was sent to San Nicolas and the tribe was gathered together and put on board.

But just before the ship sailed an Indian woman ran back on the island for her baby, which in the excitement she had forgotten. As she did not return in a reasonable length of time, and a great storm

having come up, the ship sailed without her, doubtless with the intention of returning later.

But the ship never returned, nor any other ship for eighteen years. At the end of those years—a generation—a boat put into the island, and the boatmen saw a strange sight. Awaiting them at the water's edge was a creature that resembled nothing so much as a huge human bird. It was the forgotten woman of San Nicolas clad in a robe of feathers which she had woven from the wings and backs of wild birds and sea-fowl.

The experiences of this untutored Indian woman who lived so long alone on that island make the experience of Robinson Crusoe seem easily plausible. There were dogs on San Nicolas and one of these appears to have been the only companion the woman had. She had made a hut of whalebones, covered it with brush and had built a brush fence around it to shelter her little home from the winds of the sea. She had a plentiful supply of food from abalone and other fish. She was a skilful weaver and had made many baskets from grass fiber. Her method of killing seal was to hunt them at night, stealing up to them and killing them with stones. Her fish-lines were made from flesh of seals and her hooks from abalone shells. She had become very skilful in catching birds.

It was with difficulty that the boat's crew managed to capture her, but once captured she became very friendly and as playful as a child. Her captors remained a month on the island hunting otter, and one day the woman of San Nicolas was found to have built a screen to shield the eyes of a young otter from the sun, thus proving her gentleness of heart.

When at length the woman was brought to Santa Barbara she was much terrified at the sight of men on horseback and other things connected with the

ways of white men which she had never seen before or of which she had never heard. The Padres of the mission brought Indians from far and near in an effort to understand the woman's speech, but it was all in vain. No one could grasp the meaning of a word she spoke. She was the last of her people.

Very kind were all the people of Santa Barbara to the lost woman of San Nicolas, but in six weeks she sickened and died. The captain of the boat, who had accomplished her capture and in whose household she had been so tenderly cared for, presented the Padres at the mission with all her household implements, her baskets and grass bottles and her birdskin dresses. In turn the Padres sent them with an account of her life to the Pope at Rome, where they were kept in the museum of the Vatican.

Here and there other instances are related, similar to this, which picture Californian Indians above the level of a brute beast, but as a whole these people were unspeakably low and degraded, appearing also hopelessly stupid to the white men who first saw them when California began.

And this was the material with which Junipero Serra and the Franciscan Fathers who came with him from Mexico in 1769 had to work. It was from this ignorant mass that the Padres brought forth skilled artisans, husbandmen, painters, craftsmen and musicians.

THE LOG OF CABRILLO

Following is a translation of Cabrillo's log as published in Charles Frederick Holder's book, "The Channel Islands":

"Sunday, on the seventeenth of the said month, they set sail to pursue their voyage; and about six leagues from Cabo de la Cruz they found a good port well inclosed; and to arrive there, they passed by a

small island which is near the mainland. In this port they obtained water in a little pond of rain-water; and there are groves resembling silk-cotton trees, except that it is a hard wood. They found thick and tall trees which the sea brought ashore. This port was called San Mateo (San Diego Bay). It is a good country in appearance. There are large cabins, and the herbage is like that of Spain and the land, high and rugged. They saw herds of animals like flocks of sheep, which went together by the hundred or more, which resembled in appearance and movement Peruvian sheep, and with long wool. They have small horns of a span in length and as thick as the thumb, and the tail is broad and round and of the length of a palm. It is in 33 1-3 degrees. They took possession of it. They were in this port until the following Saturday.

"Saturday, the twenty-third of the said month, they departed from the said port of San Mateo, and sailed along the coast until the following Monday, in which time they made about eighteen leagues. They saw very beautiful valleys and groves, and a country flat and rough, and they did not see Indians.

"On the Tuesday and Wednesday following, they sailed along the coast about eight leagues, and passed by some three uninhabited islands. One of them is larger than the others, and extends two entire leagues, and forms a shelter from the west winds. They are three leagues from the mainland; they are in 34 degrees. This day they saw on land great signal smokes. It is a good land in appearance, and there are great valleys, and in the interior there are high ridges. They called them Las Islas Desiertas (the Desert Isles).

"The Thursday following they proceeded about six leagues by a coast running north-northwest and discovered a port inclosed and very good, to which they

gave the name of San Miguel (San Pedro Bay). It is 34 1-3 degrees; and after anchoring in it, they went on shore, which had people, three of whom remained and all the others fled. To these they gave some presents; and they said by signs that in the interior had passed people like the Spaniards. They manifested much fear. This same day at night they went on shore from the ships to fish with a net; and it appears that there were here some Indians, and they began to discharge arrows and wounded three men.

"The next day in the morning they entered further within the port, which is large, with the boat, and brought away two boys, who understood nothing by signs; and they gave them both shirts and immediately sent them away.

"And the following day in the morning there came to the ship three large Indians; and by signs they said that there were traveling in the interior men like us, with beards, and clothed and armed like those of the ships; and they made signs that they carried crossbows and swords, and made gestures with the right arm as if they were throwing lances, and went running in a posture as if riding on horseback, and made signs that they killed many of the native Indians, and that for this they were afraid. This people are well disposed and advanced. They go covered with the skins of animals. Being in this port there passed a very great tempest; but on account of the port's being good they suffered nothing. It was a violent storm from the west-southwest and southwest. This is the first storm which they have experienced. They were in this port until the following Tuesday. Here Christians were called Guacamal.

"The following Tuesday, on the third day of the month of October, they departed from this port of San Miguel; and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday they proceeded on their course about eighteen

leagues, fifty-four miles along the coast, on which they saw many valleys and much level ground and many large smokes, and, in the interior, sierras. They were at dusk near some islands, which are about seven leagues from the mainland; and because the wind was becalmed they could not reach them this night.

"Saturday, the seventh day of the month of October, they arrived at the islands at daybreak, which they named San Salvador (San Clemente) and La Vittoria (Santa Catalina); and they anchored off one of them; and they went with the boat on shore to see if there were people there; and as the boat came near, there issued a great quantity of Indians from among the bushes and grass, yelling and dancing and making signs that they should come ashore; and they saw that the women were running away; and from the boats they made signs that they should have no fear; and immediately they assumed confidence and laid on the ground their bows and arrows; and they launched a good canoe in the water, which held eight or ten Indians, and they came to the ships. They gave them beads and little presents, with which they were delighted, and they presently went away. The Spaniards afterwards went ashore and were very secure, they and the Indian women and all. Here an old Indian made signs to them that on the mainland men were journeying, clothed and with beards like the Spaniards. They were in this island only until noon.

"The following Sunday, on the eighth of the said month, they came near the mainland in a great bay, which they named La Bahia de los Fumos (Bahia Ona Bay; recently named Santa Monica Bay) on account of the numerous smokes which they saw upon it. Here they held intercourse with some Indians, whom they took in a canoe, who made signs that to-

wards the north there were Spaniards like them. This bay is 35 degrees; and it is a good port; and the country is good, with many valleys and plains and trees.

"The following Monday, on the ninth day of the said month of October, they departed from La Bahia de los Fumos (Santa Monica) and proceeded this day about six leagues, and anchored in a large inlet (laguna near Point Mugu); and they passed on thence the following day, Tuesday, and proceeded about eight leagues on a coast northwest and southeast; and they saw on the land a village of Indians near the sea and the houses large in the manner of those of New Spain; and they anchored in front of a very large valley on the coast. Here came to the ships many very good canoes which held in each one twelve or thirteen Indians; and they gave them notice of Christians who were journeying in the interior. The coast is from northwest to southeast. Here they gave them some presents, with which they were much pleased. They made signs that in seven days they could go where the Spaniards were traveling and Juan Rodriguez was determined to send two Spaniards to the interior. They also made signs that there was a great river (Rio Colorado). With these Indians they sent a letter at a venture to the Christians. They gave name to this village of El Pueblo de las Canoas (The Village of Canoes, near Buenaventura). (Pueblo de las Canoas has usually been identified with Santa Barbara but the distance places it below that point, while the beautiful valley described certainly does not apply to the location of Santa Barbara, which can scarcely be said to be in a valley at all. The Santa Clara Valley and mountains agree exactly with the description.) They go covered with some skins of animals; they are fishers and eat the fish raw; they also eat agaves. This

village is 35 1-3 degrees. The country within is a very beautiful valley; and they made signs that there was in that valley much maize and much food. There appear within this valley some sierras very high, and the land is very rugged. They call the Christians Taquimine. Here they took possession; here they remained until Friday, the thirteenth day of the said month.

"Friday, the thirteenth day of the said month of October, they departed from Pueblo de las Canoas on their voyage, and proceeded this day six or seven leagues and passed two large islands (Anacapa and Santa Cruz Islands), which extend four leagues each one, and are four leagues from the continent. They are uninhabited, because there is no water in them, and they have good ports. The coast of the mainland runs west-northwest; the country is level, with many cabins and trees; and the following Saturday they continued on their course, and proceeded two leagues, no more; and they anchored opposite a valley very beautiful and very populous, the land being level, with many trees. Here came canoes with fish to barter; they remained great friends.

"And the Sunday following, the fifteenth day of the said month, they held on their voyage along the coast, about ten leagues, and there were always many canoes, for all the coast is very populous; and many Indians were continually coming aboard the ship; and they pointed out to us the villages, and named them by their names, which are Xucu, Bis, Sopono, Alloc, Xabaagua, Xotococ, Potoltuc, Nacbuc, Quelqueme, Misinagua, Misesopano, Elquis, Coloc, Mugu, Xagua, Anacbuc, Partocac, Susuquey, Quanmu, Gua, Asimu, Auguin, Casalic, Tucumu, Incpupu. All these villages extend from the first, Pueblo de las Canoas, which is called Xucu, as far as this place; they are in a very good country, with very good plains

and many trees and cabins; they go clothed with skins; they said that inland there were many towns, and much maize at three days' distance; they called the maize oet; and also that there were many cows (elk). They call the cows cae; they also gave them notice of some people with beards and clothes. They passed this day along the shore of a large island which is fifteen leagues in length; and they said that it was very populous, and that it contained the following villages: Niquitos, Maxul, Xugua, Nitel, Macamo, Nimitotal. They named the island San Nicolas (Santa Rosa Island); it is from this place to Pueblo de las Canoas eighteen leagues; the island is from the continent six leagues.

"Monday, the sixteenth day of said month, sailing along the coast, they proceeded four leagues and anchored in the evening opposite two villages; and also this day canoes were continually coming to the ship; and they made signs that farther on there were canoes much larger.

"The Tuesday following, the seventeenth day of the said month, they proceeded three leagues with fair weather; and there were with the ship from daybreak many canoes; and the Captain continually gave them many presents; and all this coast where they have passed is very populous; they brought them a large quantity of fresh sardines very good; they say that inland there are many villages and much food; these did not eat any maize; they went clothed with skins and wear their hair very long and tied up with cord very long and placed within the hair; and these strings have many small daggers attached of flint and wood and bones. The land is very excellent in appearance.

"Wednesday, the eighteenth day of the said month, they went running along the coast until ten o'clock, and saw all the coast populous; and, because a fresh

wind sprung up, canoes did not come. They came near a point which forms a cape like a galley, and they named it Cabo de Galera, and it is in a little over 36 degrees; and because there was a fresh northwest wind they stood off from the shore and discovered two islands, the one large, which has eight leagues of coast running east and west (Santa Rosa), but with only five leagues of coast running as described; the other has four leagues (San Miguel), with only two leagues, and in this small one there is a good port (Cuyler's harbor), and they are peopled; they are ten leagues from the continent; they are called Las Islas de San Lucas. From the mainland to Cabo de Galera it runs west by northeast; and from Pueblo de las Canoas to Cabo de Galera there is a very populous province, they call it Xexu; it has many languages different from each other; they have many great wars with each other; it is from El Pueblo de las Canoas to El Cabo de Galera thirty leagues; they were in these islands until the following Wednesday because it was very stormy.

"Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of the said month, they departed from the said islands from the one which was more to the windward; it has a very good port so that from all the storms of the sea no damage will be suffered from those within its shelter; they called it La Posesion (San Miguel previously, with Santa Rosa, called Las Islas de San Lucas).

"Thursday, on the twenty-third day of the month, they approached on a backward course the islands of San Lucas, and one of them named La Posesion (San Miguel); and they ran along all the coast, point by point, from El Cabo de Pinos to them, and they found no harbor, so that of necessity they had to return to the said island, on account of having these days a very high west-northwest wind, and the swell of the sea was very great. From Cabo de Martin to

Cabo de Pinos they saw no Indians, because of the coast's being bold and without harbor and rugged; and on the southeast side of Cabo de Martin for fifteen leagues they found the country inhabited, and many smokes, for the land is good; but from El Cabo de Martin as far as to forty degrees they saw no sign of Indians. El Cabo de San Martin is in 37½ degrees.

"While wintering in this Isla de Posesion (San Miguel), on the third day of January, 1543, departed from this present life Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, Captain of the said ships, from a fall which he had on the same island at the former time when they were there, by which he broke an arm near the shoulder. He left for captain the chief pilot, who was one Bartolome Ferrelo, a native of Levant; and he charged them much at the time of his death that they should not give up the discovery, as far as possible, of all the coast. They named the island La Isla de Juan Rodriguez. The Indians call this island Liqui Muymu, and another they call Nicalque, and the other they call Limu. In this island De la Posesion there are two villages; the one is called Zaco and the other Nimollollo. On one of the other islands there are three villages; one they call Nichochi, and another Coycoy, and the other Estocoloco. On the other island there are ten villages, which are Miquesesquelua, Poele, Pisqueno, Pualnacatup, Patiquiu, Patiquilid, Ninumu, Muoc, Pilidquay, Lilibeque.

"The Indians of these islands are very poor. They are fishermen; they eat nothing but fish; they sleep on the ground; all their business and employment is to fish. In each house they say there are fifty souls. They live very swinishly. They go naked. They were in these islands from the twenty-third of November to the nineteenth of January. In all this time, which was almost two months, there were very

hard wintry storms on the land and sea. The winds which prevailed most were west-southwest, and south-southwest, and west-northwest. The weather was very tempestuous."

HANGING THE MISSION BELL
(From a Painting by George Stone)

III

THE STORY OF THE MISSIONS

THE story of the conception, foundation, the rise and the fall of the Franciscan Mission establishments in California is at once one of the most unique, colorful and romantic stories in the annals of human history, and one of the most important.

In order to bear out the truth of this statement, it should be necessary only to state the plain, concrete fact of history that the result of this splendid adventure was to snatch from the darkness and ignorance of heathenism a whole savage race, lifting it into the light and intelligence of civilization and Christianity. The story is all the more wonderful because of the fact that the Indians of California, when found by the Franciscans in the year 1769, were little above the level of the most degraded physical beings and the most mentally slothful human creatures on the face of the earth. A more hopeless task was never attempted by the agencies of religion and civilization, yet the results accomplished were as astounding as any that have ever been accomplished under the most auspicious circumstances and with the most susceptive and noble of savage races to work upon. The Jesuits and other missionaries to America never accomplished more, and in many instances they accomplished far less, with the Iroquois, Sioux and other tribes that were really so noble in their primitive characters as to be called almost enlightened, than the Franciscans accomplished in California with Indians who spoke a different tongue in every vil-

lage, who had not even learned to clothe themselves, whose physical and moral habits were filthy in the extreme and who had been saved from annihilation solely by the kindliness of the climate in which they lived.

From this pathetic material the Franciscans evolved civilized men and women whom they taught to read and write, to sing, to play upon musical instruments, to carve in wood, to paint pictures and to follow agriculture and the crafts of the artisan with striking success. And to add further to an achievement so wonderful that it almost deserves the title of a miracle, the work was all done well within the period of a single generation.

Prior to the year 1769, the Jesuits had founded and erected many missions among the Indians of Baja or Lower California. The work of that great Order there was of the utmost importance and furnishes a luminous page in the history of civilization. But in the year 1767 a decree of the Spanish Cortes expelling the Jesuits from Mexico was enforced and their missions were offered to the Franciscans, who immediately supplanted the Jesuits. It was then, also, that the old dream of the military, civil and religious conquests of Alta or Upper California was vigorously revived. Two years after the accession of the Franciscans the conquest of Upper California was fully decided upon. This decision, as well as the effective manner in which it was carried out, may be said to have been due almost wholly to the faith and splendid vigor of two men, Don Jose Galvez, the Visitador General of Mexico, and Fra Junipero Serra.

In Galvez, the Spanish Government had at last found a man possessed of the military genius to set the conquest of Upper California in motion. The great problem which faced Galvez was to find a relig-

ious coadjutor, equally vigorous, courageous and with a genius as great as his own, to assist him. The military and the religious conquests of California had to go hand in hand. The one could not move without the other. Galvez found his man in Junipero Serra.

Galvez and Serra were molded from much the same clay. Both were enthusiasts. The Visitador General, unlike some of the representatives of the Spanish Crown in the New World at that time, was a deeply religious man. First of all, he was a vigorous, effective and highly successful military and civil executive, carrying out every trust placed in his hands to the entire satisfaction of the King. But he was, as well, a loyal son of the Church; indeed, a pious man. And while the duty imposed directly and particularly on him was to secure possession of Upper California for the Spanish Crown and to direct the military and civil operations necessary to maintain the dignity of the Crown in the new country and to hold the same, he was, nevertheless, as eager for the religious conquest of the new land as was Serra. As a consequence the two men got along famously, working together with the utmost harmony and enthusiasm. But as far as Serra was personally concerned, the military aspect of the expedition appealed to him only as he deemed it necessary to aid him in carrying out his work of religious conquest. Serra was a true Franciscan, glorying in his vows of poverty. The material wealth of the new country toward which he was bound, whatever that wealth might prove to be, appealed to him not at all. What he looked forward to, alone, was the acquisition of the heathen for Christ. And to accomplish this desire, his heart and soul were inflamed with an unquenchable zeal.

Early in the summer of the year 1768 Galvez got into action. Embarking from San Blas with a large force he proceeded to Santa Ana, a place near La

Paz, where he arrived on July 6. Father Junipero was then at Loreto, the famous shrine of the Madonna of the Pearls. Galvez immediately sent word to Junipero to join him in the camp at Santa Ana. Junipero immediately set out on foot to answer the summons, a distance of nearly two hundred and fifty miles, over a wild, rough and dangerous country, arriving in due time, safely.

It is fascinating to look back into the dim and misty past and picture these two very remarkable men planning and dreaming one of the most fateful emprises in the history of human endeavor. As they sat in Galvez's tent in the camp at La Paz, they had before them the map of the coast of California, preserved from the immortal voyage of Sebastian Vizcaino, made in the year 1602, one hundred and sixty-six years before. They noted the points along the golden coast at which Vizcaino had touched—San Diego's Harbor of the Sun, the smoky little estuary of San Pedro, Santa Catalina's Magic Isle, the sunswept channel and the dreamy isles of Santa Barbara, cape and headlands and swinging shores away north beyond Mendocino.

We see Don Jose Galvez, type of the Spanish conquistadore that brought half the world into subjection under the bright blue banner of Castile and Leon. Plumed and bucklered, he searches the map with his keen yet kindly eye, his heart warming with the great dream. Facing him sits Father Junipero, sandaled and wearing the rough brown robe of his Order.

It was not destined that Galvez should accompany the conquest. His task was to fit the expedition out and to send it with a Godspeed on its way; but the fact that he was not to go, did not lessen his enthusiasm. As soon as he had agreed with Junipero on all the necessary details of their great plan, he set

himself with a restless energy to put the expedition in the best possible shape. He even worked with his own hands at loading and repairing the ships, and reserved for himself as a dear and precious privilege the selection of articles necessary for use and ornamentation in the new churches that were to be built, especially articles for the altar and the vestments for the priests. Finally, he selected the sites on the coast as shown by Vizcaino's map, at which the first three Missions were to be erected. These were as follows: The first at San Diego, the second at Monterey and a third in between, to be known as San Buenaventura. It was then, when Galvez had selected these sites and had given names to the new Missions to be established, that a conversation took place between the priest and the soldier which is remembered to this day in California.

"Don Jose," said Father Junipero, "you have named a Mission for San Diego de Alcala, another in honor of San Carlos at Monterey and a third for San Buenaventura. But is there to be no Mission in honor of our Father St. Francis?"

"If St. Francis desires a Mission," answered Don Jose, with a smile, "let him show us his harbor."

As matters turned out, St. Francis did in due time show his harbor and, as it proved, it was a harbor well worthy of him—the greatest of all the harbors of the world. It also turned out that the successful launching of this expedition, due so much to the energy, the courage and the faith of Don Jose Galvez, practically ended his connection with the story of the Franciscan Missions of California.

On the other hand, however, the connection of Junipero Serra with the emprise was just to begin, and, as he came to be the soul of it, it is important that we shall know at the very beginning the kind

of man he was whose name is, to this day, the best known and the best loved name in California.

Miguel Jose Serra was born in the village of Petra on the Isle of Majorca, November 24, 1713, and was, therefore, fifty-six years of age when he left La Paz to become the founder and first president of the Franciscan Missions in Alta California. His parents were pious people and quite poor. Even as a child, Serra, by his gentleness and piety, gave promise of his future career in the Church; and because of this, the inability of his parents to pay for his education was overcome by the Church gratuitously taking him in charge. He was instructed in Latin and taught to sing in his native village and was afterwards taken to Palma, the capital of the Island, where his education was completed.

Reading with great avidity books that dealt with the lives of saints and the labors of apostles, and being of a very imaginative and impressionable mind, young Serra early determined to become a missionary among heathen savages, going so far in his meditations as to crave secretly the crown of martyrdom.

An easy index to the man's nature is gained by the fact that upon entering the Franciscan Order he chose the name of Junipero. It will be remembered that among the disciples whom St. Francis had about him at Assisi was a lay-brother known as Brother Juniper, renowned in the chronicles of the place as the "Jester of the Lord." It was Brother Juniper who tried to outdo St. Francis himself in ministrations to the poor. Nothing in the larders of the community was safe from Brother Juniper's hands, if there were anywhere near Assisi a hungry mouth. Once he was caught stripping the golden lace from the cloth of the altar that he might sell it and, with the money, buy bread for the poor. So impressed

was young Serra with this quaint character that upon assuming the brown robe of the brotherhood he himself took the name of Junipero.

Serra proved himself to be a most remarkable student. Before he had reached his majority he was not only ordained to the priesthood but taught in the colleges as a professor of theology and had obtained the degree of Doctor. He became noted as one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of Europe and was sought after even by the Court itself. Although in boyhood he was frail, delicate and undersized, he became tall and robust as he grew older. He was sought out by every source that had honors to confer and it is said that a Cardinalate would have been within his easy reach had he remained in Spain; but knowing all these things, he still clung with greater fervor than ever to his boyhood's desire to become a missionary to the heathen savage. Consequently, at the first opportunity he left Spain in company with Francisco Palou, a brother priest, his life-long friend and biographer and for a short time his successor in California after Junipero's death. It is related that their voyage was a tempestuous one and that during a great storm at sea, Serra, by his personal courage and great religious faith, calmed the fears of crew and passengers and thus averted a serious catastrophe.

With Father Palou as his assistant, Serra reached the College of San Fernando in Mexico on January 1, 1750. After a sojourn of five months there, the two friends gladly accepted a call to go to the Sierra Gorda, a long distance northward where a Mission had been founded some six years previously. The Sierra Gorda was then, as it is now, a most desolate, wild and inhospitable region, yet never went man more gladly to a wedding feast in a palace than Junipero Serra went upon this dangerous mission. There

among the savages whose language he learned and to whom he imparted a knowledge of his own musical tongue, the man who might have remained at home in the Old World, surrounded by every luxury and with all the honors of Rome heaped high upon him, taught the heathen savage in the vast desolation of the Sierra Gorda for nine long years with the faithful Palou at his side. And when at length he left those bleak hills to return under orders to the City of Mexico, the Mission of which he had been in charge had become the model Mission of the country. The conversion of the heathen was quite complete; the naked were clothed, the hungry were fed and the light of God and civilization was burning brightly in the souls and minds of the poor wretches to whom he had come as a savior. That his labors had been attended by untold hardships goes without saying, and as a proof of it he went away from the Sierra Gorda with a wound on his leg that never healed and that caused him constant pain to the day he died.

For several years more Father Junipero labored throughout Mexico in the Missions and elsewhere until, at length, as has been noted, he arrived at La Paz for the meeting with Galvez and to prepare himself for his labors in the new and quite unknown land of Alta California.

After many months of great exertion the expedition was ready to start. Three ships were in condition to make the voyage—two of them to be sent out together and the third to be sent later as a relief ship. It will be well to keep this third ship in mind because it plays a part in a most dramatic incident.

The two ships that were to sail upon the appointed day carried a portion of the troops, the camping outfit, the ornaments for the new churches that were to be builded, a goodly supply of provisions and cargoes of agricultural implements with which the In-

dians in the new country were to be taught to till the soil. Simultaneously with the sailing of the ships two land parties started out, one somewhat in advance of the other, their purpose being mainly to pick up cattle and sheep at Loreto and to bring them with them to stock the new country. Four missionaries went on the ship, but Father Junipero decided to go with the second land party. With him was the newly appointed governor, Don Gaspar de Portola. On January 9, 1769, Don Jose Galvez, Visitador General, assembled all the people together who were to set out on the great adventure, both by land and sea. He addressed them in feeling words, stirring their hearts as best he could to meet bravely whatever dangers might await them. Father Junipero then administered the sacrament, blessed the ship and placed the whole expedition under the guidance of St. Joseph, the patron saint of California.

The first ship to sail was the San Carlos, a bark of some two hundred tons burden, under the command of Vicente Villa. On this ship were also the surgeon, Pedro Prat; Father Fernando Paron, one of the Franciscan missionaries; twenty Catalonian soldiers under command of Lieutenant Pedro Fages; and many other important personages, and also a blacksmith, a baker and a cook.

As soon as Galvez had the satisfaction of seeing the San Carlos well on its way, he started the second vessel which was known as the San Antonio. It was on January 11, 1769, that Galvez saw the last of the San Carlos and it was on February 15, following, that he started the San Antonio under command of Juan Perez with two additional Franciscan Fathers, Francisco Gomez and Juan Vizcaino.

The two land expeditions were by this time also upon their way, but by the time the second expedition reached San Xavier, in Lower California, the old

wound in Father Junipero's leg became so troublesome and so cruelly painful that Father Palou advised him to remain at San Xavier until he should be in better condition to proceed. But to this proposal Junipero would give no heed.

"Let us speak no more upon the subject," he said. "I have placed my faith in God and trust in His goodness to plant the standard of the Holy Cross not only at San Diego but even as far as Monterey."

In a few days Junipero's party resumed its journey, traversing the wild mountain districts and desert plains of Lower California, stopping now and then at previously established Missions, Father Junipero suffering intensely all the time until one of the muleteers, by applying tallow mixed with herbs to the wound, accomplished a surprising and most welcome measure of relief. Some of the Indians died upon the way. Several of the soldiers deserted. But at last on July 1, 1769, Junipero Serra and Don Gaspar de Portola came with swelling hearts in view of the long-sought port of San Diego.

The two ships sent out from La Paz by Galvez were rocking joyously in the bright Harbor of the Sun, their crews and passengers were on shore and the first land party under command of Captain Fernando Rivera y Moncada had also arrived at the port.

As the second land party with Father Junipero and Governor Portola came within view of the destination for which the whole expedition had set out, and as they saw that every other arm of the enterprise had fared successfully, the ships lying with folded sails in the lovely, peaceful harbor, the tents of the voyagers by sea and the wayfarers by land set up and waiting with welcome in the clasp of the brown hills of the shore, Junipero Serra experienced then one of the happiest hours of his life. Portola ordered his soldiers to fire their guns to attract the

attention of those already in San Diego and the camp immediately responded with salvos from cannon on the decks of the ships and the rattle of musketry from the Catalonian soldiers in the newly founded presidio. The whole camp went forth to meet Portola and Junipero and there was great rejoicing.

This day, forever memorable, may be considered as the natal day of California. White men had been in San Diego before—Cabrillo's expedition in 1542 and the expedition of Vizcaino in 1602—but they came merely to explore, and with no idea whatever of attempting colonization or even temporary settlement. They left nothing behind them save little stone monuments here and there on the golden coast to bear record of their visits.

All told, the expedition now safely arrived at San Diego numbered one hundred and thirty souls, but many of these were sick or hurt and were under the constant care of Pedro Prat, the surgeon. Those whose cases were most serious were put on board the San Antonio and sent back to Mexico, leaving the other ship, the San Carlos, to remain. In a few days, as soon as the camp was as well bestowed as possible, Father Junipero and Portola went into conference in order to decide upon the next step to be taken, which was to find the Port of Monterey and there establish the second Mission according to the instructions of Don Jose Galvez.

The original intention was to proceed from San Diego to Monterey by water, but it was now discovered that the San Carlos was in bad condition and by no means seaworthy, so that the only alternative, if haste were to be made, was to send a party by land to find Monterey and to gain a footing there. The plan agreed upon then was that Father Junipero should remain in San Diego and begin the first Mission, while Portola was to place himself in command

of the overland party which was forthwith to start out in search of Monterey. Accordingly, on July 14, this overland expedition started out, Portola in command. Also in the party were the two Franciscan Fathers, Crespi and Gomez, Capt. Rivera y Moncada, Lieutenant Fages, Costanso, the engineer, and Sergeant Jose Francisco de Ortega, together with a number of soldiers, Indian servants from Lower California and Old Mexico, and muleteers, the whole company numbering sixty-four persons.

Thus on July 14, 1769, began from San Diego the historic march of Don Gaspar de Portola and his men on the vain and fruitless search for Monterey, but which resulted in the discovery of another and a greater harbor that made the name of Portola immortal.

Never was there port so elusive as that same Monterey that now the whole world knows so well. The trouble was that Cabrillo had made an error in his reckonings when he placed Monterey on his map, and, because of this, Portola was led a sorry chase when he set out from San Diego. For weeks and weeks the party marched through valleys beautiful with oak and sycamore, redolent with the perfume of wild flowers and vibrant with the songs of thrush and linnet and mocking-bird; for weeks and weeks they climbed the brown hills shining with the splendor of the dawn, royal with sunset's purple and diademed with the jeweled stars of night—but still no sign of Monterey gleaming in glory among her cypressed shores.

And it came to pass that on the first day of November in that fateful year, 1769, Portola's expedition had marched far beyond the spot it was seeking. Every morning and every last look at evening from the hills showed still no crescent cut of shore or estuary that could be hailed as Monterey even by the

wildest flight of the imagination. Sickness and weariness had made pathetic inroads on Portola's ranks, the men who still remained strong carrying on litters those who could no longer keep up the heart-breaking pace.

At last the brave little band reached that spot from which the fascinated traveler of today, trekking from the south, may look out upon the great ocean, beholding Point Reyes to the northward and the rocky islets of the Farallones in the cobwebs of the mists, off shore.

There Portola pitched a camp and sent Ortega, his sergeant, to explore. Some soldiers who were left in camp resolved to go forth on a forage, which they did, and as they returned, near evening, they fired their guns to apprise Portola that they came with great news. They reported having seen a vast arm of the sea which stretched far inland. Was it Monterey, at last? New hopes inspired the expedition and the coming of morning was most eagerly and restlessly awaited.

The rest of the story is soon told. Pushing eastward, next day, across the hills, Gaspar de Portola and his companions looked down, not upon Monterey, but upon the dancing waters of the Bay of St. Francis and the bronze portals of the Golden Gate!

In imagination we can see them still—that little band of immortal pathfinders—dumb with wonder on the brown and windy hill, drinking in with enraptured eyes the far-flung splendor of the mightiest harbor in all the world. There stands Portola, wide-eyed and swart of face under his plumed hat. Beside him are his officers, Moncada, Fages, Costanso and Ortega in short velvet jackets, slashed breeches, bright sashes and gold lace; the two brown-robed, sandaled Franciscan Fathers, Crespi and Gomez; the soldiers in their leather coats; the rough, sombreroed

muleteers and the half-naked Indians brought from Baja California in the far south.

Backward now marched Portola to San Diego with the disheartening report that he had failed in his effort to establish a Mission at Monterey. But when he told of the tremendously greater harbor he had found, Father Serra was wildly elated.

"Ah," he cried, "the challenge that Galvez flung at me has been answered. Our Father St. Francis has made known his port to us. We shall name it San Francisco in his honor, and we will build a Mission there."

Portola's expedition had been absent on its great quest for a period of eight months; it returned to San Diego early in March, 1770, sadly the worse for the hard experience which it had undergone. It had left behind it a path of grief, and the majority were poor wanderers incapacitated by sickness. The Governor was deeply discouraged and had been buoyed up alone by the hope that he would find cheering news upon his return to San Diego.

But in this he was terribly disappointed. During the eight months of his absence Father Junipero had accomplished practically nothing more than the ceremonious foundation of the first Mission. Not one Indian neophyte had been secured from the hundreds of natives in the surrounding country. The camp had been frequently attacked by the savages who wounded many and had slain one of the Mission defenders. There had been a great deal of sickness, and the new Mission establishment was on the verge of starvation.

Don Gaspar de Portola, the Governor, was not slow to grasp the true situation and to make up his mind what action to take. He ordered all hands on board the San Carlos that the entire expedition might

return at once to Old Mexico while it was still possible to do so.

Serra was dismayed, and pleaded with all his soul against the abandonment. At last they gave him one more day to remain—just one little day more—and then he must put away his dream and sail south with the ships.

Now Galvez, in New Spain, had promised to send a relief ship in due time to San Diego, but the time had long passed and no one hoped for it any more. Doubtless it had been lost, they said, as others of their ships had been lost. Certainly it had not come when Galvez said it would come. It might be he had kept his word and had sent the ship, but it was with the fishes at the bottom of the sea these many months. A child might know as much.

But the situation had one indomitable soul still to reckon with. Junipero Serra could not give up; he would go to God for help and pray to Him for succor across the blue waves. On the morning of that "last day" he climbed to the topmost pinnacle of Presidio Hill and stormed the white gates of Heaven with supplicating prayers for San Diego, even as the garrison was feverishly packing whatever was worth the carrying away. The record of that day is told in Smythe's vivid history of San Diego:

"Father Serra went up to the hilltop on that fateful morning and turned his eyes to the sea as the sun rose. All day long he watched the waste of waters as they lay in the changing light. It was a scene of marvelous beauty, and as he watched and prayed, Junipero Serra doubtless felt that he drew very close to the Infinite. So devout a soul, in such desperate need, facing a scene of such nameless sublimity, could not have doubted that somewhere just below the curve of the sea lay a ship, with God's hand pushing it on to starving San Diego. And as the sun went down

he caught sight of a sail—a ghostly sail, it seemed, in the far distance. Who can ever look upon the height above the old Presidio, when the western sky is glowing and twilight stealing over the hills, without seeing Father Serra on his knees pouring out his prayer of thanksgiving."

Thus was wrought what, in the tents of the faithful, is called a "miracle," and by what better name shall the Gentiles call it? Did not Junipero Serra ask for another day, and did not the day bring the ship to "starving San Diego?"

And what does that day mean to California and the world? It means that, had it never been, the wonderful Franciscan Missions of California had never risen, standing as they do today, most of them in ruin, but still the most priceless heritage of the Commonwealth. Came never that day on Presidio Hill with Junipero Serra on his knees, there would have been no Mission San Diego de Alcala in the Mission Valley, no Pala in the mountain valleys, no San Luis Rey, no San Gabriel or Santa Barbara's towers watching above the sea, no San Luis Obispo or Dolores or any of the twenty-one marvelous structures that dot El Camino Real—"The King's Highway"—between the Harbor of the Sun and the Valley of the Seven Moons, and which to see, untold thousands of travelers make the pilgrimage to California every year.

With the arrival of the relief ship confidence and courage were again restored. All thought of abandoning the great emprise now faded from everybody's mind. Father Junipero, who had declared to Portola that he would remain alone in California, now found his companions willing and glad to remain with him. He preached a great sermon to them at Mass, strengthening their faith in God by his own sublime faith and moving them to tears of gratitude

as he could so well do with his marvelous eloquence. He spoke of the beauty of the land to which they had come. Plucking up a wild rose from its stem he said: "Even the roses here are like the roses of Castile."

But Father Junipero was now eager to be on his way to the lost Port of Monterey where he had decided to establish the headquarters of all the Missions. Taking Vizcaino's old maps he clearly explained to Portola how he had missed his quest and assured him that this time there would be no difficulty. So, leaving behind him at San Diego a chosen company to care for the Mission there, Junipero and Portola started for Monterey. In the party left at San Diego were Fathers Parron and Gomez, the Commander of the ship, Vicente Villa, with five sailors, a small number of neophyte Indians from Lower California and eight soldiers in charge of Sergeant Ortega.

This new expedition to Monterey was divided into two parties, one to go by water on the newly arrived ship which proved to be the San Antonio; the other party to go by land. Father Junipero, true Franciscan that he was, decided to accompany the land party. In those days and for years afterwards the members of the Order of St. Francis invariably made their journeys on foot and declined to ride in any kind of conveyance unless absolutely forced to do so. With Father Junipero and Governor Portola were a number of soldiers, neophytes and muleteers.

The land party reached Point Pinos, May 24, 1770, and on June 3, following, Father Junipero celebrated the Mass under the same oak tree on the shores of the Bay of Monterey where that same ceremony had been performed by the chaplain of the Vizcaino expedition one hundred sixty-eight years before; but the party which left San Diego in the San Antonio at the same time the land party started, did not reach

Monterey for a month and a half afterward, owing to the fact that the ship had been buffeted by the winds and driven from its course.

There could be no question now that the lost port of Monterey had been refound. The cross that Portola had erected on his previous journey was still standing, his records buried under it, unharmed and undisturbed. The wondering Indians who came down told the strangers that the mystic cross had been left unmolested because of the awe in which they held it. They said that at night it had always shone with a strange and heavenly brightness that could be seen for many miles. They hung fish and berries upon it by day, thinking thus to propitiate it, as they would one of their own gods. Again they thought it was angry with them, and they came and buried their arrows beside it in the sand to show that they were at peace with the Holy Cross. And never had sacrilegious hand been laid upon it.

June 3, 1770, was the first great day in the history of Monterey—a history destined to be filled with many great days. It was upon that date that Father Junipero Serra founded there his own Mission of San Carlos with the celebration of the Mass, the singing of the Te Deum Laudamus and all the stately ceremonial of the Roman ritual. On the same day the royal standard of Charles III, King of Spain, was unfurled and saluted by salvos of artillery, and California claimed for the ancient throne of Castile and Leon. The presidio was named "The Royal Presidio," and was ever afterwards so called during Spain's dominion over California to distinguish it from the other presidios that were to be, and that were afterward established. And it was decided to call the church to be erected at the Mission, the "Royal Chapel," thus establishing Monterey as the

civil, military and religious headquarters of the Kingdom of Spain in California.

Hoping and praying for the best at San Diego, Father Junipero now started in with a will to build up the Mission San Carlos at Monterey. He built a chapel adjacent to the soldiers' quarters on perhaps the same spot where the stone church of San Carlos at Monterey now stands. Around the church a palisade was erected. This done, he immediately set forth to realize the passion of his life, which was to bring the heathen savage to the cross of Christ.

Accompanied by Father Crespi, Serra visited the Indians in the surrounding neighborhood, offering them gifts and by other acts of kindness endeavoring to attract them to him. One of the Indian neophytes who had been brought from Lower California soon learned the dialect of the Monterey Indians and in that way Father Junipero was enabled to hold speech with them. Toward the end of December he was inexpressibly rejoiced to record the first baptism among the heathen and from that beginning his number of converts rapidly increased. The Indians often came to him in parties numbering a dozen or more to offer themselves for baptism.

At the end of the second year it could be seen how splendidly Junipero Serra's great dream was unfolding. Already the naked savages were clothed, they were learning to speak the Spanish tongue, to make the responses of the Mass in Latin, to sing and to play upon musical instruments and to work as artisans and husbandmen. In the lush harvest fields of Monterey their swinging scythes rang blithely; upon the mountain side, in the dream-kissed valleys rose the song of the Indian herder as he guarded the magically increasing flocks.

Before a year had passed, however, Father Junipero decided that it would be better from every point

of view to find a more suitable location for his Mission of San Carlos. In the first place, the opportunities for agricultural development on the immediate shores of the Bay of Monterey were not sufficiently large or promising for his purposes. But a more important reason than this decided him to make the change, and this reason was that it was not good for his Indian neophytes to remain in such close contact with Spanish soldiers who, like most of the Sons of Mars in the olden times, were not any too particular concerning their own morals or the morals of others. Father Junipero found that his neophytes were being corrupted and that unless something were done they would fall into a worse plight than that in which he had found them. Better, indeed, to have left them in their nakedness, homeless and unchristianized, subsisting as best they could on insects, acorns, raw fish and such wild game as they could kill or trap with their bows and arrows, than to bring them into a state of civilization which could mean for them only physical decay and the damnation of their redeemed souls.

Perhaps Junipero had still another reason for the removal. He loved, intensely, the beautiful in nature, and there is no more beautiful spot in all God's green world than the Valley of Carmelo. Yonder it lies across the pine-clad hill five or six miles distant from the crescent shores of the Bay of Monterey, that little vale where Junipero Serra set up the throne of his kingdom, which, like the Kingdom of his Master, was not of this earth. Beautiful Carmelo, clasped so tenderly within the enfolding hills, the bright river dancing down to the little bay, the sun kissing it with a tireless and never faithless love—blessed and holy Carmelo, the Valley of Junipero Serra's heart—it is worth a journey over all the oceans and all the lands on earth to see it.

As you cross the green hill that rolls back so gently from the shining waters and the clustering roofs of Monterey, you will pass through aisles of pine tuned to the music of soft sea winds, passing to and fro from either side. The wild deer will look at you, not askance but fearlessly there in the knowledge of his safety; the hush of the forest will soothe you as you journey—up hill half the way, then down hill for the other half. But you must not fall adream too cosily either as you walk or ride, for suddenly Carmelo will break upon the view, and you must not lose the first glimpse of it, lest it may chance that you shall not come again that way. You will see it, soft with the peace of God—Carmelo that was once so busy with the day's work, that was once so thronged with dusky faces, new-lit with mystic joy—Carmelo that is so silent now, so lonely and so deserted, yet beautiful as at first. Like a pink cameo on the silken-green bosom of the vale, the mission church of Carmel still stands, towered and belfried, waiting in its entrancing yet pathetic loneliness for your welcome footsteps. You will be loath to come away—and you never can forget.

It was in the beginning of June, 1771, that Serra decided on the Valley of Carmelo as the new site of his Mission San Carlos. He immediately placed there some forty of his Lower California neophytes, three sailors and five soldiers, and gave the necessary directions for the hewing of timber and the erection of barracks. Also he gave directions that a wooden chapel, a storehouse and guardhouse, dwellings and corrals should be completed. Late in the following December the whole Mission establishment was transferred from Monterey to Carmel. The Royal Chapel at Monterey was not, of course, abandoned, but was afterwards regularly served by the padres from Carmel.

So eager was Serra to establish new Missions that he did not wait to see work begun at Carmelo. Once the plans for the new Mission were fully arranged, he set forth into the wilderness to found the third Mission, accompanied by two of his brother Franciscans, some soldiers and with the necessary supplies. The party traveled south from Monterey along the Salinas River till they came at length, more than a distance of seventy-five miles, to a wondrously beautiful glen, studded with live oak trees. So entrancing was the spot that Father Junipero at once decided he would there build a Mission. The place was called Los Robles.

There was not a single Indian in sight, nor were there any visible signs of the existence of a rancheria, as the Indian communities were termed, anywhere about. Yet, notwithstanding this, Junipero at once ordered the mules to be unloaded and, taking the bells which were carried along, he hung them to a branch of a tree and began vigorously to ring them, at the same time shouting in a sort of ecstatic frenzy: "O Gentiles, come, come, come to the holy church; come, come, come to receive the faith of Jesus Christ!"

The brown-robed brothers at his side were astonished that Serra should put himself to what seemed to them to be much useless exertion, and they vigorously expostulated with him. "Why do you tire yourself?" they asked. "This is not the place where the church is to be erected, nor are there any Indians here. It is useless to ring the bells." And Junipero answered them saying: "Let me satisfy the longings of my heart, which desires that this bell might be heard over all the world, or that at least the Gentiles who dwell about these mountains may hear it." More to humor their superior than for any other reason, perhaps, the padres and the soldiers erected

a large wooden cross and a cabin of green bows in which was built a rude altar.

As it happened, a lone Indian who was straying in that direction and who was attracted by the ringing of the bells, came up and looked wonderingly upon the strangers and the work in which they were engaged. Junipero joyfully approached the Indian, gave him presents and by means of signs caused him to understand that he wanted him to go and find his people and bring them back with him. This the astonished native did, in due time reappearing with large numbers of his tribe bearing an abundance of seeds and nuts as presents to the missionaries.

Thus was established the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, which now is seldom visited by anyone although what remains of it is still a ruin of great beauty. It lies far from the beaten track of travel and only those who are in love with beauty take the trouble to search it out. But in the days of the glory of the Missions San Antonio was in many respects the most famous of them all. The Indian neophytes there converted from heathenism to Christianity were more numerous than those of all the other Missions combined, and it was there for many, many years that those wonderful horses were bred which have made California famous down to this day.

Junipero Serra had now indeed become a busy man. He remained fifteen days at the new Mission of San Antonio and returned to his own Mission of San Carlos at Carmelo about August 1, 1771, with glowing accounts of his latest conquest which filled his missionary companions with joy. He at once sent word to Fathers Somera and Cambon to do as he himself had done, namely, to fare forth and establish a new Mission which was to be called San Gabriel.

In accordance with these instructions the two Franciscan Fathers named left San Diego with a

guard of ten soldiers and marched steadily northward until they came to a great wide valley with a bright stream flowing through it. It was a valley that appeared to extend far eastward between the Sierra Madre mountains on the north and a chain of serranos on the south. On the eighth day of September, 1771, the missionaries and soldiers halted at what appeared to them to be a most advantageous site for a Mission. The Indians who appeared for the purpose of watching their movements assumed a threatening attitude, but the padres under the protection of the soldiers erected a large wooden cross, sprinkled the ground with holy water and chanted the hymns usual to such occasions. The attitude of the Indians constantly grew more threatening, resolving itself, at length, into palpable preparation for a warlike attack. The little party of Spaniards was dismayed and probably would have suffered annihilation had it not been for a happy thought on the part of the missionaries. They carried with them a large banner upon which was emblazoned a picture of the Virgin and which they suddenly unfurled to the astonished vision of the savages. The effect was instantaneous. The Indians threw down their arms and came forward with every indication of submission, prostrating themselves at the feet of the padres.

It was in this manner that the Mission San Gabriel was founded. It came, in time, to be an establishment so great and so vast that it was often called "The Queen of the Missions." It gathered into its fold thousands of neophytes, its flocks and herds were thick in the deep, fertile valley and upon the hillsides. Its graneries were never empty. Much good wine was made there during its many years of happy existence. Its Indian artizans became so skilful that they once built a ship which was launched in the harbor of San Pedro. In the tumble and wreck and

ruin of the sad days which followed secularization, the church building at San Gabriel withstood the ravages of decay and it is still in a very good state of preservation. It was from this Mission that Felipe de Neve, accompanied by the Fathers of the Mission, a goodly company of soldiers, pablodores and Indians, marched westward a distance of eight miles towards the sea and, amid religious ceremonies and the thunder of artillery, founded the present city of Los Angeles. The date was September, 1781, and Felipe de Neve was then Governor of California.

The next or fifth Mission to be established was that of San Luis Obispo. It was founded by Father Serra in person. The date was September 1, 1772. The occasion was made a part of The Father President's first official journey southward from his own Mission of San Carlos at Carmelo to San Diego. The fact that by this time five Missions had been founded and established in the short space of three years, gives eloquent proof of the restless and indefatigable energy of Junipero Serra. The battle-line of Christ was already far-flung in the new land.

On this journey, as indeed on all his journeys during his life in California, Father Junipero went afoot. How many times he walked all the way from Monterey to San Francisco, then down to San Diego and back again, it were difficult to say. And the old cruel wound in his leg that he received in the Sierra Gorda grew never better, but always a little worse, thus adding to his physical sufferings a torture which few men would have been able to withstand.

The founding of Mission San Luis Obispo was conducted with the usual ceremonies. Although Father Junipero remained there one day only on this occasion, he wrote that he had great hopes for the success of the new establishment. "Let us leave time to tell the story of the progress which Christianity

will make among these Gentiles," he said, "in spite of the Enemy who has already begun to lash his tail by means of bad soldiers." We see that the good padres had already begun to have their griefs. San Luis Obispo grew to be a fairly successful establishment and it is said that the curved, red roof-tiles, so familiar in California, were first manufactured at this Mission.

Toward the end of the year 1774 the Spanish Viceroy in Mexico notified Father Junipero and Capt. Rivera y Moncada that he intended to establish a new presidio at San Francisco, simultaneously with which Serra was requested to begin his contemplated Mission at that point in order that it might serve as a base of operations for the extension of Spanish and Christian power. Father Junipero selected Fathers Cambon and Palou to accompany the soldiers and found the Mission at the same time that the presidio was to be founded by the military. Lieut. Juan de Ayala was ordered to proceed from Monterey with the ship he commanded and explore the waters in the region of San Francisco bay.

The establishment of the new presidio at San Francisco was placed in the hands of Juan de Anza, the famous captain of Tubac, who had then successfully completed his march from Sonora in Mexico, overland to Monterey—the first man to blaze the inland trail. Anza selected the site for the new presidio where it still stands after having passed under the domination of four distinct successive governments —Spain, Mexico, The Bear Flag Republic and the United States.

Then came the first sailor who ever steered his ship through the Golden Gate. He was Juan de Ayala, Lieutenant of the Royal Navy of Spain, and his ship was the San Carlos—the same sturdy vessel that brought the first pioneers to San Diego when Cali-

fornia began. It was on the night of August 5, 1775, that the San Carlos struck in from sea and won the harbor of St. Francis—the first sail that ever entered there. Buoyant as a white gull from the wastes of the wild waters, leaping on the tides that ran as a mill-race between the broken headlands of Lobos and Benita, soft and silent under the stars, sailed the San Carlos that night, and Juan de Ayala, with soul athrill, upon her deck. At morn she lay with folded sails in the quiet harbor, with supplies for the new Mission and presidio, seed for the harvests that were to be, neophytes and artisans to break the waiting loam and erect the buildings, soldiers in whose keeping was the honor of Spain; and last, but not least, the good padre, Vicente de Santa Maria, to bless it all.

"If St. Francis desires a Mission, let him show us his harbor," Don Jose Galvez had said to Junipero Serra at La Paz when the conquest of California was being planned. Here was the harbor and a Spanish ship riding at anchor between its brown hills, and on shore was already risen the wooden cross of the new Mission of St. Francis.

Junipero Serra did not see the new Mission at San Francisco until October, 1777, at which time he also first saw the great harbor which he had named. As he stood gazing upon that wonderful inland sea he exclaimed, with deep emotion: "Thanks be to God that now our Father St. Francis, with the Holy Cross of the procession of Missions, has reached the farthest boundary of the California continent. To go farther he must have boats."

The church building which was in due time erected has well withstood all the buffets of time and is still standing in good condition. It was left unharmed by the great earthquake of 1906 and escaped the conflagration which accompanied that awful cataclysm,

although all the buildings around it were utterly destroyed.

In August of 1775, the Father President was able to rejoice in the success of six flourishing missionary establishments. At a conference of the Fathers in charge of these institutions, held at Monterey, the founding of a new Mission to be known as San Juan Capistrano, some seventy-five miles north of San Diego, was decided upon. Accordingly this Mission was begun on October 30, following, with Father Lasuen officiating. The dedication ceremonies took place the following day, namely, November 1, 1776.

San Juan Capistrano was very successful from the first hour of its existence. The Indians were kindly disposed from the start. They readily accepted the Christian faith and, as time passed, they became industrious agriculturists and herdsmen and noted as artisans. The stone church which was later erected at this Mission was in its time the finest and handsomest church edifice in all California. It is said that fourteen years were consumed in its construction, the Indian neophytes quarrying the stone from the adjacent hills and freighting it down to the mission with infinite patience and labor. They builded the church, stone upon stone, with their own hands, an indisputable proof of the high state of manual skill and civilization to which the most degraded and least hopeful race of savages on the face of the earth was lifted by the patient love and tireless teaching of the Franciscan padres. The beautiful church was ruined by an earthquake in 1812 on a Sunday morning, resulting in the death of forty persons, mostly Indian neophytes who were in attendance upon divine service. The glory of San Juan Capistrano has passed even as the beauty of the dream which called

it forth, but what still remains of it stands as the most entrancing ruin on the American continent.

Santa Clara was the eighth Mission to be founded. In the original arrangement it was intended to found this Mission at the time of the foundation of the San Francisco Mission, but a delay was occasioned because of the jealousy that was then rampant in military circles. Consequently, the foundation of Santa Clara did not take place until January 12, 1777. It was conducted by Padre Tomas de la Pena Saradia, under the direction of Father Junipero, the Father President, who was then at his own Mission of San Carlos at Carmelo.

The history of the Mission Santa Clara is splendid with achievements and glamorous with romance. It still remains a highly successful institution although its physical outlines are greatly changed from the original, owing to many repairs and alterations. The original church building, however, remains quite intact and a cross that was reared on the day the Mission was founded is still standing. But the Franciscans are no longer there. In their place are the Jesuits, their ancient rivals, from whom, as it was ordained, the Franciscans snatched the glory of christianizing California. Standing in the heart of the deep lush Valley of Santa Clara, the old Mission remains a busy place. From its ancient walls issue, year by year, throngs of eager students whom the Jesuits train for the work of the world. If Junipero Serra could come back to earth he might regret that his own brown-robed brethren have been supplanted in a well-loved spot, but he would see much else that would satisfy him. He would not look upon ruin and desolation such as would sadden his vision at San Diego, Capistrano, and many other places sacred to memory and very dear to him in the days of his labor on earth. But, instead, he would behold life and

energy and power, and that industry in both worldly and spiritual affairs which he taught and which he exemplified in his own restless, indomitable and self-sacrificing career. And he would see inclosing the ancient church from whose altars he preached, not the adobe walls upreared by his neophytes, but the clustering rooftrees, the long, shaded streets and the gardens of Santa Clara town, thick with roses the whole year round.

It will be remembered that the instructions of Don Jose Galvez to the expedition of 1769 that left La Paz, were that after a Mission had been built at San Diego and a second at Monterey, the third was to be built at a place between which was to be called San Buenaventura, but it transpired that San Buenaventura was not the third but the ninth Mission to be founded. Busy though he was with other trying affairs at the time, and also much worn by his ever increasing labors and old age, Father Junipero walked down to San Gabriel from his own Mission at Carmel and, meeting there Padre Cambon and Governor Felipe de Neve, they all set out for the Santa Barbara channel with the usual company of soldiers and neophytes, founding on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1783, Mission San Buenaventura. The Mission waxed fat from a material point of view, at one time standing at the head of the list in the number of head of cattle owned. It also flourished from a spiritual aspect, but when it began to decay its decline was very rapid. Its old church is among the best preserved of Mission structures and is a familiar sight along the old King's Highway, now busy with the traffic of modern times.

The famous Mission of Santa Barbara, the next to be established, was inevitable not only because of the luring splendor of the spot, its physical charm and sheltered location, but more so because it was densely

populated with Indians. Above all things it was the Indians whom the padres sought—the heathen Gentiles whom they so eagerly desired to bring into the fold of Christianity. Moreover, the Santa Barbara Indians and all the so-called Channel Indians were the superiors in strength and intelligence of any of the aborigines of California whom the Spaniards had yet seen.

As soon as the Mission San Buenaventura had been established, Junipero Serra and Governor Felipe de Neve moved up to the point now known as Santa Barbara for the purpose of founding a Mission there. But it was a presidio only that was founded upon this occasion. The military had already grown jealous of the ever growing power and wealth of the Missions under Father Junipero's masterly guidance and direction. For one reason or another Governor de Neve made excuses for delay and finally Father Junipero left him to erect a garrison, although a cross was reared and a site selected for a Mission. Four years afterward, on December 4, 1786—two years after Father Junipero's death—his successor, Fermin Francisco de Lasuen, founded the Mission Santa Barbara with a Mass, the singing of the Veni Creator and the pomp and splendor of the Roman liturgy.

When fell upon Junipero Serra's great dream, long after his death, the wreck and ruin of evil days and El Camino Real was strewn, not with prosperous Mission hospices but with their fallen and silent roofs and towers, and the brown-robed Franciscans and their happy neophytes were hunted back to the wilderness to starve and die, this Mission of Santa Barbara was the one grey fortress that never surrendered. Within its quiet walls the Franciscans held their ground. At times their numbers dwindled to a mere handful—often no more than two of the breth-

ren were left to keep alive the altar lights—but they never wholly departed.

In consequence of the fact that in California the Franciscans, for many years, could be found only at Santa Barbara, there arose a popular belief that the forbidden garden of this Mission was an institution peculiar to itself. Hence, the famous "Sacred Garden of Santa Barbara," into which women are not allowed to enter. The truth is, however, that there was at every Mission a garden of this character, as there always is and always was in connection with every Franciscan community.

During the two years following the founding of the Mission San Buenaventura and the selection of a site for a Mission at Santa Barbara, no new Missions were built during the life of Father Junipero Serra. The time was spent by him in ceaseless labor for the upbuilding of the Missions already established, but the days of his labors were now about to close. He had been given authority by Rome to confer the rite of confirmation in order to meet the demands of the work which he was directing for the Church, but he had never been consecrated to the office of Bishop. Therefore, for the purpose of confirming the neophytes who had been baptized and also for the purpose of directing the work of the Missions in person, he seems to have been almost continuously traveling up and down the length of California from San Francisco to San Diego. These journeys were made invariably on foot, and his bed at night was never any other than the bare ground. When at his own Mission of San Carlos or at any of the other Mission establishments which he founded, he slept always on a bare bench with neither cushion nor mattress to soften the asperities of so inhospitable a bed. He ate sparingly at all times of the commonest and poorest food. He drank no wine. When preaching he was

wont to throw himself into a religious frenzy during which he would mercilessly flay his bare shoulders with a whip and cruelly strike his bare breast with a stone. These fearful hardships to which he subjected himself were enough to have killed ten strong men before the time that they brought at last this marvelous and heroic old pioneer and proselytizer to the verge of his waiting grave.

On the twenty-eighth of August, 1784, at the age of seventy years, nine months and twenty-one days, Junipero Serra went to his everlasting rest at his own Mission of San Carlos in his loved valley of Carmelo, a little before two o'clock in the afternoon. For almost fifty-four years he had been a Franciscan priest, thirty-five years of which had been spent in missionary labors.

During the sixteen years of Junipero's labors in California, nine Missions had been established, either directly by himself or under his direction. In those Missions were five thousand eight hundred Indian neophytes whom he had converted, with the assistance of his companions, from heathenism to Christianity. This number of people whom he had found living worse than the lives of dogs he left in a new world of light and health and joy. He had taught the hand of the savage to do a Christian white man's work, to sing Christian music and speak prayers. Within the valleys and the sun-swept hills where he had found only waste and desolation he left unnumbered flocks and herds. It is, perhaps, quite safe to say that there is not in all the history of civilization one other single man whose individual labors for God and humanity bore such a bountiful harvest. The name of Junipero Serra is today the best loved name in California, without distinction of class or creed. His memory is honored and revered by all the people.

The day he died the guns on the ships in the harbor

of Monterey boomed in solemn salute as though a Prince of the Realm had gone to rest. Yet this tribute was slight compared with the tears and lamentations that fell upon Carmelo when Father Junipero was no more. The Indians in their frantic grief fought for the shreds of his poor brown robe and for the white locks of his hair. His sandals were borne away by the officers of the Royal Navy to be kept with them at sea, against storm and danger. Never looked the sky so fair over Carmelo again; never sang the bright river so gladly any more.

He passed, his labors and his sufferings ended, to be at last quite forgotten, his very grave neglected and covered with debris in the sad years that came to undo the work of his great heart and his tireless hand. But when the vandal years had had their fling, Time again bethought itself of that holy dust lying within the broken Mission walls in the silent vale. After he had lain a century and a quarter dead, his fame leaped up again like a sudden flame from abandoned embers. And Junipero Serra came then again to his own. Today, as it shall be throughout all the days to come, the tramp of many feet go to seek him in his quiet grave.

The progress of the Missions did not end with the death of Serra. On the contrary, their glory had just then begun. The religious and material prosperity which then ensued stands now as one of the brightest memories in the history of human achievements. Immediately after Junipero's death the increase in the Missions' flocks and herds and the harvests of the fields, as well as the astounding increase in the number of Indian converts, was doubtless due to the impetus which the Founder and first Father President had given to the work. His Franciscan associates and successors, however, piously declared that the great success which then came about was due

to Father Junipero's intercession at the Great White Throne in the other world, to which he had departed, for the last promise he made on earth was that he would plead for the success of the Missions when he came face to face with his Creator.

For a very brief period Father Palou, Junipero Serra's old friend and his illustrious biographer, succeeded him in the Presidency of the Missions, but in a few months Father Palou retired to the College of San Fernando in Mexico to reap the reward of a well-earned rest and to devote himself to his writings. Father Fermin Francisco de Lasuen was then appointed Father President of the California Missions.

Lasuen was a man of great ability, tireless energy and holy life. He proved to be a successor who endeavored in every possible way to be worthy of the great honor and trust which were imposed upon him. He at once began the erection of new Missions and put forth all his fine energies for the increase of the old establishments.

Leaving the presidio at Santa Barbara and traveling back into the mountain valleys to where the present town of Lompoc is situated, Father Lasuen, with the usual ceremonies and surrounded by the usual company, founded the Mission La Purisima Concepcion on December 8, 1787. Missionaries were placed in charge, as was the case with all these foundations, and to them were delegated the work and the responsibility of making the establishment successful. La Purisima became indeed highly successful with a proud record of baptisms, bounteous harvests and large flocks.

In 1789 two additional Missions were decided upon, the first to be named in honor of The Holy Cross. This was the Mission popularly known as Santa Cruz, located where now stands the beautiful city of that

name. Not a trace of the Mission now remains. Owing to the many unfortunate obstacles which rose and to much sickness and other species of ill luck, Santa Cruz became nothing more than a fairly successful Mission. The date of its founding was December 25, 1791.

In the October preceding, the other Mission which had been decided upon was successfully founded. It was named in honor of Our Lady of Solitude, and is now commonly known as "La Soledad." It is now, as it has ever been, a lonely spot. It was at this Mission when, in the wake of secularization, the days of evil came to scatter the flocks of the fold that Father Sarria, who devotedly remained at his post, though broken down by years and exhausted by hunger, died on the steps of the altar of the church from sheer starvation one Sunday morning as he was about to celebrate Mass in the presence of a little handful of Christian Indians who alone were left of all the great throngs that once were wont to assemble there.

Father Lasuen now determined that the time had come to found a Mission in honor of St. Joseph, the patron saint of California. Consequently, on June 11, 1797, the Mission San Jose de Guadelupe was founded among the brown foothills, in a place of running streams, opposite Mission Santa Clara, a distance of some twenty miles, on the northerly side of the Santa Clara Valley. Thus that famous Valley was distinguished in the possession of two Missions. Mission San Jose was, in its time, very prosperous, though now only a trace of the buildings remains. In these times it is often visited because of the natural beauty of the spot and, of course, for the sake of the sacred and romantic memories which have their habitation there, and also because of the wonderful marble tombs still to be seen in the quaint cemetery of the old Mission patio, which were carved in Italy and

brought to California to adorn the sepulchers of rich old Spanish and Mexican overlords who once dwelt there in power and luxury.

The delightful and picturesque little valley of San Benito with its fertile fields and great abundance of water next attracted the attention of the missionary and civil authorities who decided that a new Mission should be built there to administer to the spiritual wants and physical needs of its numerous Indian inhabitants. This Mission was, accordingly, founded and was named San Juan Bautista in honor of St. John the Baptist. The date was June 24, 1797. This Mission, the buildings of which have splendidly withstood the onslaughts of time, is located in the quaint and historic old village of San Juan only a few miles distant from the thriving and modern city of Hollister. San Juan Bautista had a long and prosperous career.

The sixteenth Mission to be established was named in honor of Michael, The Archangel, and is known as Mission San Miguel. It is located in the city of that name. In order to realize the spiritual and romantic atmosphere as well as to be informed as to the method of procedure at the foundation of a new Mission, Father Lasuen's account of the beginning of San Miguel will prove interesting. "Here," he says, "on July 25, 1797, with the assistance of Father Buenaventura Sitjar, and of the troops destined to guard the new establishment, in the presence of a great multitude of Gentiles of both sexes and of all ages, whose pleasure and rejoicing exceeded even our expectation, thanks be to God, I blessed the water and the place, and a great cross which we venerated and raised. Immediately I intoned the Litany of the Saints and after it sang the Mass, during which I preached, and we concluded the ceremonies by solemnly singing the Te Deum. May it all be for the

greater honor and glory of God, Our Lord. Amen."

By the summer of 1797, while the military and civil authorities of California were busily engaged in intrenching the Spanish power by the establishment of pueblos, the Padres were even more busily engaged in filling up the gaps in Junipero's far-flung line of religious establishments by the erection of new Mission hospices.

On September 8, 1797, Lasuen came down from Santa Barbara and founded the Mission San Fernando Rey de España, the ruins of which still remain, a distance of twenty-two miles from the city of Los Angeles. Father Francisco Dumetz, who was destined to become the last survivor of the immortal band of Franciscans who came to California with Junipero Serra, was present and took part in the ceremonies at the founding of this Mission. Like its near neighbor, San Gabriel, the Mission San Fernando became a very prosperous establishment both from a material and spiritual point of view.

One month following the founding of San Fernando another important step toward the closing of the gap was taken by the establishment of the famous Mission San Luis Rey de Francia. Although it was upon the date mentioned that this Mission was decided upon, it seems that its erection was not really begun until June of 1798. San Luis Rey began very auspiciously, fifty-four Indian children having been baptized on the spot the day of its foundation. The church that was later built was wonderfully spared from the vandalism of time and in the later days of the nineteenth century experienced a thrilling restoration. After long years of loneliness and isolation, the brown-robed Franciscans came back to San Luis Rey, repaired its fallen roofs, set up anew its wavering walls and once again rang the music of the ancient Mission bells across the dreaming valley and up into

the silent hills. In answer to that melodious call, the remnant of the once happy community of neophytes, tottering old Indian men and women with their children and their children's children, came flocking back to San Luis Rey to hear again the Padres' voices and the well-loved music of the Mass, their hearts filled with gladness beyond the power of words to tell. Here also at San Luis Rey was planted the original California pepper tree in the patio of the Mission where Father Antonio Peyri placed it in the loving soil with his own gentle hands.

The next Mission to be built, the nineteenth in chronological order, was not founded until September 17, 1804. This was the Mission Santa Ynez, beautifully located in the mountains seventy miles distant from San Luis Obispo. It came to be a prosperous place despite earthquakes and Indian attacks which for some years placed great obstacles in the way of its progress. It was at this Mission that Father Arroyo resided for some years. He was in many respects a remarkable man, and was noted as a scholar. He was especially skilful in languages and, during his labors at Santa Ynez and other Missions, prepared a working grammar of the language of the Indians of the whole San Juan region. What remained of the buildings of the Mission, after the many years of decay that followed secularization, have lately been restored.

Not a trace now remains of San Rafael, which was really a branch of the Mission at San Francisco, its situation having been a distance of perhaps not more than eighteen miles northward. During the comparatively short period of its existence San Rafael made a fine record, particularly in regard to conversions. The date of its foundation was December, 1817.

The twenty-first and last of the Franciscan Missions in California was established within the limits

of what is now the city of Sonoma, about forty-five miles north of San Francisco. It was named in honor of St. Francis of Solano. This was in 1823 and the ceremonies of foundation took place in the presence of a number of Russians who had by this time made their appearance on the North Pacific Coast—their presence a testimony to the fact that Latin power in this quarter of the world was already on the wane. But the Russians at Sonoma were very friendly to the missionaries and donated a number of useful and ornamental articles to the new Mission.

In the crazy-mad hurry and scurry of today it will ease the heart a bit and soothe a jangled nerve to open the dusty doorways of the past and look in on those who lived and toiled and had their being in the old Missions of California before the day of evil befell them.

At 5 o'clock in the morning the Mission was astir. The brown priests rose quickly, slipped their feet into their sandals and hastened to the chapel to say Mass. The corporal and his six soldiers—a mighty military establishment, that—tumbled out of their quarters, grudgingly, perhaps, after the manner of rough men of war. They, too, must join in the prayers. Then, from within and without the great, gray adobe walls, the neophytes, men, women, children and all, came to kneel and ask God's blessing on the new day. After the Mass, the monks retired to the dining-room to partake, standing and in silence, of their breakfast of bread and coffee.

Now everybody, brown priests and all, turn to the day's busy task, some to the wide, far-flung fields, others to shop and mill, and others still to tend the herds and flocks. There was the sound of anvils ringing and the quaint chant of harvest songs from the fields. The women were at the looms or sewing. At eleven o'clock the bells summoned the workers to their

midday meal, which consisted of simple but wholesome fare. Looking in where the Franciscans are dining, we find one of their number reading to the others from some pious book. After the meal there were prayers again in the chapel and the recitation of a psalm; then an hour or so for recreation or siesta. The afternoon was spent in toil again until six o'clock, which was the supper hour. This meal concluded, there was recreation once more for all but the monks, who had still their tasks of teaching Spanish, music and Christian doctrine to those who were fitted for or in need of such instructions. At nine o'clock the day was done—a day spent in prayer and toil—the stars gleamed above the Mission towers, enfolding it and its happy people in peace and dreams.

This was the usual daily routine, but life at the Mission was not permitted to become monotonous. There were great feast days—many of them, indeed—when the whole community gave itself over to some religious celebration, followed by play and sport, horse-racing, feats of strength and endurance, games and every kind of innocent pleasure.

The result of this system on the Indians was little short of marvelous. From degraded "diggers" without law or morals to guide them, they grew into the stature of civilized beings. There is little foundation for the idiotic and far-fetched lie that the Franciscans treated the Indians cruelly,or even with harshness except in rare instances. There was a strict discipline, to be sure, and punishment for crimes and misdemeanors. But equal justice was meted out to all. There was an occasion on which it was shown that a corporal at San Gabriel was guilty of lewd and immoral actions with the Indian women. When Father Serra came on the next visit he had the corporal lashed and driven from the place.

In proof of the love the Indian neophytes bore

their brown-robed teachers and guardians, history records many striking incidents. Whenever a padre for any reason departed from a mission establishment it was always a cause for deep grief among the neophytes. Once when a specially beloved padre was leaving California to return to Mexico, the Indians followed him down to the shore in great throngs weeping and wailing, several of them swimming out to the ship in the harbor, boarding its decks and refusing to return. Nothing could be done except to carry them away.

In the days when the prosperity of the Missions was at its height, Junipero Serra's dream had, indeed, reached splendid proportions. Within the sheltering walls of those vast establishments there were as many as thirty thousandChristianized Indians at one time, leading not only wholesome Christian lives, but following, as well, all the occupations of artisans known to those days. It is asserted that fully fifty distinct trades and crafts were taught the Indians by the Franciscan Fathers. Besides this, the Missions farmed vast areas of land and were in possession of thousand upon thousand of heads of sheep and cattle. They also had come to have a large and profitable commerce with Yankee and foreign ships in hides, tallow, wine and other products, as well as manufactured articles.

Now comes the question: Why did this seven-hundred-mile chain of producing establishments fail and how has it come to pass that they now lie wasted and broken and ruined on The King's Highway, their greatness and their glory departed?

History itself furnishes the answer, and it is this: The Spanish Crown and, later, the Mexican Government, which succeeded the Spanish Crown, had successively on their hands military establishments in California which subsisted on the industry of the

Missions. The soldiers did not work, but had to be fed just the same. Both Spain and Mexico, in the course of time, came to owe the Missions a great deal of money for the food and supplies which were furnished to the various presidios and garrisons. Looking the matter over coolly and calculatingly, after the manner of thrones and nations in the pains of a poverty resulting from criminal waste and extravagance, they decided that it would be much easier to boldly confiscate the Mission establishments, with all their fruitful fields, orchards, flocks and herds, than to pay the debts they owed them.

Wherefore, as early as 1813, the Spanish Cortes passed a decree secularizing—which was to say, confiscating—the California Missions and all other Missions in Spanish America. Thus was the robbery —for it was nothing less—inaugurated, and although Spain never got around to the point of carrying out the scheme, the Mexican Republic, which succeeded Spain in California, took up the idea with enthusiasm and pushed it through to its sad and squalid finish. One after another the great, splendid hospices were sold at auction to greedy buyers. As an instance of the way these things were done, it is necessary only to state that the beautiful Mission San Juan Capistrano was disposed of to a purchaser for the ridiculous sum of seven hundred dollars.

It was not the Franciscans who were robbed but the Indians. It was the Indians who owned the Missions. A Franciscan never owned anything, not even laying claim to the sandals on his feet or the rough brown robe on his back. They simply acted as trustees for the native people whom they had redeemed through infinite suffering and sacrifice from savagery and heathenism.

Thus, by the time the United States came into possession of California in 1848, the Franciscan Mis-

sions begun by Junipero Serra in 1769 had passed into history. They were no more. The great highway which bound these establishments together was called El Camino Real, The Royal Road—The King's Highway. Each Mission was situated a day's journey on foot, the one apart from the other. Their doors were always open in welcome and shelter to the wandering wayfarer, whoever he might be. The plenty that was there was for whoever might come to partake of it. Now the hospice roofs have fallen in the dust, the Mission bells are silent, and from fertile field and peaceful patio the dusky faces once thronging there have departed.

Very many writers who have put forth what they wrote as historical records, and many other less ostentatious writers who have written on the subject of the California Missions, have invariably concluded their chronicles with the statement that the labors of Junipero Serra and his brown-robed successors in the work of the Missions ended in failure. They say it was a dream that had no realization.

But they miss the point. The material aspect of the Missions was merely subsidiary and auxiliary to their spiritual aspect. What Junipero Serra came to California to do was to Christianize the Indians. To feed and clothe them and to teach them trades were secondary considerations, which, in the wisdom of Serra and his associates and successors, were regarded as a necessary service to perform. But the dream was, first and foremost and above all things, to convert the heathen to Christianity. The Indians and their descendants lost the land and the Mission establishments which the Franciscans taught them to till and to build, but they have never lost the religion which the padres brought them. Their descendants have it to this day. Wherefore, the dream of Junipero Serra is a dream come true.

IV

MONTEREY THE FIRST CAPITAL

Monterey is the dream that came true; the lost place that was found—the place that was and that is again to be. It was once the port o'ships, the trader's mecca, the pilgrim's shrine, the wanderer's lodestone. Wealth decked it with jewels, fashion plumed it with gay feathers. It rose, as in a day, from savage squalor to voluptuous civilization. From its pine-clad hills was swung the star of a new empire; in its valleys of oak and from its shores of cypress were chanted the Te Deums of destiny. Its name was strung in litanies at the foot of Christ's cross and rung to the music of battles from clashing swords. But there came a day when the head that wore a crown was in the dust, when rags alone were left of much purple and fine linen; when all that remained of Monterey was memory and that wondrous beauty which was the gift of God and which only the hand of God can take away.

In no other place of all the world was history made with a rapidity more amazing. Under the sun-glinted waters of the Bay of Monterey and in the bosom of the serranos which close it in is buried a past as romantic as that which is whispered by the dead leaves of Vallambrosa, stirred by the winds of summer when the moon is low. Into three-quarters of a century of life and mastery it crowded the history of an age. But its glory did not pass to come no more.

Long before the Anglo-Saxon reared his first roof-tree on the bleak shores of the Atlantic in the New

World, Monterey watched the white man's buffeted sail and felt the touch of his hand. Cabrillo steered his prows against her guardian headlands, fighting his way against wind and wave to Mendocino in 1542, that time he doubled back to die on San Miguel amid the isles of Santa Barbara. In 1602 Sebastian Vizcaino anchored his ships in the harbor, naming it in honor of his patron, Gaspar de Zuniga, Compt de Monterey, then the viceroy of Mexico. Under an oak tree that stood at the head of a little cove in the bay, the priests of Vizcaino's expedition reared a cross and sang the Mass, then sailed away, leaving the spot to its ancient silences. For one hundred sixty-six years the foot of no civilized man came again to Monterey.

But from the hour that Vizcaino returned to Mexico with the report of his voyages, Monterey fastened itself upon the imagination of New Spain and of old Spain as well. It became the ultima thule of the Conquistadore's dreams. The mind made pictures of the noble harbor set deep within the swinging hills, the sun dancing upon its waters, and the green of wild pastures, lush and lovely, closing it in. They thought the fabled Seven Cities must lie near it and that it would lead them to the towers of gold, the lure of which haunted the broken heart of the grim conqueror, Cortes himself, to the last breath of life that warmed him. Yet the years passed—a century and near another—before there came again a sail to Monterey. Then, in 1769, the expedition that had set out from La Paz under the authority of Galvez, the Visitador-General of Mexico, landed at San Diego and took possession of California in the name of the King of Spain. But the expedition had hardly reared the Cross at San Diego before the search for storied Monterey began. And a weary search it was, beating

its often hopeless trails and pathways over both land and sea.

At last, however, on May 31, 1770, the good ship San Antonio, commanded by Capt. Juan Perez, anchored in the bright harbor. The lost was found again; the weary quest was at an end, and, from that hour, Monterey was destined to take her place among the civilized communities of the world. Word of the great and long-looked-for success was at once forwarded to the City of Mexico, where the joy of the authorities and the people was boundless. From lip to lip throughout the streets of the capital sped the great news. "Monterey has been found; the flag of the King is flying over it," rang forth the wild cry of victory and exultation. The news did not reach the capital of Mexico until August, but that was quick work for those days when even the telegraph had not yet been dreamed of. It was indeed a glad day. The bells of the cathedral burst forth in peal after peal of gladness. Galvez, the Visitador-General, was in ecstacies over the success of the expedition he had sent out upon strange seas and into still stranger lands. The Viceroy, the Marquis de la Croix, was congratulated on every hand. Next day a solemn Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in the cathedral, attended by all the high dignitaries, the military and civic authorities and the whole people.

An account of the discovery was printed and distributed broadcast among the populace, creating the most intense excitement. An official statement of the event was made out and forwarded to Spain, relating the fact that the throne of Castile and Leon had for two centuries sent vessels to the coast of California, terminating at last in the establishment of the Presidio and Mission of San Carlos at Monterey, June 3, 1770.

The ceremony of taking possession of Monterey

for Spain, on June 3, 1770, took place under the same oak tree where Sebastian Vizcaino had camped and erected a cross 167 years before, namely, in the year 1602. There are trees in many parts of the world that have histories, but none has a story more fascinating than this tree, now called the "Serra Tree." It was a magnificent specimen of the live oak for which Monterey is still famed, as, let us hope, it will ever be. It grew at the end of a little cove or estuary of the bay at the present entrance to the Presidio. In its place is a costly, handsome and well-meaning granite cross, erected by a generous-hearted lover of Monterey and her past. But how a lifeless stone can take the place of a living tree, it were hard to say.

In the tumble and wreck and ruin of once great days there came to Monterey some who neither understood nor revered the past and its mighty memories. They built a culvert around the old tree, walling it with stone that yet did not keep from it the seeds of death. And so, one day, a patriarch of a noble tribe withered and died and became an eyesore on the ancient highway. Then when the man came along with the stone cross, the tree was ruthlessly torn out and flung heedlessly—and with what ingratitude only the spirits of the dead can know—into the waters of the bay.

But just as the thievish tides were about to run away with the grand old trunk, still mighty in death, carrying it to the hungry and engulfing sea, two men of Monterey put out upon a scow and fought with the tides for the precious burden. With grappling hooks, and after an heroic struggle, the dead patriarch was brought to shore and carried in a cart to the Royal Chapel of San Carlos in the town. There it was embedded in cement and treated to a chemical process

of bathing that will cause it to last as long as time itself.

In the year 1770, at the very beginning of things, with the arrival of Junipero Serra, Father President of the Missions, and Don Gaspar de Portola, the first Governor of California, Monterey became the seat of both the religious and civil authority in the new Spanish province of California. It was, therefore, from Monterey that everything which concerned both the religious and civil government originated, for a period of nearly eighty years—from the founding of the Mission to the constitutional convention which marked the entrance of California into the American Union as a sovereign state. The Presidio of Monterey was called "The Royal Presidio" because it was located at the capital and therefore stood in the place of the King. And the church at San Carlos, near by, was called "The Royal Chapel" because it was the church in which the King would have worshiped had he actually existed in the flesh in his new California possessions. There were no other presidios or churches in California, from first to last, to which the title "royal" was or could have been applied. The church of San Carlos in Monterey, built in 1794, which is still standing in an excellent state of preservation, was used as the church of the parish, and took the title "Royal Chapel of the Presidio of Monterey"—the same title that was borne by its rude and unpretentious predecessor, the first temporary church building, long since vanished in the dust. Into this church have been gathered many priceless relics of the past, saved from Carmelo after its spoliation. These relics include a number of articles which were used personally by Father Junipero, both in his priestly administrations and in the domestic life of the little adobe house in which he dwelt.

Monterey having been established as the civil,

religious and military capital of California, it also became, naturally, the center of social life. The memory of the glory of Monterey and the color of the gay life that was lived there through so many stirring years lingered long after the place had been stripped of its power. It is a memory that lingers still. It was not only the central government, but the central port, as well—the place in which authority from without was received and from which it was promulgated and disseminated for the guidance of the pueblos and ranchos with their alcaldes and overlords, all up and down the golden coast of glory.

It is, therefore, an easy feat for the imagination to picture old Monterey as she was in her days of power and splendor. The busy streets were filled with gorgeously caparisoned horses, frequently a rider sitting in a saddle worth a thousand dollars and holding the rein of a bridle worth half as much, so ornamented were they with gold and silver. You would have seen doffed to a lady in those times a gold or silver trimmed sombrero worth the good beginnings of a fortune. All was life and color. Fashion drew to this central throne the wit, the wealth and beauty of the entire country that lay between San Francisco and San Diego.

And, side by side with power and pride, jostling elbows with them on the highways and byways of Monterey, were always the flotsam and jetsam of life, wanderers from far-away dim and mystic ports, deep-sea sailors, whalers, pearl-fishers, soldiers of fortune, Yankee skippers, pirates and bandits, world without end. It was in Monterey that Tiburcio Vasquez, a gentleman of the road no less famous than Juan Murietta, was born and bred. It was from the streets of Monterey that he sallied forth to waylay the traveler on the inland trails, even as the pirates of the coast sallied forth to sea from the harbor of Monterey

to intercept a cargo. It was a favorite trick of the pirates to change the location of the Point Pinos light as an encouragement to a ship to dash itself upon the rocks. Those were brave days, indeed, and it seems not so long ago since those who remembered and mourned them were sitting against the adobe walls of Monterey, thankful for a ray of sunshine to warm their poor old lonely bodies. At the bottom of the harbor lie the bleached and whitened bones of many a ship that came to Monterey, preferring, for often unknown reasons, to sink than to go away. Among these is the frigate Natalia, on which Napoleon escaped from Elba.

The life that the people lived in California, in the days when Monterey was at the height of its greatness, was a life that probably cannot return to California nor to any other part of the globe where a similar state of affairs has ever existed. The world has changed. Life is now a strenuous thing filled with hurry and scurry. If men sit down now to a feast at night they must be at their counting-houses at a fixed hour next morning, or at their shops and factories when the whistles blow, but in the old days when California was young—"in the good old days of the king," as it used to be said—those who sat down to the feast departed not from the house of their host the next day, nor the next week, for that matter, unless they were so inclined. There was nothing concerning themselves to call them away, and the longer they remained under the roof where they had gathered, the better pleased was the man who owned the roof.

There will never again be seen upon this earth, perhaps, a life so ideal as that which was lived in Monterey and throughout all California in its halcyon days before the "Gringo" came. There was room to breathe and a man could sit on a hilltop and look

upon the sea anywhere. The country was gorgeous with wild flowers more beautiful even than the flowers which grow in California's gardens of wonder today. The land was fat with plenty and every door was flung wide with welcome to whomsoever might come. There was no hurry, no envy, no grief, Though you had no house of your own it were no cause for distress. You had but to speak at the first threshold you met, ask for food and shelter for yourself and beast, and they to whom you came would answer you saying: "Pase, Usted, es su casa, Señor." (Enter, it is your house.) If you fared forth to eat and sup with a friend who had invited you, you brought with you those whom you might happen to have met upon the way.

In those days California had come to have many vast and rich estates possessed and peopled by the best blood of Spain. The children of the Dons grew up to be handsome men and beautiful women. The young men were brave and manly and much given to dress and chivalry. From the Valley of the Seven Moons southward to the Harbor of the Sun, California had many Spanish belles whose fame and beauty were toasted at the feast and for whose hands there was much chivalric rivalry and not infrequently the flash of swords drawn on the field of the duello. And of all this, Monterey was the center. There are many legends of the belles of Monterey, but the one most often told is the legend of the "Pearls of Loreto."

The way it runs is, that there was once in Monterey a señorita whose wondrous beauty was above the beauty of all the women of the land—the talk of California. Her casa was ever thronged with suitors for her hand and favor. Her name was Ysabel Herrera, but they called her "La Favorita."

In those times Monterey was a great pearl-fishing

ground and many fortunes were made in that way, but in still earlier times, when the padres had things more to themselves, they had put the Indians to diving and as a result they had gathered together the most wonderful and valuable collection of pearls known to be in existence anywhere in the world. The padres had gathered these pearls not for sale, but for the purpose of decorating the statue of Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin, in their monastery at Loreto in Lower, or Baja, California. Every perfect pearl brought up from the waters of Monterey or anywhere else along the California coast was taken by the Indians to the padres who, in turn, strung it upon the robe or around the neck of the statue of Our Lady of Loreto until that wooden image in that far-off lonely place glowed in the soft light of the chapel, by day and night, with thrice a king's ransom.

Now, as it happened, Ysabel Herrera craved pearls, and she told all her suitors that she would marry the one who would bring her a rope of these jewels that would outshine the like possessions of all other women. It was then that Vincent de la Vega, a young caballero, conceived the terrible idea of robbing Our Lady at Loreto of her store of priceless pearls, which he did, stabbing to the heart the old priest who guarded the church. He galloped back over the long trails and the wild mountains from Baja California to Monterey, and laid in the lap of Ysabel Herrera the stolen pearls.

The señorita kept her word and accepted De la Vega. That night there was a grand ball at which the elite of Monterey, the Governor, the high officers of the Royal Presidio, and the high-born patricians attended. Ysabel, glorious with pearls, entered the ballroom on De la Vega's arm, and instantly there was a hush of adoring admiration. An instant later, a young Franciscan, sandaled, shaven, and cowled,

entered the room, pointed at the pearls and accused De la Vega of their theft, and of murder as well. The guilty pair fled for the bay, hoping to reach a ship that was about to sail. As they skirted the cliff on shore, a shot rang out and De la Vega fell dead. Clasping her lover in her arms, Ysabel leaped with his body into the sea, where she died with him. The pearls were never found, although the search for them in the waters of the bay is kept up until this very day.

The great occasions in the old life of Monterey were those when the Governor gave a reception, and, of course, a ball, or when the wealth and beauty and officialdom of California gathered at the capital to welcome the coming of a new Governor. When these events took place, the great overlords of the ranchos, with their sons and daughters, and each with an entourage of Indian servants and retainers, gathered at the capital. The Fathers of the Missions usually came also, for the social life of the Spaniards was always closely interwoven with their religious life. Preceding the festivities, or sometimes while they were under way, there would usually be a procession headed by the dignitaries of the Church across the green pine-clad hill from Monterey to Carmelo.

The accounts of these great festivities read like chapters from the doings in fairyland. At such times the presidio and the patio and church of the Mission would be gaily decorated. The soldiers in their picturesque and flashy uniforms, particularly the officers, made a brilliant show. Cavalry and artillery entered the church to attend the grand Mass to the salute of cannon and musketry without. The caballeros, stunningly arrayed, cantered through the crowds on the finest horses in the land, bred at Mission San Antonio. Afterwards, there were bull-fights, feats of horsemanship, sham battles between the soldiery, and Indian dancing and games. At night

came a great banquet, with the witchery of Spanish music, and dances attended by beautiful dark-eyed women, richly gowned and jeweled, escorted by the gallants of the province.

The repression of pirates, who quite frequently pestered the coast of California, and occasional threats of attacks from foreign nations were just sufficient throughout the years of Monterey's supremacy to keep up the fighting-blood of the people. The most notable battle, however, and perhaps the only real battle ever fought at that historic fort, took place in 1817, when two ships appeared in the harbor to attack the settlement. They were privateers under command of an American named Brown and they were fresh from piratical conquests on the coasts of Chili and Peru. They were known as the "Buenos Ayres Insurgents." One of their ships, the Argentina, carried thirty-eight guns, while the other, the Santa Rosa, carried twenty-eight. On board the vessels were more than five hundred fighting-men. Monterey had had news of the enemy's approach beforehand and was prepared to repel the invaders. The whole coast was on the lookout and a constant communication had been kept up between all points and the capital. The military strength of Monterey was outnumbered by the enemy, ten to one, yet in answer to the invaders' demand for surrender of the fort, Governor Sola sent back word that he would not surrender but stood ready to defend the King's flag to the last drop of his own blood and the blood of the men under his command.

Ordering all the families living at Monterey to depart from the zone of battle, the Governor took his station in the tower of San Carlos church and the fight began. The privateers hurled shot after shot upon the devoted fort, to which the defenders on shore made no reply. Thinking that the Californians were

too frightened to defend themselves, the insurgents ran close to shore, whereupon the fort opened up a deadly fire on the enemy. The insurgents, at first greatly surprised, soon recovered, and landed four hundred men, who at once marched against the presidio. The Californians then retreated to a distant rancho. The insurgents after remaining in Monterey five days, burying their dead and repairing one of their vessels which had been badly damaged, set sail, making no further attempt to ravish the port.

In the meantime the Governor had collected a large force and returned to retake Monterey, only to find that the enemy had abandoned the fruits of victory, whatever they might have been.

This tale, in itself a drama, breathes the very atmosphere of old Monterey. Nor did the coming of the Gringo put an end to romance. In many ways, the American invasion but added to the glamor that had always been there, for it is then we begin to hear of blue-eyed men losing their hearts to black-eyed women, with all the attendant adventure that could not but ensue. It was on July 7, 1846, that Commodore Sloat raised the American flag on the staff of the custom-house, from which he tore the flag of Mexico. The staff is still there, and there is something of a thrill in the sight of it. Among the young American army lieutenants who came later in the service to Monterey was William Tecumseh Sherman, who never, till his dying day, failed to kiss every pretty girl he met.

They will show you a house in Monterey where lived the Señorita Bonifacio, loveliest of the maidens on all the sunny stretches of El Camino Real. Sherman fell in love with her and when he was ordered away, they together planted a rose bush that was to tell in the days of his absence if his love for his dusky-eyed sweetheart remained true. The life or death

of the rose tree was to be the proof. The tree blooms still, under which the señorita waited in vain for her lover to return. But we find ourselves wondering if the memory of her loveliness, and the arbor where they sat in the moonlit nights, was not always with him, even in the days of his great glory under his bloody eagles at Shiloh, and on his deathless march to the sea.

Besides having been the first capital of California, Monterey is the place of many other "first" things, such as the first wooden house, the first brick house, and a perfectly endless list of lesser first things, such as lanterns, candlesticks, carpenters' benches, bells, rolling-pins and weighing-scales. You might wander through the town, nosing your way through holes and corners for a year and a day without seeing all that is to be seen.

It was inevitable, of course, that the first newspaper should make its appearance in Monterey. In 1846 this publication made its premiere under the editorial management of a man named Semple who stood six feet and eight inches high in the buckskin clothes which he habitually wore. The paper was named the Californian, and was printed from type borrowed from the old Missions of the padres. In order to print the letter "w," it was necessary to combine two "v's" there being no "w" in the Spanish alphabet.

Naturally, there came to Monterey in the trail of every other wanderer known to gypsy stars and luring moons, the Bohemians who wrought in dreams with pen and brush—they who have ever given and are giving still to the world the best it has and getting in return nothing at all in life but great glory and many sighs when once they are safe with death and can no longer borrow the price of a meal or a bed from those who can easily give but greatly begrudge to do so.

Immortal among the dreamers who found their way—only God knows how—to Monterey, was Robert Louis Stevenson. You shall see the house wherein he lodged for a year and more, the restaurant where he had his meals, though he and old Jules Simoneau, who fed and loved him, are now with the dust. You shall set foot on the green pathways where he wandered and that are deathless now if for no other reason than that he touched them with his fancy. It was the year 1879 that Stevenson spent in Monterey, when he was thirty years old.

Stevenson's purpose in coming to California was to be at once near Fannie Osbourne, whom he had met abroad and with whom he fell desperately in love. Her home was in San Francisco, where Stevenson afterwards married her. He was pathetically poor at the time and most miserably ill, his state of health made much worse by a steerage voyage across the Atlantic and the overland journey to the coast in an emigrant train. The first we know of him in California is when some sheepherders in the Santa Lucia hills found him lying unconscious under a tree, his pockets empty, his face pinched with hunger and the telltale blood of broken lungs on his lips. They took him to their cabin and nursed him back to life. Then he drifted down to Monterey.

The artists who were there at that time, and with whom Stevenson naturally formed a reciprocated attachment, had devised a method of securing ample drink from the Sanchez brothers' saloon on an agreement with them to paint the saloon bar and otherwise to decorate the room. "You shall be deposited at Sanchez's saloon where we take a drink," Stevenson wrote to Henly. Not long ago that marvelous bar, on which had been flung pictures from the brushes of Tavernier and Frenzeny, was sold for other uses to a local personage, who promptly had it

painted over with a thick coat of white, obliterating forever the last traces of the pictures, and thus rendering valueless an article through which a man could have grown ten times wealthy merely by traveling with it on exhibition from town to town whereever a white man draws the breath of life.

Portraying in playful mood what he would do with him were he suddenly to fall from the skies into Monterey, Stevenson wrote Henly what he desired him to believe was there the daily routine of his life: "That shall deposit you at Sanchez's saloon, where we take a drink; you are introduced to Bronson, the local editor ('I have no brain music,' he says; 'I'm a mechanic, you see,' but he's a nice fellow); to Adolpho Sanchez, who is delightful. Meanwhile, I go to the P. O. for my mail; thence we walk up Alvarado street together, you now floundering in the sand, now merrily stumping on the wooden sidewalks; I call at Hadsell's for my paper; at length behold us installed in Simoneau's little white-washed back room, round a dirty tablecloth, with Francois the baker, perhaps an Italian fisherman, perhaps Augustin Dutra and Simoneau, himself. Simoneau, Francois and I are the three sure cards; the others, mere waifs. Then home to my great airy rooms, with five windows, opening on a balcony; I sleep on the floor in my camp blanket; you instal yourself abed."

It must have gone hard with Henly not to break away from London—though he sat at banquet with the Queen—and fly to R. L. S., then in Monterey, but perhaps he knew how successfully the Prince of Dreamers could dissemble in sickness and poverty from out the brave hypocrisy of life. He was scarcely ever well in Monterey, and at times was beleaguered for many days at a stretch in his lonely room, fighting death, inch by inch, yet he loved Monterey and said so in many ways and in many places. When he was

well enough he used to take long walks, where, says he, "A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland canyons; the roar of waters dwells in the clean empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney. Go where you will, you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific."

Not Edinburgh, where he was born, nor Samoa, where he died, nor all the far-flung places where he wandered in his restless life, hold more charming or tenderer memories of Robert Louis Stevenson than Monterey.

On a day that cannot be long in coming, the vast Caucasian exodus, that has been sweeping ever westward, shall pyramid itself on the western rim of the continent of America, even as it has done on the western rims of other countries. When that day comes, what shall be left of old Monterey will be swept ruthlessly away as a Dutch housewife would sweep the dooryards of Isleta were she to find herself compelled to domicile there. Tiled roofs, adobe walls, the ancient seats of the mighty, the pirates' lair, the lovers' lanes and arbors, the dusty ways that knew the Padres' sandaled feet, the haunts of Bohemia—they will fall and crumble under the steeled tread of unfeeling and all-conquering progress. Listen, and you shall hear the rumble of the monster's wheels crashing through the distance, even now. You must arise and hasten.

But this Progress which we have been taught to serve in servile fear, leaping to obey its slightest command, and to truckle at the mere uplift of its eyebrows, can never wholly take from Monterey the charm that warms it or the things that make it holy. The sea will be there, and the sky, till God calls back the one and rolls up the other as a scroll. The hills cannot be torn down and leveled as a roof is leveled and a wall is tumbled to the dust. No hand but God's

can change the sweep of the white shore or the curve of the bay set deep with the caress of uplands and dim serranos. Nor shall the din of whistles and the clangor of wheels and beating hammers dull the ears that hear the voices of the Past.

Forever and forever the road shall climb the green hill that lies between the singing tides of Monterey and holy Carmelo, where sleeps the dust of Father Junipero. The world may and does forget much, but it can never now forget him—the gentle, great-souled Franciscan who brought the light of Calvary to the darkness of a heathen land. Time goes ever on and its soul is the soul of change, but it shall bring with the coming years the feet of countless thousands yet unborn, to climb the road that leads to Carmelo from Monterey.

Green is the way to Monterey,
And once, upon a wandering day,
With breath of mist and flash of sky,
My feet were where the green ways lie—
My soul unleashed, my heart at play,
Upon the road to Monterey.

All in the morning's golden glow,
I came by holy Carmelo
Where whispers still its silvery stream
Like voices from an ancient dream,
And through the haunted silence beat
The long-hushed tread of sandaled feet.

Dream-wrapped in memory's mystic spell,
I rang the rusted Mission bell,
And called to hill and vale and sea
To give their dead again to me—
The brown-robed priests, the altar lights,
The hosts of dark-eyed neophytes.

I called the dead years forth to free
Their dust-thralled feet to trudge with me.
So, fared as comrades with me, then,
Fair women and brave riding men—
By wood and dune, that dream-kissed day,
They passed with me to Monterey.

Blithe were the green ways then that told
The gladness of the days of old;
From chaparral, with flocks athrong,
I heard the Indian herder's song,
And ringing scythes, with laughter blent,
From fields where dusky toilers bent.

Madre de Dios! keep for me
My dream of hill and sky and sea—
The green ways where my path was set,
The gay guitar and castanet,
And stars that hailed, at close of day,
The sunset roofs of Monterey.

THE GOLDEN GATE

V.

THE SPANISH ERA

The Spanish era in California had its tangible beginning in the year 1769 with the arrival of Junipero Serra and Gaspar de Portola at San Diego. It ended, politically, toward the end of the year 1822 with the independence of Mexico when Iturbide at the head of his victorious army threw off the yoke of Spain and set up a separate Mexican empire with himself on the throne as the Emperor Augustin I. Of course California really became Spanish territory with its discovery by Cabrillo in 1542, but it was neither settled nor colonized in either Cabrillo's time or in the time of Vizcaino, one hundred sixty-seven years later. California had its beginning as an entity of civilization in 1769, and during the fifty-three years of its existence as a Spanish province it made a history all its own. It left an impression on the country which lasts until the present day and which can never be wholly effaced. From it date many of the customs of the people of California, not to speak of the fact that land titles and other important legal considerations owe to it their very existence.

During this Spanish era California was in itself a world apart from the great outside world which surrounded it. During the half century or more in which Destiny was quietly engaged between San Diego and San Francisco, Europe underwent the most tremendous throes in its history. The year that Junipero Serra began his labors at San Diego was the same year in which the great Napoleon was born

on the Island of Corsica. The French Revolution rose and fell, Marengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo were fought. The little Corsican had butchered Europe into subjection to his will. His throne had been set up and had tottered to its fall. The whole map of Europe had been changed during those years when a handful of Spanish soldiers and a few Spanish Franciscan missionaries had succeeded in transforming California from a heathen land to a Christian province.

With the exception of San Francisco de Solano at Sonoma, all the old Missions of California were founded and established during the Spanish era. In those fifty-three years an entire savage race was redeemed from nakedness and ignorance, physical as well as intellectual poverty, and heathenism. It was the Spanish era of California that built El Camino Real—the King's Highway. It was during the same time—from 1769 to 1822—that the old pueblos which are now the great cities of Los Angeles and San Jose were founded and established.

It may indeed be said that all that California is now or all that it can ever be owes its foundation to the Spanish era. It was during those years that the state took on its present proportions, its geographical outlines were defined, its harbors surveyed and explored, its civilization grounded and its relationship to the outside world established. It was an era not great with the tramp of armies or the assembling of vast populations but it laid deep foundations and held, through sacrifice and heroism, the trails which its pioneers had blazed by land and the pathways which its mariners had dared at sea.

As far as the work of the Franciscan Missions is concerned with the Spanish era in California it is a story which stands by itself and is told in another chapter of this book. Herein shall be dealt with the

civil and military features of the Spanish era, the work done by the Spanish Governors of whom there were ten, beginning with Don Gaspar de Portola and ending with Don Pablo Vicente de Sola.

Of these Governors there were at least two really great men and none can be fairly regarded as incompetent. They were opposed by many obstacles and had to deal with serious difficulties. On the one hand was the missionary power and on the other hand was the power of the military. There was scarcely a time when the Spanish Governors were not called upon to reconcile these two opposing forces. They did not always succeed, but a majority of them acquitted themselves with credit.

To clearly understand the position of a Governor of California during the Spanish era it is necessary to be informed that he stood as the direct representative of the Viceroys of New Spain whose headquarters were in Mexico and who were in turn the direct representatives of the Kingdom of Spain on the continent of North America. Wherefore the Spanish Governors of California had not only the difficult problems of the province to solve but they had also, in many instances, to contend with the whims of a Viceroy who, by reason of his location at a great distance and his lack of frequent communication, was usually poorly informed as to California's condition and needs.

California must always remember with peculiar affection its first Governor, Don Gaspar de Portola. His term of service was very brief, lasting only about two years, with not much more than one year of actual experience in California itself, but his name is immortal in that he was the discoverer of the Bay of San Francisco, the world's greatest harbor. Moreover, he was a brave and a good man, firm in the execution of the duties that were assigned to him,

yet kindly of heart and gentle in his administrations. His name is forever linked with the name of Junipero Serra whose companion and friend he was. Portola needs no other patent than his selection by Don Jose Galvez to be the first Governor of California. It is due greatly to the courage and the faith of Galvez that the christianization and colonization of California were effected in the year 1769. Galvez was the Visitador General of Mexico; the dream of a populated and civilized California was his dream, above that of all other men. Such a man was more than likely to select the best available instruments for the prosecution of any work he might have in hand. The world knows how unerring was his judgment of Junipero Serra, but it is not so familiar with the merit of Portola.

When the expedition of 1769 started for San Diego a portion of it went by sea and another portion by land. Portola and Serra were with the land party. As the party passed through Lower California it was the Governor's unpleasant duty to turn over the property of the Jesuit missionaries to the Franciscans, and the gentle and considerate manner in which this duty was performed is a clear index to the man's character. After his memorable march in search of Monterey, which resulted not in the finding of Monterey but in the discovery of San Francisco Bay, he returned to San Diego and then set back in company with Serra on the second attempt to find Monterey, which was successful. After that he did little more than to see the missionaries settle down to work. Leaving a sufficient number of soldiers for the protection of the padres, he returned to Mexico and never saw California again.

Portola was succeeded by Felipe de Barri, the second Governor of California. He took office at Loreto early in the year 1771. Governor Barri's ad-

ministration was a stormy one from the beginning to the end of its three and a half years' duration. He found trouble on his hands at the very outset, or it might perhaps be better said, he made trouble for himself. Pedro Fages and Rivera y Moncada, officers in command of the military, had already begun to insist on their authority over the Missions when Barri came into authority in 1771. The idea of the Viceroy and of the Visitador General, Jose de Galvez, was that the civil and military government of California existed mainly for the purpose of protecting the Missions. Governor Barri sided in with Fages and Moncada and proceeded more or less to harass Father Junipero and the missionaries. The quarrel proceeded with considerable bitterness for a period of about two years, when Father Junipero set out for Mexico to put the case before the Viceroy. Serra walked nearly every step of the way and by the force of his great character won the Viceroy over to the missionaries' view of the matter with the result that Barri and Fages were removed from office in October, 1774.

Barri was succeeded by Felipe de Neve, the third Governor of California. The only important feature of Governor Barri's administration was the proclamation of the Viceroy, Bucareli, conferring on the Government of California authority to make land grants. This was done in 1773 with the permanent colonization of California by Spanish settlers in view. It seems that the authority to make these grants was first vested in Captain Rivera y Moncada and that in virtue of it the first private land grant in California was a concession of a lot to a soldier named Manuel Butron and his Indian wife, Margarita. The ground was 140 varas square, located at Mission San Carlos.

This man, Captain Rivera y Moncada, proved to be

a prominent figure in the earlier years of the life of California. An appointment as Comandante of the military forces placed him in a strong position and it appears that he was not slow to take advantage of his power, having been a man of rather dominating and overbearing spirit. The two incidents in his career that stand out most prominently are his excommunication from the Church by the missionaries and his quarrel with Juan de Anza, the famous Captain of Tubac. The excommunication of Captain Rivera came about through a quarrel that he had with the missionaries at San Diego over the possession of an Indian who had been charged with murder. Rivera demanded that the Indian be turned over to him for summary punishment, but the missionaries refused to surrender the prisoner on the ground that he had fled to the church for "sanctuary." A stormy scene ensued during which the missionaries held the ground they had taken and wound up by excommunicating Rivera. The Captain then hastened to Monterey for the purpose of appealing to Father Junipero, the Father-President of the Missions. On the way he does not seem to have cooled his temper and his manner towards Father Junipero, upon meeting him, was no less insolent than it had been towards the padres at San Diego.

It may be that the soldier had cause to be in a temper. The time is too far past to judge of the merits of the case. All we know is that Captain Rivera is regarded by no historian as a man of more than mediocre ability. The chances are that he overestimated his own importance and, like many other military officers of both ancient and modern times, exaggerated his sense of dignity. Father Junipero was not the man to be browbeaten, and the consequence was that Rivera obtained no satisfaction at Monterey.

It is fascinating to picture in imagination the

quarrel that took place between Rivera and Juan de Anza. The old Captain of Tubac was a sturdy and noted figure in those distant times. He was the first man to blaze the inland trail from Sonora to Monterey, carrying his expedition through without the loss of a human being or an animal or any of his cattle, though he had to cross trackless deserts, and make a trail where no man had ever made one before.

It was upon the occasion of de Anza's second visit to California that the differences between him and Rivera arose. The two met at Mission San Gabriel, where they combined their forces and marched to San Diego for the purpose of meting out punishment to the Indians who had attacked the Mission, burning it to the ground and murdering Father Jayme, in November, 1775. When San Diego was reached, de Anza with his usual forcefulness, proposed that they attack the Indians without delay. This Rivera refused to do, proposing on the contrary that they move slowly and with caution. Upon hearing this decision de Anza immediately washed his hands of the whole business and marched to Monterey. He had with him a number of settlers from Sinaloa who were to be located at San Francisco. He proposed to execute his commission at once, but to this Rivera objected also. Later on, when de Anza was proceeding south on his way to Sonora and Rivera was passing north, their two little armies camped in the Valley of San Antonio. A few bitter words were all that passed between the two. Rivera, through his orderly, handed a letter to de Anza with instructions to the Captain of Tubac to deliver it to the Viceroy in Mexico. The Captain of Tubac contemptuously declined to touch the letter. That swords were not drawn is the wonder of it all, but the scene must have been picturesque even as it was, with the fire flashing from the black eyes of the two Captains.

As far as the military was concerned, things were not going very well in California and it was plain to be seen that Felipe de Neve, the new Governor, could not come too soon.

Gov. de Neve arrived in Monterey in February, 1777, fully informed as to the unsatisfactory conditions that existed in California and as fully determined to do all in his power to make harmony. He made friendly advances at once to Father Junipero and continued to be on good terms with the missionaries throughout his entire administration with the exception of a few disagreeable experiences which, however, had no important bearing.

Felipe de Neve was a soldier as well as a statesman, having been at the time of his appointment as Governor of California a cavalry officer at Queretaro in Mexico. His fame as a California Governor rests upon the fact that he was the founder of the old Spanish pueblos of San Jose and Los Angeles. He is also famous as the author of what was termed the "Reglamento," a complete code of legislation for the Province of California which he promulgated in June, 1779, dating it from the "Royal Presidio of San Carlos de Monterey." This code made provision for the conduct of the presidio down to the minutest detail for the support of the troops and the families connected with the military service. It also regulated the procedure for the settlement of the country, setting forth laws for the establishment and government of pueblos and towns and making rules for the promotion of agriculture, stock-raising and other branches of industry. The Reglamento was indeed a very statesmanlike document and is so regarded to this day by good authorities.

It was in the Place of the Two Shrines that de Neve erected the first legal California pueblo or town. The Place of the Two Shrines is the Valley of Santa

Clara, where are the Mission Santa Clara and Mission San Jose, the only locality that can boast of two of the ancient Franciscan establishments. The pueblo was named in honor of Saint Joseph and is the present City of San Jose. Thus San Jose is the oldest legally founded city of the Golden State.

It was the policy of Spain and consequently the policy of de Neve to build towns near all the Missions. We are to remember the idea was not only to christianize California but to colonize it, as well. And the time came when Gov. de Neve received his instructions from Mexico to go ahead and erect pueblos near the various Missions as speedily as might be. Accordingly he instructed Don Jose Moraga, Lieutenant-Commandant of the Presidio of San Francisco, to march with nine soldiers skilled in agriculture and five pablodores, or settlers, to Santa Clara Valley and establish a pueblo. Moraga went forth promptly in obedience to his orders and in due time reached the spot selected by the Governor. The march from San Francisco was no more than a pleasant journey of two or three days. The party soon left the waters of the great Bay behind them and came at length to the banks of a little stream shaded by splendid oaks where happened to be gathered the padres of the Missions Santa Clara and San Jose.

But this was not the site selected for the new pueblo, nor had the gathering of the brown-robed friars aught to do with the coming of Don Jose Moraga or his pablodores. Yet the spot and the occasion were both interesting. The place of the streamlet and the oaks was about midway between the two Missions and was called "La Penetentia." Here, every two months, came the padres to confess their sins to one another.

Having made dutiful obedience to the Reverend Friars, Don Moraga continued farther, traveling a

matter of perhaps seven miles more until he came to a curve of a bright and leaping river which was called Guadalupe. There he ordered a halt, and there he unsheathed his sword, drove its point into the rich black loam, saying: "Here, in the name of God and our Sovereign King, shall we build the Pueblo of San Jose." It was the twenty-ninth day of November, 1777.

The pueblo was carefully and duly surveyed into solars or house lots, and suertes or lands for cultivation. The first grant, a solar, was made to Ignacio Archuleta. A surprised soul would be Ignacio Archuleta could he now come back to barter in American dollars for that lone town lot which designated his household officially and immortally as "the first family of San Jose," with all the social preeminence which the title should imply.

The founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles was even more impressive than the founding of the first pueblo. Gov. de Neve conducted the establishment in person. He first repaired from the Capital at Monterey to the Mission San Gabriel from which, on a sunny morning, he fared forth at the head of a party of soldiers, padres from the Mission, neophyte Indians and the pablodores who were to be the bulwark and the pillars of the new town. Twelve house lots were located on three sides of a Plaza, each lot having a frontage of one hundred varas and a depth of two hundred varas. The original population was arranged to consist of nine families. Suertes, or lands for cultivation, were parceled out among the nine pablodores and an irrigation ditch was surveyed from the Los Angeles River, which stream was then known by the name of "Porciuncula." The ceremonies attending the founding of the Pueblo consisted of the raising of a cross, music and singing by the Indian choruses and the firing of a volley of

musketry by the soldiers. The official name given to the Pueblo was "The City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels," the modern abbreviation of which is Los Angeles. The date of the foundation was September, 1781. A few years afterward the citizens contributed five hundred head of cattle to build the famous old Plaza Church which still stands as a Southern California landmark.

Felipe de Neve served as Governor of California from October, 1774, until September, 1782. His striking abilities were such that he became marked for a higher honor. The King of Spain decorated him with the Royal Order of Charles III, raised him to the rank of Colonel and made him Inspector General of all the troops of the Provincias Internas, which included Sonora, New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Texas and both the Californias. This necessitated de Neve's removal to Chihuahua, where he was soon still further honored by the King with an appointment to be a General of Brigade. He died at Chihuahua in the latter part of the year 1784.

The following eight years in California, from September, 1782, until September, 1790, were uneventful. They marked the gubernatorial reign of Pedro Fages, who, it will be remembered, was for some time a Lieutenant of Infantry in command of a company of Catalonian Volunteers at San Diego. He had before served as ad interim Governor of California between the time of the departure of Portola and the arrival of Gov. Felipe de Barri. Fages was a man of no initiative, appearing to have been a good enough soldier but without much capability as a statesman. He was very energetic in fulfilling the duties of his office, writing a great many letters and making many rather fruitless efforts to place the presidios in an effective condition.

Fages seems to have burdened himself with un-

necessary troubles, added to which was one real trouble in the form of a jealous and querulous wife. The Señora Fages was the first woman of any pretensions to come to California, and it may be said that she was the first society leader. She was possessed of a very exalted notion of the importance of her station as the wife of the Governor, and exacted rigid deference and respect to her person from all the people of the province, high and low alike. Her husband, the Governor, was undoubtedly a man of good moral character, yet the Señora frequently accused him of infidelity, while, as a matter of fact, the only distinction to which Gov. Fages was entitled is due to the fact that he insisted upon the strictest moral conduct among all the officers of his presidio and the Alcaldes of the pueblos. There is in the archives a stinging letter which Fages addressed to Ignacio Vallejo, Alcalde of San Jose, in which the Governor unmercifully castigated the Alcalde for immoral conduct, saying that the Alcalde had been commissioned in the belief that he would suppress immorality instead of himself presenting so scandalous an example. This letter and other records show that the Pueblo of San Jose was a rather dissolute establishment and that its citizens were not in the habit of leading exemplary lives.

The administration of Gov. Jose Antonio Romeu was even less eventful than that of his predecessor, Pedro Fages. Gov. Romeu came to California a sick man, suffering from a serious disease which even Pablo Soler, the great Surgeon of the Province, could not cure. And Pablo Soler was really a great physician as well as a great surgeon. He was a learned man and sacrificed many years of his life to the welfare of the people of California. He traveled many weary miles ministering to the afflicted officers and soldiers of the presidios, the padres and Indians of

the Missions, and all the people, but he could not cure the disease from which Gov. Romeu suffered. After a year and seven months in office the Governor died at Monterey, whereupon Jose Dario Arguello, Comandante of the Presidio of Monterey, Lieut. Jose Francisco de Ortega of Loreto, Lieut. Felipe de Goycoechea of Santa Barbara and Ensign Hermenegildo Sal of San Francisco gathered in council at Monterey and selected Capt. Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga of Loreto as the proper person to assume the office of temporary Governor and to act until a new Governor could be appointed.

Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga, the sixth Governor, was as all his predecessors had been, a soldier. He had distinguished himself in campaigns against the Indians. He arrived in Monterey early in 1793 and at once entered upon the duties of his office. In the few months during which Arrillaga occupied the office of Governor he concerned himself almost entirely with the presidios, endeavoring to improve their weak and extremely inefficient condition. He wrote a full report of the situation to the Viceroy and prepared for his successor an elaborate statement of the situation. Having done these things, Arrillaga did not await the arrival of his successor, but returned to Loreto. He was a very capable and painstaking official and was destined to return to California at a future time to once more sit in the chair of state.

The man who succeeded Arrillaga as Governor of California was a character upon whom the historian and the teller of tales is tempted to dwell both lengthily and lovingly. He was Diego de Borica, California's seventh Governor, a gentleman and a scholar and in every respect a most fascinating person. He accepted the cares of the Province reluctantly, yet he fulfilled his duties with the utmost

exactness and with a tact and ability so rare and striking as to deserve for his memory a far greater renown than it enjoys.

His appointment to the exalted position of Governor of the Californias was a great promotion, yet it is clear that he did not welcome it. He loved good companions who were his peers in intellectual gifts and talents, and, down in Chihuahua where he resided, he was surrounded by a chosen circle of men whose tastes were similar to his own. He had a lovely wife and a sweet little daughter whom he loved devotedly and who were equally devoted to him. He was very happy and contented in Chihuahua. He probably was not ambitious for high honors if to secure them he must lose contentment. He knew that at Monterey he would not find the friendship that existed for him in the south and that the Señora Borica would not be so well bestowed and that the little Señorita would lose many advantages. Doubtless he did not like to go, but he was a loyal son of Spain and did not shirk the duty that was before him. Such was his sunny nature that he made light of his troubles and bade his old friends goodby with a smile on his lips.

The new Governor, accompanied by his wife and daughter, two chosen companions and a negro servant, crossed the Gulf for Loreto, intending to make the journey to Monterey by sea. But the passage across the Gulf proved to be so violent that the good Señora and the little Señorita could no longer think of the ocean without disgust. Securing a number of good stanch mules and outfitting for an overland journey, the Governor arrived at Monterey with his household and entourage over the same trail that had been followed by Father Junipero and Don Gaspar de Portola twenty-five years previously. Father Junipero was then dead several years and in his

sandals Borica found the second Father President of the Missions, Fermin Francisco de Lasuen.

At the time when Borica took up the reins of government a very bitter feeling existed between the Missionaries and the Civil and Military authorities. Years of quarrel, misunderstandings and attempted encroachments, had resulted in complete estrangement. The missionaries sent constant complaints to the Viceroy in Mexico to the effect that the soldiers not only treated them with disrespect but also interfered with their work of christianizing the Indians. On the other hand, the soldiers complained that the missionaries were grasping and arrogant and opposed to the Government's scheme of colonization. The military authorities believed that the Indian should be treated in a manner that would fit him for future citizenship and self-reliance, while the padres contended that to do this would be to defeat the Indian's salvation. Father Junipero and all his successors, down to the last day, were emphatic in their assertions that if the aborigines were allowed to wander from the shelter of the Missions they would be corrupted morally and physically beyond all hope through contact with the soldiers and white settlers.

Owing to these conditions, Diego de Borica found the ship of state tossing upon troubled waters, but he at once poured upon those waters the oil of his consummate tact and his great, generous, gentle wisdom. It is useless to say that no abuses existed in the conduct of the Missions. It is equally useless to say that it would have been wise to adopt the plan of treatment for the Indian which Borica's civil and military predecessors had insisted upon. What faced the new Governor, therefore, was the problem of extending and strengthening the country as a Spanish Province from a military and civic standpoint and at the same time not to destroy, by undue interference,

the splendid work of the Fathers. To the great credit of Borica it may be said that, as far as his administration was concerned, the problem was handled with success. The disasters that came in after years both to the Crown of Spain and to the splendid dream of the Franciscans cannot be laid at the door of Diego de Borica.

Upon his arrival at Monterey the Governor found in the harbor two English vessels commanded, respectively, by Capt. George Vancouver and Lieutenant Puget, whose names have been preserved not alone by the famous memoirs which Vancouver left behind, but by the fact that Vancouver's name is permanently connected with points on the map of the North Pacific Coast, while to Puget fell the honor of giving his name to that great inlet of the sea which bears the great argosies of today into the heart of Washington with its teeming cities. It was fortunate for Borica that these gentlemen happened to be at Monterey when he arrived. They were well equipped to contribute to the easement of his state of mind. They were fine fellows and, in the interchange of social pleasantries which ensued, the lockers of their ships contributed generously. Perhaps Borica's character and the character of Father Lasuen, whom Vancouver also met, greatly influenced the kindly impression that this great traveler formed of California and which has been perpetuated in his writings.

The one great dream of Borica's administration was to erect a great industrial city in California. The city was actually founded with the flaunting of many banners and the fanfare of trumpets, but its roofs fell into the dust and it is now no more than a memory, and a very dim memory at that. The site of it was adjacent to the Mission Santa Cruz, all traces of which have also disappeared. Over the

dust of both the old Mission and the industrial city which Diego de Borica founded from his fondest hope rises now the beautiful modern California city of Santa Cruz, the people of which by other ways and by other methods have accomplished that which Borica failed to do.

It came about in this way. In 1795 there were rumors of an invasion of California by France. In order to enable the province the more effectively to resist this invasion, the Marquis de Branciforte sent to California seventy-two Catalonian volunteers and eighteen artillerymen. The volunteers were under command of Lieut. Colonel Pedro de Alberni and the artillery was under command of Sergeant Jose Roca. The French invasion never took place, but the rumor proved fortunate for California from the fact that it brought to the province with the reinforcements Alberto de Cordoba, an engineer of exceptional ability and energy. Such a man was much needed in California, and Governor Borica rejoiced in the presence of Cordoba. The two became firm friends and when the danger of invasion had passed they joined their talents and energies to the end that certain enterprises long delayed might be carried out. Chief among these enterprises were the strengthening of the coast defenses and the erection of new pueblos.

While Cordoba, acting under instructions from Gov. Borica, was surveying the harbor of San Francisco, he also kept in mind Spain's original intention of establishing additional pueblos. No new towns had been founded since the establishment of the pueblos of San Jose and Los Angeles by Gov. Felipe de Neve fourteen or fifteen years before. Neither San Jose or Los Angeles had made much progress, if any. They were still nothing more than wretched little settlements the inhabitants of which were

scarcely able to keep bodies and souls together. Borica believed the reason these pueblos did not flourish was because the settlers had not been sufficiently encouraged and assisted by the Government. He determined that the new industrial city which he was about to found should not lack such encouragement.

Cordoba finally reported to the Governor that in all his inspection of the country the most promising spot for the location of the proposed new city was on the northern shores of the Bay of Monterey, within sight of the Mission Santa Cruz. Everything necessary for the support and progress of a town was there to be found—good land, plenty of water for irrigation, timber and a safe anchorage for vessels.

It was decided that only the best class of colonists should be settled in the town. Some of them were secured in California and others were brought up from Mexico. Each colonist was given two horses, two mares, two cows, a yoke of oxen, two goats, two sheep, a musket, a plow and other necessary tools and implements. Cordoba laid out the town and built some houses of adobe with tiled roofs. The streets were arranged in straight and symmetrical lines and a system of sanitation installed. The town was called Branciforte, in honor of the Viceroy who had approved all the plans and arrangements.

Yet with all this encouragement and the generous and enthusiastic backing of Borica and Cordoba, Branciforte was doomed to failure. At the end of the first year it had a population of only forty souls. The crops had turned out well and there seemed to be no reason why Branciforte should not become all that it was hoped it would be. In the minds of the pablodores and people generally there was conceived a strange and unreasonable prejudice against the new city. They declined to settle there and those who were already inhabitants soon began to desert the place.

In a pathetically short space of time the whole enterprise, born amid so many high hopes, was utterly abandoned. It is a strange thing that the present great cities of California appear to have sprung into existence without the premeditation of the Spanish pioneer in whose very capable hands had been entrusted the molding of California. Despite its wonderful harbor, neither the Spanish nor Mexican era ever contemplated the existence of a great city at Yerba Buena, where San Francisco now stands. It was never thought that Los Angeles or San Jose would become anything more than villages at best.

Cordoba, the engineer, had been sent to California solely for the purpose of strengthening its defenses, and while the town of Branciforte was still struggling to hold itself on the map this capable man was recalled to Mexico, and in a few years more, when Borica had served nearly six years as Governor of California, he also set his face to the south, having received permission to shift the burdens of his responsibilities to other shoulders. He was broken in health and perhaps shattered in spirits, owing to his inability to achieve so many things which he strove with all his remarkable talent and energy to perform. He set sail from San Diego in January, 1800, looking his last on California which he had learned to love and for whose happiness and welfare he had done so much. In the following year he died at Durango.

It was with the appointment of a successor to Borica that the California of today took on practically its present outlines, except that its northern boundary was vaguely understood. The southern boundary was fixed at a line about twenty miles south of San Diego, but the Province was supposed to extend northward as far as there was any land—even perhaps to the north pole. The Russians were north

of San Francisco, but the territory was considered as belonging to Spain.

Thus for the first time an Alta or Upper California and a Baja or Lower California became distinctly established from the standpoint of civil and military government. As far as ecclesiastical government was concerned the demarkation had long been acknowledged, owing to the fact that the territory of the Dominican Order of Religious lay south of San Diego, while the territory of the Franciscans began at San Diego and extended indefinitely northward.

Borica practically chose his own successor by recommending Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga to be the eighth Governor of California. Borica induced Arrillaga to apply for the position, and wrote a strong endorsement of the application to the Viceroy in Mexico. The Viceroy, in turn, also recommended Arrillaga's appointment to the King, and in the year 1800 Arrillaga returned to Monterey to take up the duties of a position which he had temporarily exercised previously between the years 1792 and 1794. He was destined to serve longer as Governor of California than any other man who held that position under Spain either before or after his time. For fourteen long years—hard working years—was Don Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga the Spanish Governor of the Province of California. His administration was distinguished by his soldierly efforts to make California strong to defend itself against enemies from without and by the fact that he was exceptionally friendly to the Missions. Arrillaga was an intensely loyal son of the Church. He is the only Spanish Governor whose dust lies in California. He died at the lonely Mission of Soledad, July 25, 1814, and was buried there.

Arrillaga was also the first of the Spanish Governors to be clothed with full civil and military power

combined. His first thought, however, was to strengthen the military defenses, which he found in a pathetically weak condition. His predecessors, try as they would and as they did, to put California in a position to withstand the attacks of an enemy, found their efforts futile. They could not secure sufficient troops from Spain to create a formidable military establishment, nor would Spain give its far-away province the money necessary to erect fortifications along the coast. The white population of California was too sparse for recruiting soldiers therefrom and the Indians were not of the proper caliber for military purposes.

When Arrillaga began his rule in 1800 there were about four hundred persons included in the military establishment of the Province. Sixty-one soldiers were divided between Santa Barbara and San Diego. Sixty-five were at Monterey and thirty-eight at San Francisco. The remainder included the Catalonian volunteers and artillerymen who were scattered up and down the coast. There was a battery at San Francisco, one at San Diego and another at Monterey, but they were sadly inefficient. It was not guns and soldiery that saved California from the attacks of invaders but rather was it the remote position which the Province occupied on the map of the then known world, coupled with the universal belief that it was an impoverished country not worth invading. The entire population of California at that time was less than thirty thousand souls, less than three thousand of whom were white. This, of course, does not include the Indians not attached to the Missions, the number of which there was no means of knowing.

The white population, however, in which may be included offspring of whites who had married Indian women, was steadily increasing. Whatever increase

there was came from births. There was little or no immigration. At this time most of the whites in the north were domiciled at Branciforte, in Santa Cruz. The population of Los Angeles was two hundred sixty-nine, and that of San Jose one hundred eighty-seven, nearly all of whom were so lazy and shiftless in their habits as to place them below par even when compared with uncivilized Indians. There was a good deal of crime and disorder, especially in San Jose, which had in those far-away days a reputation as bad as it is now good, and Los Angeles was little if any better. San Francisco was nothing more than what the Mission made it, and Monterey (not including Carmelo) was purely a military post.

Towards the correction of the morals of the Province as well as the strengthening of its military defenses, Gov. Arrillaga found that he must bend himself, and he did so with a will. He began by condemning to death a soldier of San Buenaventura who had been adjudged guilty of an unnatural crime. The Comandantes of the Presidios and the Alcaldes of the pueblos were forced by the new Governor to reform the moral conduct of the people, no matter at what hazard. The result was that California began to be a better place.

It was during the time of Arrillaga that California was destined to become better known to the world at large and its wonderful possibilities more fully and more widely realized. Traders began to make frequent visits, especially Yankee traders from far-away Cape Cod and other New England ports whose ships rounded the Horn laden with goods that California longed for and which the Yankees stood ready to barter for the hides and tallow and wines and other products of the Missions. Outside of the Mission establishments there was little or no attempt at agricultural or industrial output. The white men of the

Province were either soldiers or dependents upon the civil list or residents of the pueblos who did not produce enough to sustain themselves, not to speak of producing something for sale. North of San Francisco were numerous Russians who, besides engaging in fishing, now began to form agricultural communities. Other outsiders in addition to the Yankees and the Russians occasionally appeared in the ports of California, and Governor Arrillaga was very uneasy and unhappy thereat. The responsibility of holding the Province for Spain against all comers devolved on him and he would have been better pleased had all these strangers who were coming to California's shores remained away and found other countries for the exercise of their activities.

It was not so much that he was not a hospitable and courteous man by nature as it was that he feared invasion that Governor Arrillaga failed to treat strangers with cordiality. When Vancouver arrived at Monterey a second time the Governor gave him plainly to understand that he was not welcome. But strong as was the feeling against Vancouver and other English visitors, it was much stronger against Americans, although a treaty of friendship which defined boundaries and navigation between the United States and Spain had been duly proclaimed. Arrillaga and his people still preserved a haughty exterior.

This attitude was distinctly in contrast with the kindly attitude which Diego Borica, Arrillaga's predecessor, had shown. When, at one time the Yankee ship Otter, Capt. Ebenezer Dorr, had visited Monterey and surreptitiously left some of its sailors behind, Borica had given them work and had treated them kindly.

In February, 1803, the American Brig Lelia Byrd anchored in the port of San Diego. The Comandante of that presidio immediately placed a guard

on board the brig, ordered the captain to supply himself with necessaries with the shortest possible delay, and commanded the brig to leave the harbor. But the Yankees, who had come for otter skins, were determined to get them. The captain sent out a boat stealthily by night to do some trading. The Comandante seized the members of the party and made them prisoners.

In the morning the Americans on board the ship promptly landed in San Diego and rescued their fellow countrymen at the point of their pistols. The brig then wisely put out to sea, but as it was passing Point Guijarros, the fort opened fire on it from its nine pounders. The Americans returned the fire but no harm appears to have been done either on land or sea. Yet the adventure became famous though its only result seems to have been to bring Yankee and English and Russian ships in ever increasing numbers to the ports of California, thus adding to the already heavy burden that lay upon the shoulders of Don Arrillaga, the loyal Governor.

But as far as the Russians were concerned, a pleasant and romantic incident happened which greatly relieved the strain on Governor Arrillaga. The main object of the Russians was to engage in the fur trade. For the purpose of establishing a post at the mouth of the Columbia River, M. de Resnoff sailed down the coast from Siberia in 1806. Bad weather and other untoward conditions drove his ships far beyond the point of his destination and he ultimately put into the harbor of San Francisco. A courteous letter was dispatched to Arrillaga at Monterey, candidly stating the purpose of the visit. Arrillaga replied, bidding the Russians welcome. While in the port, de Resnoff fell violently in love with Concepcion Arguello, daughter of the Comandante of the presidio. They were engaged to be married and out of

the incident a very good feeling sprang up between the Russians and Spaniards. De Resnoff set forth for his native land to acquaint the Czar of his purpose and to negotiate a pact between the Russians and the Spaniards of the Pacific Coast of North America. Upon his return he was to marry the lovely daughter of the Comandante, and great hopes in consequence were entertained by Governor Arrillaga and everybody concerned. But in crossing Siberia de Resnoff fell from his horse and was killed, the news leaving his dark-eyed sweetheart at the Port of Saint Francis inconsolable. Thus were dreams of love and dreams of empire shattered.

It was also during the time of Governor Arrillaga that the first revolt against the power of Spain began in Mexico, but the disaffection did not reach California, although knowledge of it had been borne along the sea. When Charles IV abdicated the throne of Spain in 1808 and was succeeded by Fernando VII (the news reaching California the following year), Arrillaga repaired to the Mission San Carlos and there, in the presence of the Franciscan padres and officers of the Royal Navy, knelt before the great crucifix in the church, placed the cross of his sword on the Bible and swore that he would bear true allegiance to the new monarch, pledging thereto his sacred honor and the last drop of blood in his veins.

Came then in 1810 the message that Miguel Hidalgo, the patriot priest of Mexico, had buckled his sword around his priestly robe and had taken the field at the head of the Aztec people for Mexican independence. This news had no effect on Arrillaga or the people of California, who remained intensely loyal to the Crown of Spain, and there can be no doubt that had Arrillaga lived to see the day when the victorious Mexicans came to California to demand its surrender he would have refused, while life was in

him, to haul down the flag of his king. But he did not live to see that day. He passed from this earth in the year 1814, within the sunny portals of Soledad, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

In the year's interim which occurred between the death of Arrillaga and the arrival of Sola, the tenth and last Spanish Governor of California, Jose Dario Arguello, the Comandante of Santa Barbara, occupied the office of Governor. He was the same Arguello whose daughter, Concepcion, captured the heart of the gallant Russian officer, M. de Resnoff, at San Francisco several years before.

And, in passing, as the memory of the grace and beauty of Concepcion Arguello rises before us from the ghostly mists of the past, we are reminded that California had by this time, in the year 1814, come to have many beautiful daughters. The white men of aristocratic birth and breeding whose destinies had been cast with California had reared about them not only beautiful daughters but handsome sons. These sons and daughters intermarried with other sons and daughters with the result that in the presidios and pueblos and on the great ranchos lying between the Harbor of the Sun and the Valley of the Seven Moons the foundations were laid of those great California families the names of which, through thousands of descendants and old landmarks, cluster with many tender memories around the fame of California to this day.

When Arguello had served about a year as Governor of the Province, his successor, the renowned Pablo Vicente de Sola, the tenth and last Spanish Governor of California, arrived at Monterey with his entourage from Mexico. Sola was a native of Spain and intensely loyal to the Crown, his loyalty accentuated and strengthened by the disloyalty and the spirit of revolt then blazing into fury throughout

New Spain. But California was an exception, the whole Province being as loyal to the King as was Sola, himself. When the new Governor arrived at Monterey he found himself in an atmosphere much to his liking, and he was welcomed as no man had ever been welcomed before in that place.

It had required nearly three months for the new Governor to make the sea voyage from Mexico to Monterey, where he at last arrived safe and well, August 30, 1815. Sola was then fifty-five years old and was the stately product of a life-long career of military and diplomatic training in the service of the King. His fame as an intense Loyalist was well known in the Province in which he came to rule. The wealth, the beauty and the very flower of all California were waiting to greet him when his ship anchored in the bright waters of Monterey and he stepped from his shallop upon her cypressed shores.

From far and near were gathered the troops to the presidios, cavalrymen mounted on the finest horses in the world, the Catalonian infantry in their leather jackets, the high officers plumed and in slashed breeches, velvet and laced and bucklered with golden swords; the cowled, brown-robed Brothers of St. Francis who had trudged from San Diego, San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco and all the Mission hospices that stood then, in the days of their glory, each one day's journey apart from the other on the sun-swept stretches of El Camino Real. There also were the beautiful women of Alta California gowned in silks and velvets and jeweled with the pearls that the Indian divers had brought up from the depths of the sunset sea. And, lastly, the pick of the Indian neophytes from the far-flung Mission shelters, bands of Indian choristers, Indian musicians and singers taught by the padres to draw exquisite music from flute and viol; the dancing girls

of Monterey with castanets and, peering from the dim aisles of pine and cypress, were the dark eyes of the still unregenerated Gentiles of a savage race who had not yet been gathered into the warmth and kindliness of the fold.

As Sola stepped ashore the cannon from the heights of the presidio thundered their welcome from their iron throats; the troops were drawn up in a long line saluting the new Governor as he passed; at the door of the Royal Church of San Carlos of Monterey the dignitaries of the California Missions awaited him, arrayed in gorgeous golden vestments, with little dark-eyed Indian acolytes swinging censers at their feet. As a loyal son of the Church, Sola's first act was to bow at the altars of his fathers in attendance upon the solemn Mass which was conducted that day in Monterey with all possible pomp and ceremony.

In the afternoon there was a carnival of games and fiestas in the new Governor's honor. There were Spanish and Indian dances; all the sports known to the time were engaged in for his edification and delight. Not the least thrilling number on the program was a tremendous encounter between a bull and a grizzly bear. At night there was a great banquet and a ball at which the Indian musicians furnished the music. Monterey was aflame with thousands of lights; bonfires burned from the darkness of the swinging hills. Had Pablo Vicente de Sola been the King himself, his welcome to Monterey could not have been more glorious.

The next day Governor de Sola was escorted by the Padres and the multitude across the green hill that lies between Monterey and Carmelo. As he ascended the brown highway he looked back and had his first view of the Bay of Monterey lying in the golden sunlight in the embrace of the hills, a scene that no man seeing ever can forget. Onward he

passed through the pines with the deep, haunting voice of the sea following him all the way. He knelt at the stations of the cross which had been erected on the road that was called the Road of Calvary. At the end of the fifth mile he was descending the opposite slope of the hill, the waters of the little Bay of Carmel were dancing in the distance, and suddenly he saw the bright river flowing to the sea and the Church of San Carlos de Carmel in its beauty rising from the emerald bosom of the upland. At the Mission a great host of Indian neophytes awaited him in gala attire and the bells rang out their sweet tones of welcome. With bared head the Governor entered the beautiful church, approached the altar and knelt above the ashes of Junipero Serra, Lasuen and Juan Crespi, the great-souled Franciscans who had wrested California from the darkness of heathenism and savagery.

Although Sola's rule as Governor began so pleasantly, the eight years of his administration were destined to prove unhappy for himself as well as for his King. Fate had reserved for Governor Sola the ignominious task of surrendering the power of Spain in California to the victorious revolutionists of Mexico.

Sola's troubles began immediately. The Russians at Fort Ross and Bodega on the coast north of San Francisco were constant thorns in his side. The Muscovites appeared to be determined to colonize the northern portion of the Province as well as to use it for a hunting and a fishing-ground. The Governor received instructions to drive the Russians out of the country, and there is no doubt he would have made the attempt had not invasion from another quarter intervened. The best he could do was to send the Franciscans out to extend their line of Missions, resulting in the establishment of San Rafael and San

Francisco de Solano at Sonoma, but it may be that his fears regarding the Russians were groundless. Certainly they did everything they could to show a spirit of friendship for the Spaniards. They were extremely deferential and courteous in all their acts and aided the Franciscans with contributions of both money and ornaments in the erection of the Mission at Sonoma.

But the Spanish rulers and settlers of California could not get over their dislike and distrust of all strangers. When Alexander Kofkoff, the Russian officer in charge of affairs at Fort Ross, came down to San Francisco in 1815 to transact some business, Luis Antonio Arguello, the Comandante of San Francisco, wrote a bitter letter to Governor Sola against the Russians, saying that their presence in the country was an insult to the Spanish flag. And this same Arguello was the brother of the beautiful Concepcion whose troth had been plighted to Resnoff, the Russian, in other and happier days.

In these times, however, the Spanish power believed itself to be most seriously threatened by Mexican revolutionists and other revolutionists from South American countries who had thrown off the Spanish yoke. Every now and then these people would make their appearance in the harbor of Monterey and in other ports along the California coast. Added to this was the ever present fear of Yankee traders. The Governor made it his business to visit the various presidios, where he harangued the troops and strove as best he could to impress them with a proper sense of their duty in case the threatened dangers were realized. He went so far as to instruct all the people as to the course they were to pursue in the event of an invasion from any enemy whatsoever. Non-combatants were instructed to retire to the interior immediately upon notice of attack, driv-

ing the cattle and horses with them and carrying as much supplies as possible. The Spaniards knew they could not defend the coast against a strong attack because of the weakness of the defenses, but they believed they could still hold their ground by retiring to the interior and fighting from the vantage point of a superior knowledge of the country.

In the latter part of the year 1818 the Spaniards of California found at their doors the trouble they so long had feared. Two privateers came into the harbor of Monterey demanding the surrender of the country. They were Buenos Ayres insurgents. Monterey refused to surrender and a battle took place. It was a good hot fight while it lasted, and it seems that both sides were whipped, for the Spanish finally abandoned Monterey and retreated to the interior, while the enemy, rather bady hurt and crippled, put out to sea, never to return. The Spaniards then came back to Monterey and busied themselves strengthening their fortifications that they might be the better prepared for a future attack.

The Buenos Ayres privateersmen after their warm experiences at Monterey ran into Santa Barbara under a flag of truce. They promised the inhabitants there that they would go their way and not molest California again, but they did not keep their promise. Reaching San Pedro harbor, the Commander, a Frenchman named Bouchard, landed a number of his men whom he marched southward for the purpose of raiding the Mission San Juan Capistrano. They were intercepted on the way by Ensign Santiago Arguello with thirty men from the presidio of San Diego and completely routed. On this occasion Father Luis Antonio Martinez greatly distinguished himself. He appeared at the psychological moment at the head of thirty-five of the stoutest of the Indians of San Luis Obispo to aid Arguello.

The invaders lost their courage, scurried for their ships and put out to sea as fast as sails could carry them.

Things went on from bad to worse and California continued in a feverish state of excitement until the climax came in 1822 when the ship San Carlos appeared in the harbor of Monterey flying a flag of green, white and red with an eagle and a crown in the center—a strange flag, indeed, and too new to have found a place on the chart of national colors. The Comandante and the troops of Monterey prepared immediately to pour destruction on the heads of the strangers. Governor Sola, who had received private advices of the final success of the revolution in Mexico, issued a command that the strangers be allowed to land and convey whatever message they had to present. A boat manned by oarsmen gaily uniformed put off from the ship and landed their leader, who presented himself to the Comandante of Monterey and addressed him as follows: "I am the Canon Augustin Fernandez de San Vicente. I have come from the Imperial Mexican Capital with dispatches directed to the Governor of this Province, Don Pablo Vicente de Sola. I demand to be conducted to his presence in the name of my Sovereign, the Liberator of Mexico, General Don Augustin de Iturbide."

The hour when Spanish dominion in California was to end had come. Sola knew it well. His fortress was ready to fight, and to fight to the death, but the Governor fully realized how unnecessary and unavailing bloodshed would be. There was nothing to do but to accept the inevitable—nothing but to strike the colors. Assembling the people and the soldiers, Pablo Vicente de Sola, last of the King's men, addressed them in solemn words. He told them what he knew to be the situation and advised them to accept with him the authority of Mexico. The garrison

murmured but finally submitted to the Governor's admonition. The flag of Spain was hauled down, never to be raised again in California, and in its place was hoisted the tri-color of the new Empire of the South, where for a brief time Don Iturbide was sitting on his new throne. California now became a Province of Mexico, and the Spanish era, which had not been without great deeds and much honor, was irrevocably closed.

The loss of California was doubtless considered among the least of the calamities which befell Spain when the days of evil were thick upon her. She did not then know, as now she knows, that when this great, golden stretch of a thousand miles of the Pacific Coast of America slipped from her grasp she had deep reason to mourn. She did not foresee the days that were to be when the alien and the stranger would wring from the shining streams and the sunlit hills of California stupendous treasures of gold. She was not granted the vision of a California which was destined to be a greater country than Spain had itself ever been within her own confines.

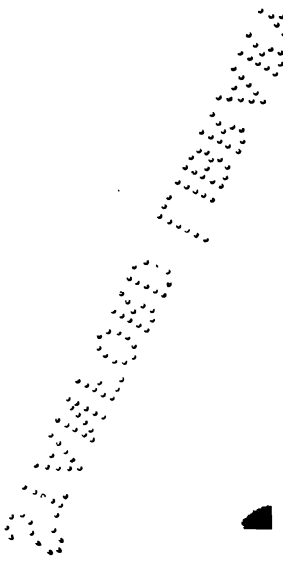
Yet, the Spain that once owned and dominated half the earth could not have held California indefinitely. Sooner or later it had to be that this brightest of jewels would fall from her crown. All that can be said is that had Spain known the wealth of California she would have made a sterner effort to retain it in her possession.

California can never be otherwise than proud of her history as a Spanish province. The Governors who ruled the territory during the Spanish era were invariably men of high moral characters, who carried out with conscientious energy the policy of the fatherland in a far distant and isolated part of the world.

Nor was it a mistake of either judgment or policy

that lost California to Spain whose scheme of conquest and colonization was without a flaw. First, there were the Missions for the care and education of the Indians; next came the presidios for the protection of the country; then the pueblos. Under this threefold system, California would ultimately have prospered and developed into a great and happy country as surely as it has now done under a different system and a different race of people.

But, with the passing of Spanish dominion and authority in California, all that was Spanish did not disappear. Spain's language, her customs, the blood of her splendid people, her traditions and her religion still linger on the dusty highways and flame from the embers of the past to soften the asperities of modern thought and action. Nor can the day ever come when the memories of Spain will wholly depart from the new, bright empire which Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo was the first to sight from the decks of his daring ships on that dim and distant morning of 1542.



STANFORD LIBRARY

OLD CALIFORNIA HOUSE
(*Mexican Era*)

VI

THE MEXICAN ERA

What may be properly termed the Mexican era in the history of California began with the fall of Spanish power on the North American continent in the year 1822, and ended with American domination in 1846—a period of twenty-five years. It was practically an era of inactivity, distinguished by anything except commercial progress. On the other hand, in the romance of California, it was the greatest era of all.

Looking at California's Mexican era from one point of view, there is a feeling of regret in the heart that the color and the splendid, happy idleness of it ever passed away. Those were the days when people were not concerned with the strenuous materialism and commercialism of modern life. There was no greed, very little ambition and a great deal of peace. California was then a country of vast estates. The cattle roamed on the hills, the fertile soil was taxed only to a degree that would give sustenance to the population. There was plenty of running water for man and beast; the doors of the great Mission hospices were open with a welcome that was endless and without price to whoever might fare along El Camino Real. And the door of every man's house was open in the same way. There was marriage and giving in marriage, many children, much joy, little hate and a contentment that was as vast as the sun and moon and stars that shone upon the white peaks of the Sierras, the swinging lomas and the flower-flamed vales that stretched between Sonoma in the Valley

of the Seven Moons and San Diego lying warm in the embrace of the dreamy hills that close in upon the Harbor of the Sun.

During all those years California had no railroads, no bridges even, no telephones, no automobiles, no Boards of Trade and no intrusion from without except the visits of the Yankee traders who had rounded the Horn with New England merchandise to barter for the hides and tallow of the Missions, a Russian now and then from the north, an occasional American pioneer who had wandered through the mountain passes from the east, and may be a Frenchman or an Englishman once in a great while who came to see what might be seen—that was all.

Of course this picture is a picture only of the greater portion of the Mexican era. Toward the latter years of this period a great change took place. This specter of American invasion caused California to become very uneasy in those latter days. It was also known that England certainly, and France, perhaps, were looking upon California with covetous eyes. The great Mission establishments were undergoing a process of destruction at the hands of greedy vandals. Fremont was in the mountains, his presence in California being like a thorn in its side; the ships of alien enemies were constantly seen off the sunlit coast, a menace by day and their white sails at night like specters in a bad dream.

How the Californians—for so the people were called by foreigners—lived and had their being in the day of the Mexican era, and what the great ranchos and the towns and pueblos were like constitute a colorful picture. The overlords of the Province were men of great standing, possessing unlimited means for hospitality and enjoyment. They gave great feasts and the marriages of their sons and daughters were attended by almost princely cere-

mony. All the people, high and low, were fond of dress and pleasure. Nobody seemed to have much if any actual money, but it was a poor man indeed who had not a good horse to ride. The pretty señorita who had not a satin shoe with which to trip a fantastic toe in the fandango was rare to find. There were no grand houses, and none were needed. It was from a little two-room, thatch-roofed dwelling that, as likely as not, would come the most richly attired girl or the most gorgeously clothed caballero.

The Yankee trader who brought a shipload of silks and satins, purple and fine linen and jewelry to California found no trouble in quickly exchanging those things for the hides, the tallow and other products of California. All ships bringing merchandise to California were required to enter their cargoes with the customs officer at Monterey, but to defeat the custom laws was as customary in those days as it has been ever since. To lighten the burden of taxation ingenius gentlemen's agreements were formed, under the conditions of which ships from the Philippines and other portions of the Orient laden with merchandise would frequently put in at Santa Catalina or some of the harbors of nearby islands. The Yankee traders having entered their ships at Monterey and partially discharged their cargoes, would clandestinely meet the ships from the Orient at the Island harbors, take on a substantial cargo and then proceed with their trading as though their ships carried only the cargo which was entered at Monterey.

It was in this way that the women of California were enabled to appear in the finery of Cathay.

What the principal towns and pueblos of California were like in the days of the Mexican era has been vividly and faithfully described in a famous book entitled "Two Years Before the Mast," written by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., an undergraduate of Har-

vard who shipped on the New England trading brig Pilgrim in the year 1835 as an ordinary seaman. Dana kept an accurate record of his visit to California and his book became invaluable for the information it contained as well as fascinating for its pen pictures of the people and the country he visited.

San Francisco was, in those days, the least important of all the coast towns of California, which fact, more than any other, enables us to make a contrast between the Mexican era and the era of the present. Here are Dana's own words:

"It was in the winter of 1835-6 that the ship Alert [Dana had been transferred from the Pilgrim to the Alert] in the prosecution of her voyage for hides on the remote and almost unknown coast of California, floated into the vast solitudes of the Bay of San Francisco. All around was the stillness of nature. One vessel, a Russian, lay at anchor there, but during our whole stay not a sail came or went. Our trade was with the remote Missions which sent hides to us in launches manned by their Indians. Our anchorage was between a small island called Yerba Buena and a graveled beach in a little bight or cove of the same name, formed by two small projecting points. Beyond, to the westward of the landing place, were dreary sand hills, with little grass to be seen and few trees, and beyond them higher hills, steep and barren, their sides gullied by the rains. Some five or six miles beyond the landing place, to the right, was a ruinous presidio and some three or four miles to the left was the Mission of Dolores, as ruinous as the presidio, almost deserted, with but few Indians attached to it and but little property in cattle. Over a region far beyond our sight there were no other human habitations, except that an enterprising Yankee, years in advance of his time, had put up on the rising ground above the landing a shanty of rough

boards where he carried on a very small retail trade between the hide ships and the Indians. Vast banks of fog invading us from the North Pacific drove in through the entrance and covered the whole bay; and when they disappeared we saw a few well-wooded islands, the sand hills on the west, the grassy and wooded slopes on the east, and the vast stretch of the bay to the southward where we were told lay the Missions of Santa Clara and San Jose, and still longer stretches to the northward and northeastward where we understood smaller bays spread out and large rivers poured in their tributes of waters. There were no settlements on these bays or rivers, and the few ranchos and Missions were remote and widely separated. Not only the neighborhood of our anchorage, but the entire region of the great bay, was a solitude. On the whole coast of California there was not a lighthouse, a beacon, or a buoy, and the charts were made up from old and disconnected surveys of British, Russian, and Mexican voyagers. Birds of prey and passage swooped and dived about us, wild beasts ranged through the oak groves and, as we slowly floated out of the harbor with the tide, herds of deer came to the water's edge, on the northerly side of the entrance, to gaze at the strange spectacle."

Time does not move with such leaden feet, after all. The child born in the desolation of Yerba Buena during the visit of Dana's ship would not yet have passed very far beyond the prime of manhood to have beheld on that same spot one of the greatest cities of the world. Indeed, Dana himself, when he returned to San Francisco from New England, twenty-four years after his famous voyage before the mast, saw the little squalid pueblo which he described risen in that short span of time to the dignity of a world metropolis.

The inland pueblos of San Jose and Los Angeles were not important during the Mexican era, neither

were they of good repute. It appears that the population of both these slow-growing towns was composed of a class of men whose ambitions were limited and whose sense of morality was not such as to be held up as an example to be followed. There was little or no attempt at industry and far too much drinking and gambling going on for the general good. No man could have dreamed that the San Jose and the Los Angeles of the Mexican era would develop into the splendid world-famed cities that they are today.

The coast pueblos, with the exception of San Francisco, were naturally the more important settlements, cleaner and with a better class of people. Santa Cruz, with its dream of a great industrial city of Branciforte, had wholly faded away, nothing being left there but the remains of the Mission establishment. Santa Barbara was a town of about one hundred white-washed, red-roofed adobe houses, and the great Mission standing back on the commanding hills, a mighty landmark to the mariner then as it is to this day. San Diego was an important trading point—a town even larger then than Santa Barbara and perhaps more bustling. The Yankees liked San Diego then even as they like it now when they come to visit California. Owing to its fine natural harbor it was always believed that San Diego would grow to be an important place.

Monterey, the Capital of California during the Mexican era, as it had been during the Spanish era, was the most important place in California. Dana gives a description of it in his book: "We came to anchor within two cable lengths of the shore," says he, "and the town lay directly before us, making a very pretty appearance; its houses being of white-washed adobe which gives a much better effect than those of Santa Barbara which are mostly of a lead

color. The red tiles, too, on the roofs, contrasted well with the white sides, and with the extreme greenness of the lawn upon which the houses—about a hundred in number—were dotted about, here and there, irregularly. There are in this place, and in every other town which I saw in California, no streets nor fences (except that here and there a small patch might be fenced in for a garden), so that the houses are placed at random upon the green. This, as they are of one story, and of the cottage form, gives them a pretty effect when seen from a little distance."

Dana said that it seemed to him that every man he met in California in those far-away days of 1835 seemed to be on horseback, and he was struck by the beauty of the women and their love of dress, which latter statement merely proves that men and women in California were not different from their fellow human beings elsewhere in the world in those times or in any other time of which there is any record.

They were also a soft-spoken and very engaging people from the viewpoint of Dana's keen observation. "Next to the love of dress," he says, "I was most struck with the fineness of the voices and beauty of intonation of both sexes. Every common ruffian-looking fellow, with a slouch hat, blanket cloak, dirty under-dress and soiled leather leggins, appeared to me to be speaking elegant Spanish. It was a pleasure to simply listen to the sound of the language, before I could attach any meaning to it. They have a good deal of the Creole drawl, but it is varied by an occasional extreme rapidity of utterance, in which they seem to skip from consonant to consonant, until, lighting upon a broad open vowel, they rest upon that to restore the balance of sound. The women carry this peculiarity of speaking to a much greater extreme than the men, who have more evenness and stateliness of utterance. A common bullock driver,

on horseback, delivering a message, seems to speak like an ambassador at a royal audience."

It was during the Mexican era and especially towards its close in 1846 that California was cut up into those vast estates which, could they have been held by the descendants of the grantees for another fifty years or less, would have enriched them all beyond the dreams of avarice. It was these so-called Spanish grants and Mexican grants which formed the basis of later land titles, causing almost endless trouble to the American authorities when the United States Government came into possession of the country. In many instances the titles overlapped and altogether the question was productive of great entanglements and an enormous amount of legal work.

During the Spanish era only a few grants appear to have been made. In 1784 Governor Pedro Fages set aside for the sole use of Manuel Nieto a hugh slice of the present county of Los Angeles. He gave also in the same county 300,000 acres of land to one Santa Jose Maria Verdugo. The great bean ranches of Ventura county of the present day came originally into the possession of the Pico family in 1795, and miles upon miles of the coast northward from San Pedro were granted to Jose Dario Arguello about the same time.

But it remained for the Mexican Governors to give away the lands of California with princely improvidence. If a man wanted land he made his application to the Governor and, if he were a man who stood well, his petition was granted without the difficulty of much ceremony. There was plenty of land, and as things were then it is doubtful that a man who wanted any land at all displayed good judgment. The more land he had the poorer he was, and the acquirement of an estate meant only the shouldering of respon-

sibility and the keeping up of grand appearances with little or nothing in the way of money on which to make good the display of wealth and power. Throughout all California can be found today many poor and humble families bearing great names who would now be immensely rich had it been possible for their progenitors and themselves to have held on to one-thousandth part of their original family possessions in real estate.

As a type of these great overlords of the Mexican era a description of Don Antonio Maria Lugo may very well serve for all. His contemporaries were much like him in their personalities, the power they wielded and the extent of their estates.

At the end of the nineteenth century there were men still living in California who remembered Lugo well, although even at that time a half century had passed since the day when, at a very old age, he lay down to his last sleep in the warm bosom of the little kingdom which was once all his own.

Don Antonio Maria Lugo was in many respects a great man. He was a native Californian, born of Spanish parents in 1775 at the Mission San Antonio de Padua, which is still beautiful in ruin under Santa Lucia's peaks of glory. Doubtless the blessing of Junipero Serra himself was on Lugo's cradle, for the Mission San Antonio de Padua was singularly dear to Father Serra's heart.

When he was not much more than a boy, Lugo served valiantly in battle for the honor of Spain, in the days that he afterwards always referred to as "the good old days of the King." It was for his services to the King that he was given a concession of lands in California in the year 1813. Seven leagues of land it was, watered by two rivers. Then, as children and grand-children grew, he was conceded more land, league by league. There was a time when he

could ride for days and nights without touching foot on land that was not his own; from San Bernardino under the shadow of the Great Arrowhead and the Mountains of Mystery, westward to where the ships of Cabrillo once rocked in the Harbor of San Pedro, through what is now Pasadena and Los Angeles, it was all Don Antonio's land with the exception of little specks of farms and pueblo gardens, here and there.

A fine figure of a man was Don Antonio, six feet tall in his stockings, spare but sinewy, lithe and strong as a mountain lion, his hair black as the raven's wing, his jaw square cut and firm, his eyes dark as night, piercing yet gentle and easily moved to tenderness. He was a pure type of the noblest Spaniard.

In all the Californias, Lugo was the best and most noted horseman, and that was saying a great deal in a land of horsemen. It is related that in 1846 when he had become an old man, he rode from Los Angeles to Monterey to pay a visit to his sister, the Doña Maria Antonia Lugo de Vallejo. They had been long absent, the one from the other. As he rode into Monterey with his two companions, Doña Maria was seated on the porch of her house, a considerable distance away on an eminence which overlooked the city and the beautiful bay. As the horsemen came into view at a turn of the road, Doña Maria shaded her eyes, gazed long, and exclaimed, "There comes my brother!" A young girl who sat beside the old lady answered her, saying, "O grandmother, yonder come three horsemen, it is true, but no one can tell who they are at that distance." Doña Maria replied, quickly, "But, girl, my old eyes are sharper than yours. That tall man in the middle is my brother whom I have not seen for twenty years. I know him by his seat in the saddle. No man in California rides like him. Hurry off, girl, call your mother and aunts, your brothers,

sisters and cousins, and let us go forth to welcome him."

Notwithstanding that it was a part of Don Antonio's duties to assist in keeping the coast free of pirates, and that his sword and carbine were frequently called into play, he lived a long life. He had relations with all the Spanish governors of California except the first three, and he saw California pass under the rule of three flags. His descendants were and are still numerous, and wherever they are found today in either a high or a low estate, it is their proudest boast that his blood flows through their veins.

The concessions of land granted to residents of California by both the Spanish Governors and the Mexican Governors, and which were recognized and confirmed by the United States, amounted all told to approximately nine million acres. There is a total area of one hundred million acres in California, so that these grants formed really a small part of the territory, especially in view of the fact that both Spain and Mexico regarded California as being of a much vaster extent than it is now known to be.

It is to be remembered, further, that these grants embraced in many instances thousands of acres of mountain land which even to this day are non-productive. The grantees are not to be associated in the mind with the large land speculators who followed later and who profited by colonization schemes which enabled them to parcel out holdings at large profit. The chief industry of early days was stock-raising, and to accommodate the thousands of head of cattle it was thought desirable to acquire large tracts. Again, in those days it was the practice to make what is now considered large grants, because the value of the lands, intrinsically, was very small. Not only did the custom prevail in New Spain but in the east-

ern portion of the United States, under the rule of England.

From a commercial and political aspect the Mexican era of California is a record of wretchedness and decadence, and yet it began very promisingly, in spite of the foolish and self-destructive laws put in force by the Mexican Government. Luis Antonio Arguello, the first Mexican Governor of California, was a man of large mental capacity and excellent judgment who had the courage and the good sense to disregard the handicap with which the Government endeavored to hamper California. Had Arguello been allowed to remain in power, California's commercial progress and her political dignity might not have suffered as it did. But Arguello was not allowed to remain very long in office and the Government afterward, through its representative, harassed him with such persistence that he took to drink and died a broken, disappointed man at the early age of forty-six years. He was buried in the churchyard of the Mission Dolores and a handsome marble tomb, still to be seen, was erected over his grave.

Hides of cattle, tallow and otter skins formed nearly the whole basis of trade in California when Arguello came into power in 1822—in November of that year. The hide and tallow products were derived almost wholly from the Mission establishments, while the trade in otter skins had drifted quite as wholly into the hands of the Russians at Bodega, Fort Ross and other points on the coast. Arguello made a bargain with the Russians by which they were to give the Government half the otter skins secured.

The Government in Mexico passed a law, or rather issued an edict, prohibiting California from conducting any kind of trade whatever with foreigners. This law seemed to work great hardship on the Califor-

nians, who were much in need of cotton goods and other staples which they could secure only through American and other foreign trading ships arriving at California ports. Besides, what was to be done with the hides and tallow and other products of the Province if they could not be disposed of to foreign traders? At the very beginning of Mexican domination in California this anti-trading law was designed to cripple the Province fatally and it would have done so had not Governor Arguello risen to the stature of greatness.

In 1823 there were several American and English ships in the port of San Francisco endeavoring to trade with the Missions and it seems that, despite the prohibitory law, Father Payeras entered into a contract with William P. Hartnell, an English merchant, to sell him hides and other products for a period of three years. In a short time after this, John Rogers Cooper, owner and Captain of the schooner Rover, of Boston, arrived at the port of Monterey, ready to trade and to do business with the Californians. Captain Cooper became immediately informed of the existence of the law prohibiting him from entering into trade with the people of the Province, and in the hope that he might find some way around it, he promptly presented himself to Governor Arguello.

Greatly to the satisfaction of the people, the Governor decided to disregard the anti-trading law and granted permission to Cooper to dispose of his cargo by trade or sale upon payment of a reasonable custom duty. Afterward, Governor Arguello, well pleased with Captain Cooper, entered into an agreement by which Cooper was to sail to China with a cargo of otter skins. This agreement Cooper carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Missions loaned Arguello the money to make Cooper's China voyage possible and when it appeared the voyage did

not realize sufficient to pay back the debt in full, the padres cancelled the balance out of respect to Arguello and in recognition of his efforts for the good of the country. The next year, 1824, William A. Gale, an American, and William E. P. Hartnell, the English trader, established business houses, each man acting separately for himself and his firm at Monterey. These were the first mercantile institutions ever founded in California. They were very successful for many years afterwards.

Another thing that happened for the good of California during the time of Arguello was the intermarriage of Americans and Englishmen and sometimes Russians with the native women of California —that is to say, with the women of Spanish descent connected with what might be called the aristocratic families. This was a good thing for California from every point of view.

It is a great pity that Governor Arguello could not have been left to work out the destinies of the splendid territory which had been committed to his care and guidance. Owing to his capacity for administration, his broad liberality of view and his general all-around strength of character, he was able, while in power, to successfully cope with the many difficulties that afterward, when Arguello had been deposed, were immediately renewed with the result that California was made extremely wretched.

While he was by no means a partisan of the Missions, Arguello recognized their importance and realized that the Franciscan establishments were the only institutions in existence which were able to keep alive a struggling commerce. He was friendly to the foreigners who came to the shores of his Province, and was particularly friendly with such of them as remained in the country and intermarried

with his people. If he had been left alone he would undoubtedly have built up a strong government in California, although it was threatened from without and from within by enemies. He had to face very bad conditions. The government in Mexico was puerile and rotten—a government which, instead of rendering assistance to the people of California, unloaded upon them shipload after shipload of convicts and outlaws and the very scum of humanity. In addition to all this, the bad Indians of the Province became restive and formed a conspiracy to murder all the whites.

One of the Indian uprisings with which Arguello dealt successfully was a really serious matter. The neophytes of Purisima and Santa Ynez Missions were the original conspirators who were soon able by means of couriers to assure themselves of the assistance of the Indians at San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura and San Fernando. Every movement was conducted with remarkable and successful secrecy. Evidently the Indians had learned how to combine.

The uprising was fixed to take place on the morning of Sunday, February 22, 1824, while the white population was in churches attending Mass. But on the Saturday afternoon preceding, the Indians of Santa Ynez, finding themselves armed and painted and otherwise prepared to begin their murderous work, were too impatient to wait, and determined to commence at once with the murder of Father Uria, the Mission padre, who was, at the time, enjoying his siesta. But Uria was warned by a faithful little Indian boy. Springing from his couch, the padre seized a musket and, by a striking exhibition of marksmanship, shot three of the attacking party. Meanwhile the soldiers were aroused from their

quarters and an additional small company of soldiers unexpectedly arrived on the ground. Thus the attack on Santa Ynez failed, though the Indians did much damage by setting the buildings on fire. The attack on Purisima also failed, though it was quite spirited; and it appears that there was considerable blood shed at the other Missions included in the uprising. The news soon reached Governor Arguello, who sent out a little army of about a hundred men which promptly succeeded in inflicting summary punishment on the dusky insurrectos and reducing them to a state of total subjugation.

It will thus be seen that Governor Arguello was rendering splendid service to the Province in every way, but his good work was cut short by the arrival at San Diego, on June 22, 1825, of Jose Maria de Echeandia, who had been appointed to succeed Arguello as Governor. The progress that had so promisingly begun was to be superseded by an administration diametrically opposed to all of Arguello's ideas. Governor Echeandia came to California determined to carry out both in letter and spirit the policy of Mexico towards foreigners. He determined to not only put an end to the trade with outsiders but to drive all intruders peremptorily from the Province. And thereby hangs the tale of Captain Jedediah Smith, who brought with him into California the first party of Americans that ever came by the overland route.

There is probably no greater hard luck story on the pages of any book than that which is furnished by the experiences of Captain Jedediah Smith and his party of trail-blazing traders. His historic trek out of the desolation of the land of the Great Salt Lake over mountains and through deserts, beating his precarious march through the passes of the Sierra

Madre down into San Diego and from thence northward out through the Sierra Nevada into Utah, from where he then started back again into California the way he came at first, his hardships, sufferings and trials outshine in their grim glory the memorable march of Juan de Anza, the famous Captain of Tubac, who first blazed the inland trail from Sonora to Monterey, in 1771.

Captain Jedediah Smith, under license from the Government of the United States, had gone into the Rocky Mountain country with an organized expedition of hunters and trappers of which he was in command. In August of the year 1826, having drifted for many weeks to the southwestward over an unmapped country and theretofore untrodden trails, they at length found themselves in the blazing desert near the Colorado River in desperate circumstances and practically without subsistence. Both the men and the horses of the expedition were on the verge of starvation.

In his predicament on the Colorado, Captain Smith learned that his party were within three hundred miles of the Mission San Gabriel, in California, and as it was fully five hundred miles back to his base of supplies at Salt Lake, he determined to make a desperate attempt to reach San Gabriel, which he succeeded in doing by a most terrible effort. When they flung themselves at last at the ever-welcoming doors of the old hospice of the Missions near Los Angeles, the entire party was pitifully exhausted.

Doubtless it was the good padres at San Gabriel who conveyed to Captain Smith and his party the knowledge that they had come upon forbidden ground. Not desiring to bring greater troubles upon the heads of himself and his men, Captain Smith directed a respectfully worded letter to Governor

Echeandia at San Diego in which the pathetic strait the expedition was in was duly set forth. The Governor immediately ordered Captain Smith to San Diego that he might give an account of himself. But his account when given was not believed by Escheandia, so that the Americans found themselves in a tight place at San Diego. Fortunately, however, the captains of several American trading vessels in the Harbor joined in a signed appeal to the Governor to allow them to furnish Captain Smith and his party with supplies in order that the expedition be permitted to peacefully depart. To this Governor Echeandia consented with the proviso that Smith and his men depart from California by exactly the same route over which they had entered.

For what, no doubt, were good and sufficient reasons, Captain Smith did not obey the Governor's orders to leave California by the route over which he had entered. The horror of the waterless deserts of the Colorado was before him and he is not to be blamed for determining to avoid a renewal of that unpleasant acquaintance. The party passed San Gabriel, marched northward and entered the San Joaquin Valley from which they attempted to cross the Sierra Nevada, but they found that this could not be done. It was now January and the Sierras were blockaded with snow. Their attempt to cross the mountains resulted in the loss of a large number of horses, so they came back to the valley again, passing onward through the great sun-swept solitudes, threading the passes of the hills that beckoned to them until they found themselves in the Valley of Santa Clara and camped near the Mission San Jose almost within view of the waters of San Francisco Bay.

As has been stated, the Californians were at this time in such a state of mind that they viewed the

presence of foreigners, and particularly Americans, with the utmost suspicion and distrust. Nobody could have been more unwelcome than Captain Smith and his men, who really did not seem to be able to give a good account of themselves, notwithstanding they were simply hunters and trappers, wholly innocent of any wrong intention whatever, and who were, as a matter of fact, merely wanderers who had lost their way. But Smith learned that there was considerable commotion occasioned within the walls of the Mission San Jose as the result of the unexpected appearance of his party.

To allay the fears of the people of the Mission, Captain Smith addressed a letter to the good Father Narcisco Duran, in which he set forth with an appealing frankness and truthfulness his situation and the accident which brought about his presence at that point. "I am a long ways from home," said Captain Smith, in his touching message, "and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing and most of the necessaries of life at this time, wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strange but real friend and Christian brother."

This letter no doubt resulted in placing Captain Smith right with the padres at the Mission and pleasant relations were established. Otherwise Smith would not have determined to leave a portion of his party behind him at the Mission San Jose while he with some others marched away with the object of reaching Salt Lake, picking up the rest of his expedition there, returning with them to the Mission San Jose, and then proceeding northward to the Columbia River where it was thought a field for their trapping and hunting operations awaited them.

Arriving at Salt Lake and gathering together the eighteen men, two women and horses that were there, he again struck out for California with the object of joining forces with those of his party whom he had left behind at Mission San Jose. His trip across the mountains had evidently convinced him of the impracticability of recrossing them with his entire party, so he took the same route he had traveled before and at length again found himself on the Colorado where he had been exactly a year previous. Here ten of his men and the two women were massacred by Indians and all his horses killed or captured. Escaping the slaughter with eight of his men, Captain Smith set out on foot for San Bernardino. Arriving at that place he left two men there who had fallen sick and went down to San Diego with the others and secured passage in an American ship for San Francisco, immediately putting out from that port for San Jose, where he had left his party.

Although he threw himself upon the hospitality of the people of San Jose, the inhabitants were obsessed with the belief that the stranger was a hostile invader, heading a force of men whose object was to seize California. They threw the poor wanderer into jail. A second time he wrote to Governor Echeandia and he was ordered to Monterey where the Governor then was. Smith's reasons for a second appearance in California were demanded and he gave them, but they were unavailing and he was ordered back to prison. Heartsick and suffering as he was, the captains of the ships at Monterey interceded for him as the other captains had done at San Diego, whereupon Governor Echeandia ordered him forthwith out of the country, refusing to allow his hunters to accompany him. Again did Captain Jedediah Smith turn his face to the wilderness, striking across the moun-

tains and, it is supposed, reaching the plains beyond. He was never heard of again. Probably the Indians killed him, or he may have died from thirst and hunger.

Other Americans began now to filter through the mountain passes into California by the overland route, always to the distress of mind of the Californians. They were thoroughly unwelcome. Nor were they the only visitors who came unbidden. Every now and then there was a strange sail on the sea manned by a captain and crews whom the Californians did not like and whose motives were darkly suspected.

As the story of Captain Jedediah Smith serves to illustrate the exasperation of the Californians against the appearance of invaders by land, so does the visit of Captain Pedro Angulo serve to illustrate the harassment that occurred from the sea. There were plenty of pirates preying on the shores of California as there were marauding bandits inland, but it appears that Angulo with his ship, the Aquila, was a detachment of a fighting fleet which had been whipped to a frazzle on the coast of Peru. Two other ships of the same fleet had arrived at Monterey and surrendered to the Governor. This was in the time of Arguello. Captain Pedro Angulo had lagged behind and while the other ships were in Monterey he was sailing the Aquila into the roadstead of Santa Barbara.

Wherever he got it, Angulo was in possession of a magnificent uniform, and it was in it that he placed himself, all bedecked with gold lace and ribbons and fine plumes for his hat. He caused himself to be put ashore and demanded from the awestricken but admiring proletariat of Santa Barbara to be led to the house of the Comandante.

Now the Comandante of Santa Barbara at that time was the renowned Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, and, as it happened, there was a wedding at full swing within the walls of his casa at the fateful hour Pedro Angulo, arrayed as was no admiral before, thundered for admittance at the oaken door of the Comandante. Within, all was music and light and feasting. A daughter of the house had just been solemnly wed by a padre of the old Mission to William E. P. Hartnell, the English trader who had lately become a citizen of California. The music suddenly stopped and the great dark eyes of the señoritas opened wider, the gallant caballeros stood rooted to the floor and it may be that the padres piously crossed themselves. There could be no question that Captain Pedro Angulo had created great astonishment in his glittering uniform.

As soon as the assemblage could recover, the visitor was invited to enjoy the traditional hospitality of an illustrious house. Captain Pedro growled in reply that he wanted no hospitality and that he couldn't speak anything but French anyway. At this, the bridegroom addressed this gorgeously arrayed seafaring creature in the tongue of his preference. It was then discovered that he preferred not to speak even in the language of his choice. It is said that he turned contemptuously on his heel, strode from the house and returned to his ship. Ordering all sails spread, he stood out to sea, but just before he left the harbor the cannon from his deck spat out a flame of fire and the ball from its iron throat went crashing through the Presidio of Santa Barbara. And that was the last that was heard of Pedro Angulo save for the rumor that he had sailed back for South America and had surrendered himself at Valparaiso.

While on the subject of weddings, the records of the old Mexican days teemed with great memories of

wonderful celebrations of this character. What was perhaps the most celebrated wedding that ever occurred in California took place in the time and the reign of Echeandia. It was a double wedding, binding in wedlock Augustin Zamorano, the Governor's secretary, to Luisa, the daughter of Santiago Arguello, and of Romualdo Pacheco to Romona, daughter of Joaquin Parrillo. This famous double wedding took place at San Diego, the young men and their brides being alike eminent for their aristocratic birth, wealth and good looks.

Upon conclusion of the marriage ceremony and a great feast at San Diego at which the entire population turned out, a bridal tour to Monterey was begun. The Governor and his entourage, accompanied by a military escort, traveled with the wedding party, word of the movements of which was carried ahead by courier from rancho to rancho and from Mission to Mission across the hills and through the valleys and along all the stretches of the shores of the sunset ocean. The beauty and the high social standing of the brides with their distinguished, handsome husbands, coupled with the great honors paid to them by the Governor's court, aroused all the spirit of romance that was so rife in California in those pleasure-loving days. At every point along the sun-swept leagues of the King's Highway where any sort of establishment existed, a bridal feast and all manner of carnival for the happy travelers was in waiting. There had been many another wedding in California before this and there has been many another since, but never one to equal the wedding of Zamorano and Pacheco to the dark-eyed, lovely daughters of Santiago Arguello and Joaquin Parrillo.

But there was a sad sequel to this wedding, at least so far as Romualdo Pacheco was concerned. Some

years afterward, in the time of Manuel Victoria, the fourth Mexican Governor of California, this hot-headed and tyrannical ruler found himself face to face with a serious insurrection against his government. The cause of the revolt was Victoria's refusal to call together the territorial deputation or council, which was a matter obligatory upon him under the law. The people murmured and, finally, in November, 1831, the insurrection assumed tangible proportions.

A movement of revolt was commenced in San Diego by the issuance of a pronunciamento signed by Pio Pico, Juan Bandini and Jose Antonio Carrillo, in which it was set forth that they were loyal to the supreme government in Mexico "but that they felt themselves obliged to rise against the tyrant, whose criminal abuses of power had become intolerable. God, who knew their hearts, knew that they did so with pure intentions; that it was love of country and respect for the laws which actuated them; that they took up arms in behalf of justice and public right; that it was not against the Government or any of its institutions that they demanded redress; but only against the individual, Manuel Victoria, who under cover of his high office had violated almost every principle of the fundamental basis upon which the government rested. He had attempted to suppress the Territorial Deputation, destroy popular representation and establish absoluteism; he had suppressed the Ayuntamiento of Santa Barbara; he had inflicted capital punishment in cases not warranted by the laws; he had arbitrarily and without justification expatriated Jose Antonio Carrillo and Abel Stearns and committed many other offenses, treating legal proofs and representations which were in any respect opposed to his own arbitrary will with disrespect and contempt; he had jeopardized the peace

and tranquillity of the country and the person and property of all its citizens."

If all this were true there would seem to be no doubt that Governor Victoria was a rather powerful political machine in himself and that folks who were not his friends were not likely to enjoy themselves to any extent by a continued residence in California. It is true enough that the man was a tyrant and totally unfitted by temperament to occupy the office of Governor. The insurrectionists demanded that he be deposed from his office of Comandante-General, political chief and Governor of the Territory. They also, of course, made a demand for the immediate convocation of the Territorial Deputation.

The insurrectionists succeeded in inducing the troops at the presidio of San Diego to join the revolt. Echeandia, the former Governor, was proclaimed to supersede Victoria, and at the beginning of December, Pablo de Fortilla, Comandante of the presidio of San Diego, marched to Los Angeles with thirty soldiers for the purpose of throwing Victoria out of office. The Alcalde at Los Angeles was opposed to the revolt, but the people of the pueblo were in favor of it. Fortilla gathered new recruits into his army at Los Angeles until he was able to put himself at the head of an armed force of two hundred men. In the meantime Governor Victoria had become informed of the revolt and attended only by a force that might be designated as a corporal's guard, he left the capital and marched southward in the full belief that his mere appearance at Los Angeles would result in the dispersing of the insurrectos. On his way down the Governor picked up thirty additional men at Santa Barbara whom he placed under command of Captain Romualdo Pacheco, one of the happy bridegrooms of that famous wedding journey

of a few years before, over which all California had been *en fete.*

The insurrectionists, with Fortilla their commander in the saddle, marched out to a hill at the outskirts of Los Angeles and there intercepted the Governor with his little force of men under Captain Pacheco. The insurrectionist leader tried to avoid a fight, if for no other reason that the conflict would be so unequal, and Captain Pacheco also realized that he stood no chance of victory by opposing his thirty men against the two hundred soldiers of Fortilla. Pacheco begged Governor Victoria to retire to San Fernando in the hope of reinforcement.

Governor Victoria, however, was no coward, whatever else he may have been. He flew into a violent temper and ordered Captain Pacheco to attack the rebels and disperse them or stand accused of fear. Pacheco's blood grew hot at this and he ordered a charge which he himself led. In an instant the Captain's horse and the horse of Jose Maria Avila, an insurrectionist, were breast to breast and it was Pacheco's sword against Avila's lance. Avila warded off the blow of Pacheco's saber, drew his pistol and shot the gallant young Captain dead. Lifeless and bloody in the dust of El Camino Real, where but a few years before he had passed happy and feasting with his lovely bride, poor Romualdo was picked up, never to be glad again.

But the battle went on fast and furious, and, strange as it may seem, Victoria was the victor. His very fury and his great prowess in the battle frightened the rebels. They broke and fled. Victoria was carried to the Mission San Gabriel, nearby, terribly wounded. His life was saved only by the fortunate presence at the Mission of an English surgeon. The Governor's life hung as by a thread for many weeks. Upon his recovery he decided that he had had quite

enough of the strenuous life in California. He abdicated and delivered over the government to Echeandia and retired to Mexico, but his retirement was of his own free will and not at the dictation of his enemies. Overbearing and tyrannical he was, but no man was ever braver. As the ghosts of the old swash-bucklers of the past stand on California's haunted hills under the dim stars of summer nights, Manuel Victoria takes his place at their head as the Captain of them all.

Insurrections of the character of the one just described were frequent enough in California during the Mexican era, but many of them were without importance except as they indicated the turbulent state of the people. Perhaps the most important revolt of all was the one organized by the Carrillos against the government of Juan Batista Alvarado. The trouble lay in the fact that what was called the "Supreme Government" in Mexico was as unstable, or even more so, as the government of California. There were revolutions and new Presidents, Dictators and Emperors following one another with great rapidity in Mexico in those days. California had great difficulty in knowing just to whom its allegiance was due. The scheme of government was that California should send a delegate to the Mexican Congress, but that the Governors of California should always serve under appointment of the Supreme Government.

For a period of six years beginning with December, 1836, the Governor of California was Juan Batista Alvarado, a man of parts. As in the case of every man of strong character and positive nature, bitter enemies as well as loyal friends rose up about him. It was in Alvarado's time, mainly, that we begin to hear a good deal about the Picos, Jose Castro, Mariana Guadalupe Vallejo and other men whose

names are still famed in California, some of whom were friends and some enemies of Alvarado.

In 1837 Jose Antonio Carrillo, who had been a delegate to the Mexican Congress from California, managed to secure the appointment of his brother, Carlos Antonio Carrillo, as Governor, from the then President of Mexico, who held sway under the eloquent if not euphonious name of Bustamante. The Carrillos did all in their power to wheedle Alvarado into an acceptance of a successor in office, but he refused to acquiesce. It was not that he would not have been glad to acquiesce in any lawful procedure which would have been for the good of California, for he was a man who had the interest of the Province at heart. But he had no faith in the Carrillos. He knew them to be malcontents who were forever scheming in their own selfish interests. He knew that they were hand in glove with Pio Pico and Andres Pico in every manner of mean and underhanded work and that they were especially active in efforts to forward the pet scheme of Pio Pico to move the Capital from Monterey to Los Angeles. The reason that Pio Pico wanted the Capital removed to Los Angeles was simply that it would put money in his pocket. Neither in this nor in any of his other acts was he actuated by purely patriotic motives. He was for Pico first and California afterwards. In all the history of California there is no name with a falser ring than the name of Pio Pico, and yet the man's memory has been made much of and attempts have even been made to glorify him.

It seems that the Carrillos determined to oust Alvarado from office. They made an appeal to their adherents and actually resorted to arms. They stirred up sectional feeling. Every once in a while, even now, some fervid orator or vivid writer revives the proposition to cut California in two. Juan Ban-

dini, Ensign Macedonio Gonzalez, the redoubtable Captain Pablo de la Portilla and others in the south promptly arrayed themselves under the Carrillo colors. Andres Pico, forgetting for the nonce the traditional craftiness of his family, publicly espoused the Carrillo cause, but it seems that Pio Pico was wise enough to express no opinion one way or the other. The fox is always wary.

The moment Governor Alvarado got wind of the revolution in the south he acted with characteristic promptness and force and it was during this episode that we first begin to take notice of General Jose Castro, whose name is immortal in the annals of California. Castro was Alvarado's friend and, upon notification, he at once placed himself at the head of a military detachment and marched south from Monterey to bring the Carrillo conspiracy to an end. He passed through the Rincon, dragging the Spanish cannon after him. At the dawn of a morning soon afterwards his eight-pounder was trained on the camp of the insurrecto outposts at San Buenaventura. For two days the opposing forces fired numberless shots at each other, whereupon the revolutionists fled. Happily, only one man was killed and it does not appear that any others were seriously hurt. Castro then marched to San Fernando where he was later joined by Alvarado himself, accompanied by reinforcements. They discovered that Carrillo and his fellow conspirators had retreated to San Diego for the purpose of reinforcing their army. Leaving Castro to keep his eye on Los Angeles, Alvarado immediately set forth with his forces for San Diego to beard the lion in his den, or rather to scotch the snake in his hole.

Alvarado learned on the way that Carrillo with his forces was returning northward to give battle. Reaching the Indian pueblo Los Flores, near San

Juan Capistrano, Alvarado planted his forces on a hill. The revolutionists soon appeared. Alvarado opened a terrific fire upon them. Carrillo, the leader, promptly turned tail and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. Left without a leader, his troops surrendered. Governor Alvarado was very kind to them, telling them to go home and to keep clear of conspirators in the future. Carrillo was afterwards permitted to return to his home at San Buenaventura, where he was allowed to remain undisturbed on the promise of his wife that she would see to it that he stirred up no more devilment. Thus ended the war against Alvarado.

Sleeping in the sun, lonely but lovely, near beautiful San Juan Capistrano, lies the famous battlefield of Los Flores. It is a battlefield undrenched and unstained by human blood, and yet it was the scene of an important if not a fateful event.

In the meantime Castro had captured the brother of Carrillo, Andres Pico, Jose Ramirez, Ignacio Palomares and other leaders of the insurrection. Alvarado sent them for safe-keeping to General Vallejo at Sonoma, remarking as he did so that "if he sent them to the devil, they would not get what they deserved, and he therefore sent them to Vallejo." And it appears to be true enough that while Vallejo kept out of the fight until the fight was won, he was now very eager to secure the good will of Alvarado by making it hard for the Governor's enemies who were in his hands. He refused to speak to the prisoners and starved them as much as he dared without causing their death. He counseled Alvarado to exile them from the country.

The name of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, very famed in California, is another name like that of Pio Pico, around which there clings a glamor as

false as it is unwarranted. Vallejo was a trimmer, pure and simple, always trying to play safe.

The reputation which he acquired for cruelty and which doubtless incited Governor Alvarado to say that the next best thing to sending prisoners to the devil was to send them to Vallejo, arose from an infamous incident when Vallejo was an ensign at Monterey. It was in the time of Governor Echeandia, in the spring of the year 1829. There had been a revolt of neophyte Indians connected with the Missions of San Jose and Santa Clara. They had fortified themselves near the San Joaquin River and had successfully repelled an attack of troops under Sergeant Antonio Soto. It was then that a hundred men were sent out from the presidio of Monterey under Vallejo's command. This force was considerably augmented by recruits picked up from San Francisco and San Jose. The Indian forces were vigorously attacked, falling under a terrific fire of musketry and cannon, notwithstanding that they made a valorous and heroic defense. It was then that the most cowardly, the most barbarous and the most murderous butchery in the history of California took place at the hands of Vallejo's forces. The Indian auxiliaries that had fought in Vallejo's ranks against their own people, were formed in a circle and the captured Indians were sent into that circle, one after another, to be used as targets. It was great sport for Vallejo and his men. Nothing more cruel can be imagined. Other Indian prisoners were hung to trees with grapevines and the women were shot in cold blood. For this awful act of barbarity, Father Duran, who was then President of the Missions, did all in his power to have Vallejo prosecuted, but his efforts were in vain. It is a stain on California's escutcheon that the Government did not accede to Father Duran's petition and by some condign pun-

ishment make a public example of Vallejo, whose brutish and savage deed deserved punishment if ever deed deserved it.

Of a piece with this most horrible outrage was the massacre of the Indians committed by General Vallejo's brother, Salvador Vallejo, at Clear Lake, in the spring of 1843. It was in the time of Governor Micheltorena. An account of it was given by a man named Bendeleven to the Surveyor General of the United States. From this letter Theodore Hittell, the historian, transcribed an account of the massacre as follows:

"It seems that a cow had been stolen in the neighborhood of Sonoma in the Spring of 1843 and that Vallejo fitted out an expedition consisting of a number of white men and Sonoma Indians which he placed under the command of his brother Salvador. What instructions were given does not appear; and it is probable that they acted without any. Be this as it may, they proceeded northward over valley and mountain and doubtless far beyond the limits of any rancheria that could have committed the theft, until they arrived at Clear Lake. Near the southern margin of that magnificent sheet of water there are several islands of great beauty, two of which, in particular, were inhabited by Indians who are said to have been of gentle disposition and who lived there, protected by their isolated situation, in fancied security.

"When Salvador and his party arrived at the border of the lake, the chief Indians of the Island passed over on their rafts to meet and communicate with them. The newcomers said, through an interpreter, that they had come on a peaceful mission, with the object of making an alliance, and requested to be carried over to one of the islands, where they should all meet. The natives, not for an instant sus-

pecting treachery, readily complied. When they were all collected at the main rancheria, the Indians, under pretense of the treaty, were induced to lay aside their weapons and enter their large underground temescal or sweat-house. When they had done so, the whites and their auxiliaries drew their knives, such as were used for slaughtering cattle, and throwing themselves into the gloomy pen, began a horrid and indiscriminate butchery, respecting neither age, condition or sex.

"A few of the doomed creatures succeeded in breaking out of the gory inclosure and, plunging into the water, tried to escape by swimming to the mainland; but they were all shot to death as they were thus desperately endeavoring to get away—all, with apparently one single exception. Among them was a woman with a child tied in a net on her shoulders. As she sank, struck by a musket ball, the child struggled in its net, when one of the whites, either less barbarous than the others, or more probably with an idea of securing a domestic servant, jumped on a raft and saved the half-suffocated infant. The narrator of the bloody story adds that he had seen the child, which was about a year old, and that whenever a white person approached it would utter a scream and go into convulsions of terror. And well it might! And well might the narrator exclaim, as he did: 'Que barbaria! que ferocidad tan! de unos hombres destituidos de todo sentimiento de humanidad!' ('What barbarity! and what ferocity, too, of men destitute of every sentiment of humanity!')"

From this it is clear that the garrison which Gen. Vallejo maintained at Sonoma on the frontier did not lack for good sport.

And it would also appear that the Picos in the south were quite as eager to have a hand in the same bloody game. No doubt it appealed particularly to

the Picos because murdering Indians, as well as robbing them, was a pastime that could be pursued with little danger. The first act of Pio Pico when he became Governor of California in 1845 was to enter into a contract with two Americans, John Marsh and John Gantt, for the slaughter of Indians. Pico agreed to compensate the Americans with five hundred cattle and one-half of all the horses they could take from the Indians.

There were other minor exhibitions of cruelty against the Indians of those times, but with the exception of the two massacres just related, the Indians suffered more from petty persecutions and the loss of their property than in any other way. The Mexican Era was an era of unrest, conspiracy, insurrection, revolt and numerous quite bloodless battles on the one hand, and of feasting, dancing, marriage and giving in marriage on the other hand. Looking back upon that time it would seem that the happiness far outweighed the sorrow, and that amid all the intrigues, the firing of guns and crashing of swords, there was much gladness.

Not counting Sola, who served as a Mexican Governor for seven months after independence, ten men in all held the office of Governor in California during the Mexican era. They were as follows:

Luis Arguello, 1823-25; Jose Maria Echeandia, 1825-31; Manuel Victoria, 1831-32; Pio Pico, 1832-33, and again from February 22 to August 10, 1846; Jose Figueroa, 1833-35; Jose Castro, 1835-36; Nicolas Gutierrez, 1836; Mariano Chico, 1836; Juan Batista Alvarado, 1836-42; Manuel Micheltorena, 1842-45. It will thus be seen that Pio Pico, who served for the second time in 1846 was the last Mexican Governor of California. After long scheming, Pico had become legally the ruler of the Province, but the thunders were rumbling around his head and it was during his

administration that Latin-American domination of California met its end.

The situation was that England, France and the United States were each waiting their chance to grab California. Pico was the civil Governor, but General Jose Castro was the military head of the Province. There was a bitter quarrel between Pico and Castro. When Castro saw that dissension only added to the weakness of California, and that in order to repel whatever enemies might attempt to seize the country it was necessary for all factions to unite, the old warrior pocketed his pride and begged Pico to stand with him in the country's common cause against the invasion of its foes.

The third prominent figure in California affairs at this crisis was Vallejo of Sonoma. Believing that the fall of California was inevitable Vallejo, true to his instincts, took steps to ingratiate himself with the United States, which power he believed would prove victorious at the game that was being played. Pico took another view of the matter and did what he could to ingratiate himself with the powers that he thought would prove victorious, namely, France or England. The only man that stood out clear and brave and ready to die in the last ditch, against whomsoever appeared as an invader, was Jose Castro. While Pico and Vallejo were juggling, Castro prepared to fight, and he did fight like the soldier that he was.

On June 14, 1846, the Bear Flag of the California Republic was raised at Sonoma, and on July 7 of the same year the American flag was raised at Monterey. Vallejo was an easily taken prisoner at Fort Sutter and Pio Pico ran away.

This was the end of Pio Pico's power and the end of Mexican rule in California. The death knell of Latin power in the Province was really sounded when

William B. Ide issued his proclamation at Sonoma and the flag of the Grizzly Bear was hoisted on its swaying staff under the peaks of the Seven Moons.

The end of Latin power and authority, however, did not mean that California was soon, if ever, wholly to abandon the traditions which the first conquerors and colonizers had impressed upon her soil and her history. Spanish and Mexican speech and thought were destined long to linger as, indeed, they linger still. It is to be hoped that at least the poetry, the romance and much else that was sweet and alluring in the life of a people who were so great in so many ways will not entirely disappear.

THE BEAR FLAG MONUMENT
(Plaza of Sonoma)

VII

THE BEAR FLAG REPUBLIC

Unique in the history of the world is the true story of The Bear Flag Republic in California. From June 14, 1846, until the ninth day of the succeeding month of July, a period of twenty-six days, there existed in California what was, to all intents and purposes, a separate and distinct nation with a republican form of Government and a flag of its own emblazoned with a lone star and a painted image of a Grizzly bear. The official name of the Government was "The Republic of California," but it is popularly known as "The Bear Flag Republic." The new nation was established by an armed force consisting of twenty-four men, and the entire history of the affair, short but vivid as it is, probably stands without parallel.

There is no chapter in the history of California that has a more familiar sound to the ear than the chapter of this "Bear Flag Republic," yet the truth concerning it, not to speak of its intensely interesting details, is only vaguely familiar to most people. There is a great deal of misinformation extant in the minds of all except careful students and the historians themselves, concerning a good deal that appertains to the history of California, including both the stirring chronicles of the Argonauts and the Missions, but it is when we come to the chronicle of The Bear Flag Republic that we find, perhaps, not so much misinformation as the lack of information altogether. Everybody who lives in California and those who come to visit it, as well as those who read of it at a distance, have heard and know that there was once

an uprising in which some Americans took part by raising a "bear flag" at Sonoma, following which there was more or less fighting with the native Californians. But that is about as far as the general information goes.

Moreover, it is found that among those who presume to be informed intelligently and as fully as may be on this famous episode in California's history, that there is considerable dispute as to the real facts. The subject has been the theme of endless controversies. The descendants of the Mexicans who were known as "Californians" at the time of The Bear Flag Republic say that the coup was merely a foray on the part of crude and irresponsible ruffians who had no high motive in view and who accomplished nothing by actions which they can call by no better name than depredations. On the other hand, the descendants of the early American settlers claim a high place in history for The Bear Flag Republic, and they celebrate each recurring anniversary of its establishment with much oratory, music and the firing of military salutes.

The purpose of this chapter in the present work is to tell the story as it occurred, without prejudice one way or the other, and to equip the reader with a clear and lucid understanding of this little, yet colorful and, in some ways, really important epoch in California's history.

The episode of The Bear Flag Republic occurred in the summer of the year 1846 and it is essential in advance that conditions in California as they existed at that time be clearly understood.

The dawn of the year 1846 found California still a Province of the Republic of Mexico, with a white population of about ten thousand souls, all told. Included in this population there had come to be a considerable sprinkling of Americans, who were engaged

in agricultural pursuits, lumbering and various kinds of trading. It is to be remembered that gold had not yet been discovered, except as note may be taken of the unimportant discoveries made in the south, nor was there then, in the minds of the people, any thought whatever of the possibilities of the existence of gold. The Americans who had drifted in from "The States" came sometimes as sailors, deserting their ships in the lure of the country, or they were men who had crossed the plains and the mountains to the east and the north merely in search of undiscovered regions. But however it was that they came, they were enamored of California and had neither thought nor desire to abandon it.

At this time the affairs of California as a Mexican province were in a very deplorable condition, indeed. Don Pio Pico was the Civil Governor, with his residence near Los Angeles. He seemed to have avoided Monterey, which was still the capital of the Province as it had been from the first settlement in 1769. The military authority was vested in Don Jose Castro, who held power under the title of Comandante General, his rank in the army being Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. These two men were constantly at rivalry, scarcely ever agreeing upon questions of government or authority, and constantly squabbling over a division of an exchequer which was usually little better than impoverished. Pico, after the secularization and spoliation of the Mission establishments and estates, found himself with no other means of easy revenues, while Castro, as the head of the military establishments of the Province, would have found himself put to his wit's end to mobilize an army consisting of more than one hundred men.

It was plain to the Californians, as well as to the Americans and everybody else who were in the Province, that the Republic of Mexico was on its last legs,

at least as far as holding possession of California was concerned. Both Pico and Castro appealed in vain, time after time, to the home government to strengthen their hands. It became at last fully apparent that Mexico was to lose California.

For a time Governor Pico and others indulged themselves in the vain hope that they might be able to set up an independent Government, with themselves at its head. Apparently, however, these hopes were soon abandoned and they settled down to the belief that either England, France or the United States would ultimately secure possession of California. Of these three possibilities, all regarded as evil by the Californians, American domination was the most distasteful alternative. There were many who would have welcomed the power of France, but the majority seemed to stand most in favor of England; among these was Pico.

Every day the air was filled with rumors and the people were constantly in a state of nervous excitement and discontent. That England was actively engaged with clear-cut and positive plans for the acquisition of California there was ample information, despite the fact that the Monroe Doctrine had been repeatedly reaffirmed. British warships continually hovered along the California coast, waiting for an opening and an opportunity to strike. To what extent France actively engaged in these movements is not quite clear.

Well aware of everything that was going on, the Government of the United States was determined to acquire California when the time came for it to pass from the possession of Mexico. To this end it stationed at Monterey a very able, cautious and courageous diplomatic agent in the person of Thomas O. Larkin, and there appears also to be no doubt that the appearance in California of Capt. John C. Fre-

mont, who was then an officer in the Army, attached to the Department of Topographical Engineers, was for a deeper purpose than that announced, which was that he had been sent out to survey the Rocky Mountain country and the Pacific Coast in the interests of travel and immigration. There was at least one point on which Pico, Castro and all the Californians of Spanish-Mexican origin agreed, and that was an intense distrust and hatred of Americans. So, in the midst of all this turmoil, dissension and uncertainty, the American population of California found itself very disagreeably bestowed. The American settlers soon found that they could not look to the Government of the United States to assist them in their aspirations to secure control of California. If they applied to the commander of an American warship that happened to be at Monterey, San Francisco or any other port, they were invariably told that no assistance could be rendered to them for the reason that Mexico and the United States were at peace. But it appears to be quite clear that the Americans were constantly in touch with Fremont and his little party of pathfinders, and that they never failed of a sympathetic audience in that quarter.

Nearly all the Americans living in California in the beginning of the year 1846 were located in the section of country adjacent to the Bay of San Francisco. At the little town of Sonoma, in the lovely valley of The Seven Moons, forty-six miles north of San Francisco, or Yerba Buena, as it was then called, was located what had been for a long time the only really effective Mexican military garrison in the Province of California. The garrison was in command of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo. For several years General Vallejo had kept the garrison intact mainly through his own energies and from the

proceeds of his private purse. He had at times some well-organized companies of soldiers.

In the summer of 1846 General Vallejo's garrison had shrunk to a mere handful of men. Still, he was regarded as the representative of the military power of Mexico and his post was looked upon as a fortress. Just before dawn, June 14, 1846, Vallejo was rudely awakened from his peaceful slumbers and, together with his household and his official staff, was placed under arrest by a party of American settlers, who announced that they "had established in connection with others of their fellow citizens of the United States an independent Government based on Republican principles." This party of Americans consisted of twenty-four men, under the leadership of Capt. Ezekiel Merritt. A man named William B. Ide, and a dentist named Semple appeared to be Merritt's chief advisers and the next in command. In the party was also the famous Kit Carson, who had come to California as a member of Capt. Fremont's company.

It appears that General Vallejo took the situation philosophically and invited his captors to make themselves free with the hospitality of his house. A few hours afterward General Vallejo, his brother, Capt. Salvador Vallejo, and Lieut. Col. Victor Prudon were taken under guard on General Vallejo's own horses and imprisoned in Sutter's Fort at Sacramento. The prisoners having been safely forwarded, the American invaders then gathered in the plaza of Sonoma, lowered the Mexican flag from the lofty staff on which it there was flying, and raised the "bear flag" amid salvos of cheers.

The capture of Sonoma and the raising of the bear flag were acts probably not exactly premeditated. They were led up to by a rather stirring incident which must be related in order to get the proper bear-

ing on the entire matter. A few days before the capture of Sonoma, General Castro, accompanied by Lieut. Jose Maria Alviso and Lieut. Francisco Arce and a party of about twelve men, set out from Monterey to Sonoma, issuing anti-American proclamations as they went. Castro's purpose in going to Sonoma was to secure from General Vallejo as much material assistance in his campaign as was possible. He wanted money, arms, munitions of war and horses. It is not clear what amount of success he had, but it is certain that he secured a number of horses from Vallejo and contrabanded whatever animals were in possession of the Franciscan Fathers at the Mission.

Castro then immediately returned to Monterey, breathing fire at every mile, and at once proceeded to perfect his military forces for the campaign which had for its object the expulsion of all Americans from California territory. It is also apparent that Castro had determined while he was at it to put Pio Pico out of business, and thus kill two birds with one stone.

The Americans were now thoroughly alarmed, as they had every right to be, and a party of them went over to visit Fremont and to advise with him in his camp on the American River. The visitors told Captain Fremont of the dire straits they felt themselves to be in. Fremont replied by saying that he was an officer of the United States Army and could not personally interfere, but he advised the Americans to do everything in their power to defend themselves. He went so far as to say that any of his men who were willing to take a hand in matters as they then stood, were at liberty to do so. Several of Fremont's men, including Kit Carson, promptly took advantage of the privilege thus granted and accompanied the

American settlers as they sallied forth to look after their own interests.

The party soon got word of Alviso and Arce, who were on their way from Sonoma with the horses. Under the leadership of Ezekiel Merritt the Americans surprised Alviso and his party early on the morning of June 10, and without a fight captured the Californians and seized their arms and animals. After an interchange of views, not unlikely coupled with threats on the part of Merritt, the Californians were permitted to resume their journey, but were required to relinquish the horses.

Alviso and his men hurried to San Jose and reported the matter to Castro's military aides. This act on the part of the Americans was regarded by Castro as the precursor of an invasion; it doubtless determined him to commence operations against the offensive Americans. In the meantime Merritt, with his spoils, returned to Fremont's camp, where plans were immediately formed for the attack on Sonoma which followed, as already shown, on June 14.

With the capture of Castro's horses, which was an overt act, the die was cast, and the Americans now determined to go to the end of the road. Sonoma was naturally in their minds, whether it be true or not that it had been in their minds before, and the capture of that garrison, with the raising of the bear flag, followed the initial raid as a natural sequence. The story of the bear flag itself is not lacking in a certain quaint, half humorous, yet romantic interest. Neither was it without a dramatic side.

No sooner had the detachment of captors left for Sutter's Fort with General Vallejo and the other prisoners, than the Mexican colors were hauled down by ready hands from the flag pole in the old plaza. The problem of supplying a new flag with which to supplant the Mexican ensign then faced the Ameri-

cans. In that party was a man named William L. Todd, who seemed to know something about handling a paint brush, and he was chosen to be the artist of the flag. It was unanimously agreed that no one had any authority to raise the Stars and Stripes and that if any one did so he would be seriously amenable to the United States Government. But it was the desire of every one present that a flag as near like the American flag as possible be adopted. It also seemed to be the consensus of opinion that a drawing of a grizzly bear be placed on the flag, as being eloquent of the fighting qualities with which the new Republic considered itself equipped. As there has been considerable controversy and dispute concerning this flag it is obviously proper to give the statement of the man who made the flag. He, if any one, ought to know all about it. Mr. Todd published in June, 1872, the following.

"At a company meeting it was determined that we should raise a flag; and it should be a bear en passant, with one star. One of the ladies at the garrison gave us a piece of brown domestic and Mrs. Capt. John Sears gave us some strips of red flannel about four inches wide. The domestic was new, but the flannel was said to have been part of a petticoat worn by Mrs. Sears across the mountains. For a corroboration of these facts I refer to G. P. Swift and Pat McChristian. I took a pen and with ink drew the outlines of the bear and star upon the white cotton cloth. Linseed oil and Venetian red were found in the garrison and I painted the bear and star. To the best of my recollection, Peter Storm was asked to paint it, but he declined; and as no other person would undertake to do it, I did it. But Mr. Storm, with several others, assisted in getting the material and, I believe, mixed the paint. Underneath the bear and star were printed with a pen the words 'California

Republic' in Roman letters. In painting the words I first lined out the letters with a pen, leaving out the letter 'i' and putting 'c' where 'i' should have been, and afterward the 'i' over the 'c.' It was made with ink and as we had nothing to remove the marks of the false letters it now remains so on the flag."

There were at least two other bear flags in existence, but there can be no doubt that this one described by William L. Todd, and which was raised at Sonoma June 14, 1846, was the original ensign.

Four days later William B. Ide, who appears to have been selected for the leadership to succeed Ezekiel Merritt, issued and signed the following proclamation:

"A proclamation to all persons and citizens of the District of Sonoma, requesting them to remain at peace and follow their rightful occupations without fear of molestation.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the troops assembled at the fortress of Sonoma gives this inviolable pledge to all persons in California, not found under arms, that they shall not be disturbed in their persons, their property or social relation, one with another, by men under his command.

"He also solemnly declares his object to be: First, to defend himself and companions in arms, who were invited to this country by a promise of lands on which to settle themselves and families; who were also promised a Republican Government; when, having arrived in California, they were denied the privilege of buying or renting lands of their friends, who, instead of being allowed to participate in or being protected by a Republican Government, were oppressed by a military despotism; who were even threatened by a proclamation by the chief officers of the aforesaid despotism with extermination if they should not depart out of the country, leaving all their property,

arms and beasts of burden; and thus deprived of their means of flight or defense, were to be driven through deserts inhabited by hostile Indians, to certain destruction.

"To overthrow a Government which has seized upon the property of the Missions for its individual aggrandizement; which has ruined and shamefully oppressed the laboring people of California by enormous exactions on goods imported into the country, is the determined purpose of the brave men who are associated under my command.

"I also solemnly declare my object, in the second place, to be to invite all peaceable and good citizens of California who are friendly to the maintenance of good order and equal rights, and I do hereby invite them to repair to my camp at Sonoma without delay to assist us in establishing and perpetuating a Republican Government, which shall secure to all civil and religious liberty; which shall encourage virture and literature; which shall leave unshackled by fetters, agriculture, commerce and manufactures.

"I further declare that I rely upon the rectitude of our intentions, the favor of Heaven and the bravery of those who are bound and associated with me by the principles of self-preservation, by the love of truth and the hatred of tyranny, for my hopes of success.

"I furthermore declare that I believe that a Government to be prosperous and happy must originate with the people who are friendly to its existence; that the citizens are its guardians, the officers its servants, its glory its reward."

No one who reads this remarkable document can fail to believe that the slurs cast upon the leaders of the Bear Flag Republic by California's most eminent and most voluminous historian are ill-founded and unjust. If the Bear Flag Republic had produced

nothing more than this magnificent contribution to the literature of human rights, as written by William B. Ide, the affair has had sufficient excuse for even so brief an existence. The document marked Ide as a remarkable man, which he undoubtedly was—a man who, like Caesar, according to Miles Standish, could "both write and fight and at each was equally skilful."

Capt. William B. Ide was born in Ohio. In 1845 he struck out from his native state and crossed by the overland trail to California. To show the respect in which he was held, after the Bear War he received an appointment from the Government of the United States as land surveyor for the Northern District of California, and was also appointed a Justice of the Peace. In 1851 he was elected Treasurer of Colusa County and later was elected County Judge of the same county, being a man learned in the law and having a license to practice that profession. He died in 1852 at the early age of fifty years.

The Republic having been duly declared and the Bear Flag raised, the gage of battle was thrown and military activities in the field at once began.

The Americans again hastened to Captain Fremont where he still lingered in his camp on the American River. Again they laid their cause at his feet. They brought him indisputable evidence that Castro was moving with three divisions of his army against Sonoma. The American hope of military success was all in Fremont. The die had been cast and the question now was, what would Fremont do? His answer was swift and unhesitating.

On June 23 he broke up his camp, and with ninety mounted men took the field. A backward glance through the mists of time at that little army, motley and picturesque to the last degree and made up of

as good fighting material as the world has ever seen, is well worth while.

Riding ahead was the leader, himself already a romantic figure. He was called "The Pathfinder," a title which posterity can not justly deny him. Physically he was a slender man, but well proportioned. He wore a blue woolen shirt, open at the neck, trimmed with white and with a star at each point of the collar; over this a deerskin hunting shirt. A light cotton handkerchief was worn bound around his head in lieu of hat or cap. His feet were encased in deerskin moccasins. He was mentally alert, brave and determined. Like most men he had his faults and has been much criticised, even cruelly so, but he had the qualifications and the character to hold rank as an officer in the Army of the United States, and he was an American, loyal to the heart's core.

Following at Fremont's heels came his mounted rifles arrayed in thrice the colors of Joseph's coat. The majority were Americans and the rest were composed of French, English, Swiss, Russian, German, Greek and doubtless other nationalities, besides Pawnee, Delaware and California Indians. They were armed with rifles, double-barreled shotguns, horse-pistols, sabers, ships' cutlasses, bowie knives and pepper-box revolvers. Some of the Indians carried bows and arrows.

Forth they rode in the golden weather down through the great valley of the Sacramento and across the sun-swept lomas, forcing the marches. At 2 o'clock on the morning of June 25, Sonoma heard the thunder of Fremont's cavalcade. The garrison, sleeping lightly on its arms, was aroused by the cries of the sentinel, and it was at once known that the newcomers were Fremont and his men. Shouts of welcome from swelling hearts greeted the appearance of "The Pathfinder."

In the meantime, Lieutenant Ford of the Bear Flag army had mustered a squad of about twenty-three men for the purpose of rescuing two Americans who were held as prisoners by a portion of Castro's forces. It was known that the Californians had already killed two other American prisoners, really murdering them in cold blood. Ford's squadron came upon the enemy at a place near San Rafael, called Laguna San Antonio, where there was a skirmish, Ford putting the Californians utterly to rout, wounding a number of them without loss to his own forces, capturing nearly all their horses and rescuing one of the prisoners whom he had been seeking. Returning to Sonoma with his victorious tidings and the spoils of the fight, Ford found Fremont and his riflemen in the garrison.

Fremont allowed himself, his men and horses only a few hours' rest following his arrival at Sonoma. His information was that General Castro and de la Torre were at San Rafael with a force of two hundred and fifty men. Fremont sallied forth to make an attack. At about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of June 26 he came in sight of what was thought to be the enemy lying intrenched. The Americans cautiously approached the position and then charged upon the fortification. Fremont, followed closely by Kit Carson and by James W. Marshall, who was later to immortalize himself by the discovery of gold at Coloma, were the first to break through the fortification. They found only four Californians, the main body having departed. The Americans, however, caught sight of General Castro on the distant hills approaching the Bay.

Fremont remained at San Rafael for several days, when one evening a scout brought into camp an Indian runner whom he had captured with a letter from Torre to Castro, in which it was stated that the Cali-

fornia forces would be concentrated to march upon Sonoma and attack it the following morning. Fremont at once struck out with his forces for Sonoma, arriving there at midnight. But it appears that the letter found on the Indian runner may have been a ruse. At any rate Torre, hiding in his camp, saw the Americans rushing back to Sonoma. Whatever may have been their original intentions, the Californians did not attack the Bear Flag fortress, but retreated safely by way of Sausalito to Santa Clara.

As Fremont and his forces approached in the midnight darkness the garrison lay awake, alert and nervous, but determined. The defenders thought surely it was Castro's army come to attack them. The advance sentries heard the tramp of horses and gave the alarm. The garrison, standing tense upon its arms, realized that perhaps the moment had come when the fate of the new Republic was to be decided. What happened then can best be told in the words of William B. Ide, the commander, whose ability of expression has already been noted in the document in which he proclaimed the Bear Flag Republic.

"Thus prepared," says Ide, "in less than one minute from the first alarm, all listened for the sound of the tramping horses. We heard them coming!—then low down under the darkened canyon we saw them coming! In a moment the truth flashed across my mind; the Spaniards were deceiving us! In a moment orders were given to the captains of the eighteen-pounders to reserve fire until my rifles should give the word; and, to prevent mistake, I hastened to a position a hundred yards in front of the cannon, and in a little to the right oblique, so as to gain a nearer view. 'Come back, you will lose your life!' said a dozen voices. 'Silence!' roared Captain Grigsby; 'I have seen the old man in a bullpen before today!' The blankets of the advancing host flowed in

the breeze. They had advanced to within two hundred yards of the place where I stood. The impatience of the men at the guns became intense, lest the enemy come too near so as to lose the effect of the spreading of the shot. I made a motion to lay down my rifle. The matches were swinging. 'My God! they swing the matches!' cried the well-known voice of Kit Carson. 'Hold on, hold on!' we shouted; ' 'tis Fremont, 'tis Fremont!' we cried, in a voice heard by every man of both parties, while Captain Fremont dashed away to his left to take cover behind an adobe house; and in a moment after he made one of his most gallant charges on our fort. It was a noble exploit; he came in a full gallop, right in the face and teeth of our two long 18's!"

Fremont now saw that he had been outwitted, but he at once determined to yet catch Torre or Castro, or both, if possible. Delaying at Sonoma only long enough to give his men breakfast, he again struck out with his forces for San Rafael, arriving there at the old Mission twenty-four hours after the time he had left it, but he still found no traces of the Californians. During his absence the enemy had grasped the opportunity to retreat across the Bay. Captain Fremont then proceeded to the fortress at San Pablo, only to find it abandoned. He spiked the guns and set up his camp on shore, and it was at about this time that Captain Semple, with a detachment of the Bear Flag army, appeared in the streets of San Francisco and captured Robert Ridley, the captain of the Port of Yerba Buena.

As throwing some light on the retreat of the Californians from San Rafael and Fremont's presence on the shores of the Bay, at that juncture, the following statement from Capt. William B. Phelps of Lexington, Mass., who was lying at Sausalito with his bark, the Moscow, is interesting and illuminating:

"When Fremont passed San Rafael in pursuit of Capt. de la Torre's party, I had just left them," says Captain Phelps, "and he sent me word that he would drive them to Sausalito that night, when they could not escape unless they got my boat. I hastened back to the ship and made all safe. There was a large launch lying near the beach; this was anchored farther off, and I put provisions on board to be ready for Fremont, should he need her. At night there was not a boat on the shore. Torre's party must shortly arrive and show fight, or surrender. Toward morning we heard them arrive, and to our surprise, they were seen passing with a small boat from the shore to the launch; (a small boat had arrived from Yerba Buena during the night, which had proved their salvation). I dispatched a note to the commander of the Portsmouth, sloop-of-war, then lying at Yerba Buena, a cove (now San Francisco), informing him of their movements and intimating that a couple of his boats could easily intercept and capture them. Captain Montgomery (United States naval officer in command of the Portsmouth) replied that not having received any official notice of war existing he could not act in the matter.

"It was thus the poor scamps escaped. They pulled clear of the ship and thus escaped supping on grape and cannister which we had prepared for them.

"Fremont arrived and camped opposite my vessel, the bark Moscow, the following night. They were early astir the next morning when I landed to visit Captain Fremont, and were all variously employed in taking care of their horses, mending saddles, cleaning their arms, etc. I had not, up to this time, seen Fremont, but from reports of his character and exploits my imagination had painted him as a large-sized, martial-looking man or personage, towering

above his companions, whiskered and ferocious looking.

"I took a survey of the party, but could not discover any one who looked as I thought the Captain to look. Seeing a tall, lank, Kentucky-looking chap (Dr. R. Semple), dressed in a greasy deerskin hunting shirt, with trousers to match, and which terminated just below the knees, his head surmounted by a coonskin cap, tail in front, who, I supposed was an officer, as he was giving orders to the men, I approached and asked him if the Captain was in camp. He looked and pointed out a slender made, well-proportioned man sitting in front of a tent. . . . A few minutes' conversation convinced me that I stood in the presence of the King of the Rocky Mountains."

Fremont lingered with his force at Sausalito and vicinity until the second day of July, when they returned to Sonoma. On the 4th the national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm, and upon the following day Fremont organized his new California Battalion of Mounted Riflemen, two hundred and fifty strong. On this same day a meeting of all the soldiers and American settlers at Sonoma was held for the purpose of making a thorough reorganization of the affairs of the Bear Flag Republic. A Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed, reiterating the position of California, from the American residents' point of view, to be a distinct, separate and sovereign nation. Fremont was made Commander and it appears that he was given authority over everything and everybody, even supplanting Ide.

Fremont addressed the assembly and pointed out the fact that the country north of San Francisco Bay was now in complete control of his forces, and he declared his intentions of setting out forthwith with his new battalion of riflemen to find Castro and to prosecute the war until the Mexican power was de-

stroyed. He caused all the participants in the rebellion to sign a document pledging themselves to obedience to their officers. All these things having been accomplished, Fremont with his forces left Sonoma on the following day to prosecute the war. In the meantime a vital incident had occurred at Monterey.

Probably on the second day of July, 1846, the same day upon which Fremont left his camp at Sausalito for Sonoma, Commodore John Drake Sloat arrived in his flagship, the Savannah, at the harbor of Monterey, where he found two other United States ships, the Cyane and the Levant. The Portsmouth, with Captain Montgomery, was still in the harbor of San Francisco. Commodore Sloat carried with him instructions from the United States Government to capture all California ports and hold them in event of war between the United States and Mexico. These instructions had been issued more than a year previously. Nearly two months prior to July 2, 1846, the date of Sloat's arrival at Monterey, war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, and hostilities were under way. This Sloat knew, and he had therefore come to California to put into force the instructions which he had so long carried. He had come from Mazatlan and as soon as he had anchored in the harbor of Monterey, he sent for Mr. Larkin, the United States Consul and confidential agent of the United States Government, and then learned of the Bear Flag Republic and Captain Fremont's participation in it.

It clearly appears that the Commodore and the Consul were greatly troubled as to how to act in regard to the situation, seeming to feel that Fremont, through the course he had pursued, had in some way embarrassed them. Why they should have been embarrassed it is difficult to understand. Mr. Larkin, it was well known, had never sympathized with the

Bear Flag Republic nor with Fremont's course, but certainly this had nothing to do with the case so far as Sloat was concerned. But that the Commodore was given to vacillation is not disputed. Indeed, he was officially censured for his indecision in this very matter.

Instead of promptly and without parley seizing the port of Monterey, Sloat hesitated for a period of five days. The Commodore at length, on July 7, sent four of his officers ashore with a demand to the Mexican Comandante to surrender the port of Monterey, with all troops, arms and other public property. The Comandante replied that he had neither troops nor arms to surrender, which was the truth. Immediately upon receipt of this reply, two hundred and fifty American marines and seamen were landed under command of Captain Mervine. The force marched to the custom-house and the American colors were hoisted amid the cheers of the troops and a salute of twenty-one guns from each of the American men-of-war lying in the harbor.

Three days after this memorable event a man named William Scott overtook Fremont and his riflemen within ten miles of the city of Sacramento, where Sutter's Fort was located, carrying with him the joyful news that Sloat had taken Monterey, where the American flag was at that moment floating on the breeze, and that war had been declared and was then raging between Mexico and the United States. Fremont pushed on to Sutter's Fort. Arriving there the next day, the bear flag which was floating over the garrison was hauled down, and eager hands ran up the Stars and Stripes amid great rejoicing. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from a brass four-pounder. Two days prior to this Lieut. Joseph Warren Revere of the Portsmouth left San Francisco harbor with a party and reached the garrison

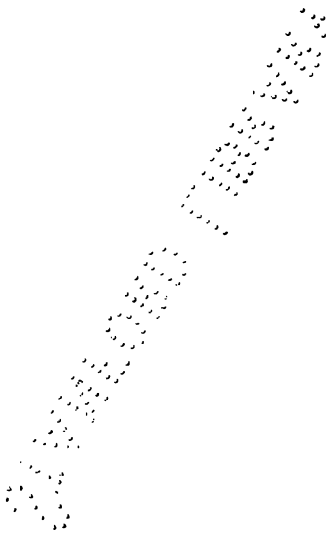
of Sonoma with the same great news that had overtaken Captain Fremont on his way to Sutter's Fort.

Sonoma received the news with the same glad acclamation that Fremont and his army many miles away had received it. From its gleaming staff in the old plaza the crude ensign, which William Todd had made from a piece of cotton cloth and strips of a red flannel petticoat of Mrs. John Sears, and on which only a few weeks previously he had painted a lone star and a grizzly bear, was hauled down and the Bear Flag Republic and the bear flag itself were folded away with "seven thousand yesterdays."

The flag is no more and the Republic which it represented has also passed into history. No man is now living who took part in its brief but stirring life. It existed for only a handful of days and at the will of only a handful of men, yet while it lasted it was as real a republic as any that ever existed. Its annals are as vivid as any other that have ever been written, and the tale they tell clothes now with a certain dignity, in the judgment of time, the immortal "Pathfinder," who was the soul of the adventure; William B. Ide, Henry Ford, Todd, Merritt, Semple and all who filled the breach and held the ground. Certainly the names and the memories of these men must remain dear to their countrymen, no matter how others have viewed them or may view them still.

As time goes on and the years pass into centuries, this and many another fateful incident in the history of California will stand out with startling distinctness. The desperate valor of Cabrillo, the Discoverer, will grow more vivid as the mind makes pictures of the past. Ever clearer against the sunset skies will appear the brown-robed ghost of Junipero Serra as he kneels on the desolate shore praying for the white sail of salvation to come to the rescue of starving San Diego.

So, also, will the painter, the poet and the dreamer of dreams in days that are yet to be, thrill the souls of the people by epics in literature and masterpieces on canvas that shall bring forth again from the shadows of time the "California Republic" of 1846, with its Bear Flag and the heroic figures of the dauntless American men who raised that crude, quaint ensign to the free winds of heaven from the old Plaza of Sonoma in the Valley of the Seven Moons.



COLOMA
(Where Marshall Discovered Gold)

VIII

THE ARGONAUTS

Picture in your mind the rocky hillside of a New England farm in the springtime of the year 1848. A clear-eyed, sturdy young man, his cheeks aglow with health, his hands to the plow, is breaking the stubborn glebe for the seedtime of hope, and all there is to his hope is that when comes the harvest in the golden autumn his household in the little farmhouse yonder may face the coming of the always rigorous winter with sufficient fare, and perhaps a few scant, hard-earned dollars. The young plowman is following in the footsteps of his father before him, and his father's father, through many generations of hard, wholesome, honest yet unremunerative toil. To the young man the attainment of wealth, and especially its sudden attainment, has been a dream with which to pass an evening by the fireside reading of Aladdin and his lamp or another tale as wonderful.

Picture now the young man lifting his head from his toil to answer the hailing shout of a neighbor who has come from the near-by village and is approaching the stony hillside,flaunting excitedly in his hand a newspaper fresh from the mail bag of the village postoffice. The plowman halts his team and wonderingly awaits his neighbor, who comes on apace, quite breathless with some visible and strong excitement. Soon the two men are standing face to face, the newspaper trembles in their hands, and now with heads together they read with glowing eyes the thrill of the announcement that gold has been discovered in far-away California.

Perhaps the furrow in that stony hillside field was never finished by the hand that began it in dull hope and apathy of spirits at the dawn of that springtime morning. Perhaps the team was left standing till fell the shades of night, as these two friends fed themselves to the full on the dream of that golden land that waited for their coming in a golden clime.

They thrilled with the thought that they might, in one thrilling adventure, cross the sun-lit plains, or set forth by sea around the Horn, throw off their heritage of poverty and clothe themselves in the raiment of kings.

Not only to the stony hillside farms of New England, but to all the farms of the Atlantic seaboard, to the shops, the mills, the countinghouses and the schools of that region, and, farther still, to every region of the whole civilized world, spread the news of the discovery of gold in California in that memorable springtime of 1848. By every fireside and on every spot where men gathered together, from lip to lip was passed the tale that in the shining streams of the new Eldorado on the shores of the Sunset sea, gold dust and gold nuggets lay almost as plentiful as the sands themselves.

And the tale was true. Never before in history and never since was so much gold gathered in so short a time by so many men who were, the year before and all their lives before, the slaves of poverty, as was gathered by those who participated in the gold rush of 1849. These men came to be called "The Argonauts." Like Jason, of old, they went in search of the golden fleece. And they found it. No such days as these were ever known before, nor shall the like of them be known again. Even though virgin gold-fields equal in wealth to the virgin gold-fields of California were to be discovered in these days or in days to come, the railroads, the telegraph, the

ocean greyhounds, the automobile and not unlikely the airship, would rob the opportunity of the romance and glamor that cling to the "Days of Forty-nine" in California.

Moreover, if a discovery of this nature were to be made in these times, the wealth which the discovery represented would be seized upon by syndicates and other combinations of capital before the discovery was a week old. Poor men in large numbers had their great day in California during the years that followed the finding of the first gold nugget on the American River, in 1848. It is a day that is past and can not come again. No doubt many poor men will become rich men in times to be, but it will not happen in the way that it happened when the Argonauts sailed the sea and the transcontinental trails were thick with overland pioneers. With the passing of the people who made those days what they were, Romance has shot its brightest arrow and ends with a sigh the most fascinating tale it has ever told.

Almost in the very footsteps of the first Franciscan missionaries, American white men began to drift into California. It is certain, at least, that they made their appearance there soon after the Revolutionary war. But it is true that their numbers were very small during several generations. A New England trading schooner would now and then put into a California port to trade with the Missions and the Indians, and occasionally leave behind it an adventurous passenger or a sailor who had wearied of the sea. From across the great Rockies came also now and then a wanderer upon some vague quest, to find at last "The Land of Heart's Desire." So, in this way and that, there was quite a considerable number of American white men, as well as white men of other races than the Latin race, located in California in 1848.

It is a strange fact to contemplate, that the Spanish race, which was preeminently a race of gold-seekers, was in full and undisputed possession of California for a period of four-score years without making the discovery that it was the richest gold-bearing region that has ever been known on the face of the earth. In other words, the same people that had penetrated to the farthest recesses of South America in search of gold, which they took away with them to Spain by the shipload, and the same people that had wrung from the Incas of Peru and the Montezumas of Mexico untold treasures, possessed the hills and the valleys of a far richer country for more than three-quarters of a century without ever knowing that there lay shining at the bottom of the streams and locked in the bosom of the mountains of California a wealth of gold that was to make the wealth of the Aztecs appear paltry and insignificant. Even as the Bay of San Francisco was destined to be discovered by a landsman and not by a mariner, as would seem natural, so was it destined that gold in California was to be discovered, not by a Spaniard nor the son of a Spaniard who with his people before him had long occupied California, but by an American who was neither a prospector nor a miner, but an everyday working millwright.

It has been authenticated that gold had been discovered in California prior to 1848, but the discovery was unimportant and without results. It remained for James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey and a Californian by choice and adoption, to make the discovery in January, 1848, which set the whole civilized world on fire with excitement. The historic spot was on the South Fork of the American River, where the present little town of Coloma, in El Dorado County, now stands. The spot is permanently marked by a magnificent, towering monument, capped by a

lifelike, sculptured figure of Marshall, the discoverer.

The incidents which led up to Marshall's presence at Coloma are interesting, as well as important. Marshall was a good timberman and well informed as to milling operations. Owing to his skill in these matters he found employment in California with Capt. John A. Sutter, a Swiss, but a naturalized citizen of the Republic of Mexico. Captain Sutter owned large land grants from the Mexican Government and he was a sterling man of great business capacity and enterprise. He built a fort which was located within the present municipality of Sacramento, the capital of California, a short distance from which he operated a flouring mill. He also engaged on an extensive scale in lumbering and agriculture, securing from his fields large harvests for his mill. The fort was for the protection of himself and family, his employes and the residents of the place generally, against the Indians. The Bear Flag war and the Mexican war considerably upset Sutter's business, but in August, 1847, he nevertheless determined to make some expansion. With his keen foresight he saw that peace would inevitably arrive and that with it there would come a great many new people to California. To enlarge his business to meet the demands that he knew would be made upon it, he arranged for new operations.

Consequently, Sutter entered into a partnership with Marshall for a sawmill to be built on the South Fork of the American River. According to the agreement, Marshall was to select the site for the mill and to operate it for one-fourth of the lumber. The capital was furnished by Sutter and it was further agreed between the two men that if the war should end in favor of Mexico the whole ownership of the property was to divert to Sutter, because of his citizenship in the Mexican Republic; but if, on the con-

trary, the war were to end in favor of the United States, Marshall, as an American citizen, should become sole owner.

It appears that Marshall favored the location of the new mill on Butte Creek in the present County of Butte, but Samuel Kyburz, Sutter's outside foreman, prevailed upon his employer to locate the new enterprise at Coloma.

Marshall and Kyburz, accompanied by a German millwright named Gingery, and a few Indian laborers, began work at Coloma during the summer. With the approach of winter they had erected a double log cabin in which to live. To this cabin came Peter L. Wimmer, his wife and family. Wimmer was to work at the mill and Mrs. Wimmer was to cook for the men. Upon her arrival she found Marshall very ill and she immediately proceeded to nurse him back to health.

At the close of December, 1847, the mill was thought to be ready for operations, but a trial brought out the fact that the mill-wheel was not properly placed and the deepening of the tail-race became necessary. In order to accomplish this necessary greater depth, the Indians were directed to pick out the large rocks during the daytime; the water, which had been dammed, was released at night in order to sluice out the earth. During this process the first little handful of gold that awakened a whole world to an intense state of excitement was discovered in the now historic mill-race at Coloma.

There is plenty of evidence to prove that James W. Marshall was a rather erratic man and that his memory for facts was not the best in the world. Many contradictory statements have been made regarding his discovery; Marshall even contradicting himself on several occasions. Fortunately, however, very sufficient, unassailable testimony exists to prove that

Marshall is entitled to the honor which must remain his till the end of time.

Mrs. Jane Wimmer, the good woman who cooked for the men at the mill and who nursed Marshall back to life from his serious illness, made at one time an authoritative statement in regard to the discovery, the truth of which is not doubted.

"Work on the mill-race, dam and mill had been going on for about six months," said Mrs. Wimmer, "when one morning along the last days of December, 1847, or the first week of January, 1848, the discovery was made. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wimmer went down to see what had been done while Mr. Marshall had been away at Southern ports. The water was entirely shut off from the tail-race, and as they walked along, talking and examining the work, just ahead of them on a little rough, muddy rock, lay something looking bright like gold. They both saw it, but Mr. Marshall was the first to pick it up, and as he looked at it, doubted its being gold.

"Our little son Martin was along with them, and Marshall gave it to him to bring up to me. He came in a hurry and said: 'Here, mother, here's something that Mr. Marshall and Pa found and they want you to put it in salaratus water and see if it will tarnish.' I said, 'This is gold, and I will throw it into my lye kettle (which I had just tried with a feather), and if it is gold, it will be gold when it comes out.'

"At the breakfast table one of the work hands raised his head from eating and said: 'I heard something about gold being discovered. What about it?' Mr. Marshall told him to ask Jenny, and I told him it was in my soap kettle. Mr. Marshall said it was there if it had not gone back to California. A plank was brought to me to lay my soap onto, and I cut it into chunks, but it was not to be found. At the bottom of the kettle was a double handful of potash,

which I lifted in my two hands, and there was my gold as bright as it could be. Mr. Marshall still contended that it was not gold, but whether he was afraid his men would leave him, or really thought so, I don't know."

Mrs. Wimmer was a Georgia woman and had seen gold mined in her native state, which accounts for her display of knowledge on the historic occasion of Marshall's discovery.

On January 28, 1848, Marshall appeared at Sutter's Fort and in an excited manner demanded a private audience with Captain Sutter. The audience was cheerfully and promptly granted and the account of what then transpired has been told in Sutter's own words.

"Marshall asked me if the door was locked," said Captain Sutter. "I said, 'No, but I will lock it.' He was a singular man and I took this to be some freak of his. I was not in the least afraid of him. I had no weapon. There was no gun in the room. I only supposed, as he was queer, that he took this queer way to tell me some secret.

"He first said to me: 'Are we alone?' I replied yes. 'I want two bowls of water,' said he. The bowls of water were brought. 'Now, I want a stick of redwood,' said Marshall, 'and some twine and some sheet copper.' 'What do you want of these things, Marshall?' said I. 'I want to make some scales,' he replied. 'But I have scales enough in the apothecary's shop,' said I. 'I did not think of that,' said Marshall. I went, myself, and got some scales.

"When I returned with the scales I shut the door, but did not lock it again. Then Marshall pulled out of his pocket a white cotton rag which contained something rolled up in it. Just as he was unfolding it to show me the contents, the door was opened by a clerk passing through who did not know that we were

in the room. 'There!' exclaimed Marshall, 'did I not tell you we had listeners?' I appeased him, ordered the clerk to retire and watch the door.

"Then he brought out his mysterious secret again. Opening the cloth he held it before me in his hand. It contained what might have been about an ounce and a half of gold dust, flaky and in grains, the largest piece not quite as large as a pea, and from that down to less than a pinhead in size. 'I believe this is gold,' said Marshall, 'but the people at the mill laughed at me and called me crazy.' I carefully examined it and said to him: 'Well, it looks so; we will try it.' Then I went down to the apothecary's shop and got some aqua-fortis and applied it. The stuff stood the test.

"Marshall then asked me if I had any silver. I said yes, and produced a few dollars. Then we put an equal weight of gold in one side and silver in the other, and dropping the two in bowls of water, the gold went down and outweighed the silver under water. Then I brought out a volume of an old encyclopedia, a copy of which I happened to have, to see what other tests there were. Then I said to him: 'I believe this is the finest kind of gold.'"

The fact that Captain Sutter kept a careful diary of events and that he was a man of great reliability of character render his account of Marshall's visit entirely trustworthy. Sutter's diary and those kept by Henry W. Bigler and Azariah Smith fix the date of Marshall's discovery of gold at Coloma as having been January 24, 1848. Marshall remained over at the fort on the night of January 29, returning next day to Coloma. Upon his arrival at the mill, he exacted a promise from the Indians and the white men there that they would keep the discovery secret for a period of six weeks, until a new flour mill then under construction could be completed.

But, of course, the promise was not kept. The men at the mill could not restrain their excitement and eagerness, and immediately the great news fled down the ripples of the American River, taking California by the ears and spreading like wildfire into all the highways and byways of the world.

In the great rush for wealth which ensued and out of which, during the first short five years of its existence, $1,200,000,000 in California gold was flung into the coffers of the world, a natural curiosity will arise to learn what became of James Wilson Marshall, the Jerseyman who started it all going. It is a pathetic story.

Standing there with the wealth of the New Eldorado at his feet, and before the mighty hosts that were coming across land and sea to put eager hands upon it were able to arrive, Marshall's opportunity to amass immeasurable wealth in an incredibly short space of time was greater than any man ever had before in the history of the world.

He made a good start by putting a number of white men and Indians at work for him digging out gold here and there, and paying him large tribute. Even when the creeks and benches were covered with miners, he still remained in possession of two legal claims which were alone sufficient to make him very wealthy. But, instead of attending to his own business, he took the queer notion in his head that nobody had a right to dig gold in California without his consent. So he went about from place to place interfering with all whom he met, until finally he lost everything he had except his old cabin at Coloma. Here in later years he planted vines and for a while conducted a successful vineyard, but his erratic habits again mastered him and, worse than all, he became an habitual inebriate. About the year 1870 he went on a lecturing tour from which he real-

ized very handsome returns, all of which he squandered in drink and upon the human parasites who steadfastly fastened themselves upon him. From 1872 to 1876 he was in receipt of an appropriation from the state legislature sufficient to keep him in comfort. Ultimately this appropriation was cut off. In the later years of his life he became a common sot and a charge upon the charity of the community where he existed.

Like the salmon to its native waters, Marshall drifted back at last to the scene that made his name immortal. There in his squalid cabin, one day, they found him dead, lying fully dressed on his miserable couch, his hat pulled over his eyes. Thus died the man who had stood one fateful hour basking in the full sun of Fortune, a darling of the gods, with a golden world that was all his own spread around him.

It is astonishing with what rapidity the news of the discovery of gold in California spread to all quarters of the globe, especially when we consider the fact that the means for the dissemination of news in the year 1849 were really very crude and inefficient. But the fact remains that the word traveled practically everywhere in an astoundingly short space of time and that the effect of it all was to set in motion a migration which seems to be without parallel in history.

Not only was every available sailing vessel on the Atlantic seaboard of America chartered and overloaded with passengers headed for the gold fields, but the harbor of San Francisco soon beheld also within its portals ship after ship from every sea in all parts of the earth. And while it is true that the hosts which came were composed largely of Americans, the muddy streets and hillsides of the old Mission town of Yerba Buena were colorful with the Oriental stranger, the Celt, the Teuton, the yellow-

haired Scandinavian and men of every race and clime.

Then ensued a wild, free-handed life that was without precedent to guide it and that, when it passed at last, vanished to return no more. The farmer boys of New England and of the Eastern states, the clerk, the lawyer and even the adventurous clergyman, found themselves suddenly relieved from the staid provincial restriction which had hedged them in from birth. They had left their mothers, sisters and sweethearts behind them. Sunday came and the bell of the meeting-house no longer rang in their ears. The few women that the exodus had gathered with it were bedizened and painted and not the best company for unsophisticated villagers for the first time set free from a century of accumulated decency.

Yet it is to the great credit of these men that of themselves they soon established rude, but effective, law and order out of the chaos in which they found themselves. Without the authority of government to uphold them, they made it obligatory upon the thief to keep his hands in his own pocket and the murderer to stay his bloody hands in fear and dread of the summary vengeance that was sure to be visited on him. These men, with the traditions of generations strong upon them, came soon to establish a code for the guidance of themselves and others which, while it left the gambler free to ply his avocation, still compelled him to deal square. And it came to pass that the miner in the "diggings" could leave his cabin unlocked by day or night, to find his store of gold dust untouched and safe upon his return.

The San Francisco to which the Argonauts came through the Golden Gate in 1849 was a squalid and entirely unimportant place. The old Mission establishment, and the commercial and social life which

clustered around it, was located some distance back from the shores of the Bay. The little Spanish village located where is now the business activity of San Francisco and where the ships put in to land their passengers was called Yerba Buena, meaning good herb, the name springing from an herb which grew in profusion there and which possessed certain medicinal qualities. Yerba Buena village was located on a small cove which has long since been filled up and occupied by the great Ferry Building and other structures. In 1849 Yerba Buena contained probably not more than fifty insignificant houses.

It will be seen from this that San Francisco in 1849 was in no way prepared to receive and care for an influx which numbered many thousands of people. Fortunately, however, there came with the Argonaut the inevitable trader and merchant. The hillsides were soon covered magically with the tents of the wanderers, and new buildings sprang up like mushrooms. The butcher, the baker and the candlestickmaker had set up their thrones and were driving a trade that was phenomenal both for its volume and the measure of its profits. Candles sold at $3 apiece, salt pork at $1 per pound, ham at $2 per pound, flour $1 a pound, socks $3 per pair, and a white shirt for $20.

These were the prices at which the men bound for the mines, outfitting themselves and buying in bulk, could purchase things. The prices of food were even higher in the restaurants to customers sitting down at meals. An old bill of fare at one of these restaurants shows that a plate of soup cost $1. A piece of pork with apple sauce, $1.25; California eggs, $1 each; curlew roast, or boiled to order, $3; one sweet potato, 50 cents; a piece of mince pie, 75 cents; a rum omelette, $2, and so on, showing that a man could

get most anything to eat if he had the money to pay for it. It frequently happened that a tenderfoot landing from the ship with his last five-dollar bill in his pocket, went into one of these restaurants and ate a hearty meal on the theory that it would cost him about the same that he would pay at home, only to find that he had squandered his last cent on the first meal he ate in the new Eldorado.

Everything was hurly-burly and chaos in San Francisco in those early days of 1849 and, indeed, throughout the first few years of the great rush. One of the first men to sail around the Horn with the Argonauts afterward wrote vividly of his recollections of those days, in the manner of many other Argonauts. He tells of one of the sights which particularly attracted his attention on his arrival in San Francisco.

"There was," said he, "a newly constructed sidewalk, commencing at the building at that time occupied by Simmons, Hutchinson & Co., and extending in the direction of Adams & Company's express office for a distance of about seventy-five yards, I think. In any other portion of the earth except California, this sidewalk would have been considered a very extravagant piece of work, hardly excelled by the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem. The first portion of the walk was constructed of Chilean flour in one hundred pound sacks, and which in one place had been pressed down nearly out of sight in the soft mud. Then followed a long row of large cooking stoves over which it was necessary to carefully pick your way, as some of the covers had accidentally been thrown off. Beyond these again, and which completed the walk, was a double row of boxes of tobacco of large size. Although this style of walk may seem very extravagant, even to an old pioneer, yet at that time sacks of Chilean flour, cooking stoves,

tobacco and pianos were the cheapest materials to be found, for lumber was in the greatest demand, selling in some instances at $600 per thousand, whilst the former articles, in consequence of the great supply, were of little value."

But it was not to live that wild life in San Francisco that the Argonauts and those who had survived the terrible journey across the plains over trackless wastes and encounters with savage peoples, had come. The "diggings" were further on among the valleys and along the streams of the great hills which beckoned in the distance. The goldseekers remained in San Francisco only long enough to more fully equip themselves for the task before them, and this outfitting they performed in feverish haste. They leaped from the decks of the ships to the shores of the cove of Yerba Buena and were followed in almost every instance by the ship's crew, boatswain and mate, captain and all, till the great harbor was filled with abandoned and deserted vessels which the hard-pushed merchants afterwards lashed to the shore, using them as warehouses for the goods and supplies which they were selling hand over hand to the embryo miners.

It seemed that the news of the discovery of gold in California carried with it some information as "to the lay of the land." As a consequence, the Argonauts who came around the Horn had prepared themselves to a certain extent to meet the conditions they were to face. They brought picks and shovels and other tools as well as blankets in which to sleep, and suitable clothes to wear. They were also informed that in order to reach the "diggings" from San Francisco, their best route was by the river to Sacramento. Not a few managed to bring with them material sufficient to build small boats, rafts or scows. Others who had not thus prepared them-

selves, managed to secure passage on the boats which plied a regular trade up and down the river; or else they made the journey on mule or horseback, with burro or some other land conveyance. If all else failed they could walk. Sacramento was the distributing point for the mines where everybody gathered prior to spreading out into the mountains and along the creeks in search of fortune. The pioneers who crossed the plains came, of course, from an opposite direction from that taken by the Argonauts, till it came to pass that these two great migratory tides met under the shadows of the great Sierras and their minarets of snow in the Land of Gold.

The first rush was, naturally, for Coloma, where Marshall had found the first nugget. This was a stampede of Californians who heard the great news before it had drifted beyond the mountain peaks and across the seas to the outer world. But with the arrival of the Argonauts and the pioneers the same year the whole section of the country which is now the counties of Calaveras, Nevada, El Dorado, Tuolumne, Trinity, Amador, and some other northern California counties, was covered with gold-seekers whose rewards were beyond the dreams of avarice. Such famous camps as Hangtown, Poverty Flat, Columbia Bar, Kelsey, Jacksonville, Pilot Hill and others sprang into existence. Grass Valley, Nevada City and Placerville ("Hangtown") became important communities, while Sacramento remained the great distributing center and San Francisco the metropolis and the great port to which came the eager ships and from which they sailed with spoils to the old homes far away, where waited anxious and eager hearts for the wanderers' return.

How intense the excitement was and how eagerly men responded to the call of California in 1848 are eloquently demonstrated by the fact that six months

after Marshall's discovery there were four thousand miners at work hunting for gold on the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, the American and Feather Rivers and all their branches. The rude log cabins and the little camps of the miners were flung under the snow peaks of the Sierra Nevada from the upper waters of the Feather River southward for a distance of four hundred miles. And day after day, week after week and month after month, every vessel that entered the Golden Gate brought hundreds upon hundreds of new gold-seekers, while the now beaten trails of plain and desert were vibrant with endless caravans. The population at the beginning of 1848 was not more than 150,000 souls, all told, but the influx of newcomers was so large within the next two years that California had grown sufficiently peopled to be entitled to take her place in the sisterhood of the states.

The mind can easily picture the frenzy of excitement with which the Argonauts were seized as they came into the realization of actual success. The man from the stony New England hillside farm, heir to generations of grinding and unremunerative toil, and all those who had come from lives of little things everywhere on earth were now swarming over the creeks, ravines and gulches of California like an army of ants, overturning boulders and shoveling up the sand in their endless quest for the shining dust and yellow nuggets which meant sudden and almost unbelievable fortune. Let any man of the present day who toils and strives incessantly throughout a lifetime to amass, as best he may in the fierce and bitter struggle of life, the merest competency, imagine himself as coming suddenly in some wild and out of the way place where by overturning a boulder or stemming the tide of the waters, he secures between daylight and sundown of that one day alone an in-

dependent fortune, and he can best understand by this exercise of his imagination what were the feelings of the first gold-diggers in California. The picture can be no better portrayed than by quoting one of the old Argonauts who thus describes his own feelings when he made his first "strike."

"I shall never forget," says he, "the delight with which I first struck and worked out a crevice. It was the second day after our installation in our little log hut—the first having been employed in what is called 'prospecting' or searching for the most favorable place in which to commence operations. I had slung pick, shovel and bar on my shoulder and trudged merrily away to a ravine about a mile from our house. Pick, shovel and bar did their duty, and I soon had a large rock in view. Getting down into the excavation I had made and seating myself upon the rock I commenced a careful search for a crevice and at last found one, extending longitudinally along the rock. It appeared to be filled with a hard, bluish clay and gravel, which I took out with my knife; and there at the bottom, strewn along the whole length of the rock, was bright, yellow gold, in little pieces about the size and shape of a grain of barley. Eureka! Oh, how my heart beat! I sat still and looked at it some minutes before I touched it, greedily drinking in the pleasure of gazing upon gold that was in my very grasp and feeling a sort of independent bravado in allowing it to remain there. When my eyes were sufficiently feasted, I scooped it out with the point of my knife and an iron spoon, and, placing it in my pan, ran home with it much delighted. I weighed it and found that my first day's labor in the mines had made me thirty-one dollars richer than I was in the morning."

But such were the opportunities at hand and that were to follow that no doubt this same prospector

afterward saw the time that thirty-one dollars as the result of one day's work looked very small to him.

As will be seen from the above statement, the first gold-seekers washed out the gold dust by means of the "pan." This was to catch the finer particles of gold, or "dust," as it was called. The larger particles or nuggets were, of course, picked up without resorting to this process. "Panning" consisted of using with a sort of circular motion, under water, a sheet-iron dish, shallow and with sloping sides, filled with earth. The motion of the pan washed the lighter earth over the edges, while the gold, of greater specific gravity, became precipitated at the bottom. It was on account of this very crude and primitive process that the saying came about that this claim or the other, would "pan out" so much or so little, and if a man told another that he was working a certain claim in a certain district he would usually be asked the question: "How does it pan out?" meaning to ask whether it was a rich claim or not.

In line with this we come across the order of another world-wide saying, namely, "How much can you raise in a pinch?" In the days of '49 and afterward, when the placer mine was in its glory in California, debts were discharged in gold dust instead of the coin of the realm, and it often happened that when a man was paying a small grocery bill, or more particularly when he was buying a drink of liquor at a bar, the attendant who was delivering the goods would not take the trouble to weigh the dust, but would, instead, insert his thumb and forefinger in the miner's buckskin bag and lift a pinch of gold dust. So it came to pass that if a man were applying for a position as bartender, his ability would be tested by the proprietor of a place asking the applicant, "How much can you raise in a pinch?" The more

he could raise, of course, the more valuable he would become as an employee.

Of course it was not to be supposed that ingenius Americans would long be satisfied with so crude a contrivance as the pan. It was not long before the "rocker" made its appearance, a contrivance that consisted of a wooden box or trough, something like a child's cradle, open at the lower end. At the upper end was a hopper, or sieve, or perhaps a piece of rawhide in which holes were perforated. Little strips of wood were nailed across the wooden bottom of the rocker about a foot apart, the gold-bearing earth or sand was shoveled into the hopper and, while water was poured on it, the contrivance was rocked like a cradle. As the dirt and gold dust percolated through the sieve at the head of the cradle and flowed out the other end, the little wooden cleats caught the gold while the water carried the lighter earth away with it. Still later "sluicing" came into play on a large scale, the earth being moved hydraulically, and mercury was employed to take up the gold in the form of amalgam.

In a wide open country such as California was in 1849, and into which thousands of all sorts and conditions of men were rushing from the four corners of the earth in frenzied hunger for gold, the wonder is that the strong did not totally overpower the weak and that any man, single-handed and alone, was able to maintain his rights and the possession of his property and the fruits of his labor against a superior force which might desire to supersede him on the ground which he held and even go so far as to take his life in case of the slightest show of resistance on his part. It is to be remembered, however, that among the hordes of gold-seekers the dominant force was that of American men, born and reared in an atmosphere of law and order and decency in distant

portions of the continent. These men soon placed themselves in touch with one another, called public meetings and formed mining laws and other laws to govern themselves and the alien as well. They also created a crude but effective code of punishment for crime. The thief was flogged in public and murderers and horse-thieves were hanged to trees. The size of a mining claim was fixed to average sixty by one hundred feet and every man locating ground was obliged to stake it out and regularly have the claim numbered and registered. He was then as fully protected as though the regular army of the United States were at his back, no matter how weak he might be physically, or how unable in any other way to create his own protection. One of the pioneers of '49, who afterwards returned to his old home and became Governor of the State of Illinois, wrote as follows concerning law and order in California in the "Days of Forty-nine":

"There was very little law, but a large amount of good order; no churches, but a great deal of religion; no politics but a large number of politicians; no offices, and, strange to say for my countrymen, no office-seekers. Crime was rare, for punishment was certain. I was present one afternoon, just outside the city limits (Nevada City) and saw with painful satisfaction, as I now remember, Charley Williams whack three of our fellow citizens over the bare back twenty-one to forty strokes for stealing a neighbor's money. The multitude of disinterested spectators had conducted the court. My recollection is that there were no attorney's fees or court's charges. I think I never saw justice administered with so little loss of time or at less expense."

While it is true that large numbers of the Argonauts were disappointed and failed to make their fortunes, the fact remains that there was no excuse

for any man who was in the goldfields of California at any time from 1848 to 1851 not to have made money in some way or other. A great many who did make it, squandered it and afterwards were as poor as when they began. All too many of them were rolling stones that gathered no moss. They would settle down upon a claim which, though not extremely rich, would have paid them well for the working, yet as soon as a tale of some richer find reached their ears, they would abandon the ground to go in search of vaster and more sudden returns. In this manner thousands of men wasted their opportunities. Many more to whom the chance of fortune at mining did not come could have amassed sure and very handsome competencies at other occupations, even by working as hired laborers for those who were successfully prosecuting claims, wages at the time being very high. Hundreds of these men returned to their eastern homes no better off than when they left them, while others of the army of the unsuccessful remained to grow up into gray "old-timers," trading on their memories of the great days for a shelter at night, a bite to eat and a little something to warm them on the inside.

But it still remains true that never in all the history of the world, since the world began, were so many absolutely poor men made opulently rich in such an incredibly short space of time. Instances to prove this statement are endless. One day a miner picked up a nugget at Kelsey which he sold for $4700. Not far away from the same spot a nugget worth $5236 was found; another worth $5000 was discovered near by, and it is well authenticated that a nugget worth $9500 was found near Knapp's ranch in El Dorado county. Aside from these "lucky finds," and taking the record only of what was produced in the legitimate operations of the placers, there is still left a record so opulent in its results that it fairly

staggers the imagination. There is instance after instance of a production of $5000 a day made with a single rocker. Nine acres of ground at Coon Hollow yielded $9,000,000 in gold, or a million dollars to the acre. There were a great many large areas of land which equaled this yield and a large number of smaller areas which exceeded it. In 1848, the year of Marshall's discovery, the California gold fields added $5,000,000 to the gold supply of the world. This amount was increased the next year and each succeeding year until, at its climax in 1853, the record for the twelve months was $65,000,000, making a total of $1,200,000,000 for the five years succeeding the discovery.

In the midst of this widespread and unprecedented prosperity, and taking into consideration the fact that human nature has been the same at all times and in all places, it is not to be wondered at that throughout the gold diggings many bad characters were in evidence and that many crimes were committed. Even to this day the crumbling skeleton of some lost miner who met a foul death is found in those old hills and in lonely ravines.

While Sacramento and Stockton grew into importance as distributing centers, and while Nevada City, Grass Valley, Placerville and other camps assumed the proportion of settled towns and villages, San Francisco naturally took its place as the metropolis of California. It was invariably referred to as "The City," a reference which still applies to it in all the section of northern California. As in the case of all cities, it became the rendezvous of toughs and thieves and murderers—men who preferred to lead dishonest lives when it would have profited them more to have been honest and industrious. As the diggings became the lodestone of the fortune-hunters of the world, San Francisco became the mecca of the

parasites who went thither to fasten themselves upon the industry of others in order that they might profit thereby without exerting themselves. Blacklegs, thugs, gamblers, thieves and cutthroats of every description foregathered within the portals of the Golden Gate and banded themselves together for strategy and spoils. Vagabonds from the States, outcasts and outlaws from Australia, escaped felons from the British Isles were there, soon finding one another out and organizing themselves as well for mutual protection as for the prosecution of their nefarious aspirations.

These unclean vultures and vampires in human form became at once successful in the new El Dorado and at length grew so emboldened that they formed an organization of their own which bore the entirely appropriate title of "The Hounds." The organization directed its efforts in the beginning mainly towards the looting of foreigners from the South American countries and the native Mexican population of California. The women who cohabited with them, and who were their partners in crime, plied their trade of prostitution in order that they might the more successfully render assistance. The new city, busy by day and night with the business of money-making, gave little time to civic organizations and thus the better element of its citizenship "stood" for the crimes committed by "The Hounds" without murmuring to any great extent and continued to do so until the outlaws, in their vast impertinence, began to attack, to rob and to murder Americans.

On the fifteenth day of July, 1849, a large band of "The Hounds" returned to San Francisco from a marauding expedition in the hills of Contra Costa. They paraded the streets of the city in military order, armed with firearms and heavy sticks, their leader dressed in a showy uniform, marching at their head.

As they approached a quarter of the town in which were encamped in tents a large party of Chileans, "The Hounds" savagely attacked the settlement, robbed the inmates of everything of value that was in their possession and tore down and destroyed the tents over their heads. Then as a fitting climax to the dastardly outrage, they opened fire with their guns and pistols, shooting down and murdering in cold blood, men, women and children, indiscriminately. This awful outrage was committed in broad daylight. "The Hounds" made no attempt to even cover their tracks but swaggered vauntingly through the streets in the most insulting and threatening manner imaginable.

This latest, most cowardly and bloody outrage of "The Hounds," threw San Francisco into a state of great excitement. The leading business men, lawyers and other substantial citizens among the American population waited upon the Alcalde or Mayor and urged him to take steps to put an end to these deplorable conditions. The Alcalde took prompt action by issuing a proclamation in which it was commanded that the people of the city were to report forthwith in Portsmouth Square, at which point the whole population seems to have gathered within a few hours in response to the command. The meeting was duly organized and one of the leading citizens addressed the people in no uncertain words. At the suggestion of some one a fund for the relief of the Chileans was at once organized. Next came the organization of a police force. Two hundred and thirty men among those present enrolled themselves as constables, with one man in general command and ten others accepting appointments as captains. A hardware firm of the town furnished the volunteers with muskets and on that same afternoon twenty of "The Hounds" were arrested and placed under custody on

a United States warship then lying in the harbor, there being no other safe place in which to hold them. The leader of "The Hounds," who had fled the city, was apprehended and arrested on the way to Stockton.

The people then organized their own court of justice and proceeded to try the offenders with due formality of law. There were many men of fine legal attainments then in San Francisco who had abandoned the practice of their profession in the States to join the great rush for gold. Several of these men were appointed to prosecute the criminals on behalf of the people and others were appointed to defend them. The trials were conducted with the strictest regard to legal procedure and in due course of time a regularly organized jury brought in its verdict. "The Hounds" under arrest were sentenced to terms of imprisonment and subjected to fines. They were later sent to such prisons as were available in California at the time under Mexican rule, but they were soon afterwards released, and many other sentences that were imposed were never carried out, but the organization of "The Hounds" was effectively and completely broken up.

For a time following these trials something like law and order held sway in San Francisco, but towards the close of 1849 and a year later, also, there were tremendous influxes of immigration, carrying with them, of course, their quotas of cutthroats, murderers and general all-around bad men. For a couple of years, then, San Francisco again became a very undesirable place of residence. The same state of affairs existed in Sacramento, Stockton and other communities. Murder, arson and robbery became most terribly common. The organization that had broken up "The Hounds" no longer existed and no other organization had come to take its place. Now

and then feeble attempts were made to punish offenders by law, but the criminals invariably escaped. Although murder after murder had been committed not a single execution was reported. For the fifth time San Francisco was burned down at the hands of incendiaries. Stockton and Nevada City had also suffered in like manner. Things went from bad to worse until at length a condition of affairs existed which could no longer be endured.

In June, 1851, to meet this frightful situation, there was organized in San Francisco the world-famed "Vigilance Committee."

Into this organization, which was born of dire need, the best men of San Francisco entered with alacrity. They met in secret and their operations were conducted in secret. They bound themselves by oath to restore law and order to a stricken city. A room was selected for their meeting-place in which it was agreed that one or more of their members should be in constant attendance day and night to receive the report of any member of the association or any other person or persons whatsoever, of any acts of violence done to the person or property of any citizen of San Francisco. They further bound themselves that if in the judgment of the member of the committee present, the acts reported justified the interference of the committee or the prompt and summary punishment of the offender, the whole committee was at once to be assembled for the purpose of taking such action as the majority determined upon.

The signal agreed upon to call the Vigilantes together was two strokes made upon a bell, which was repeated with a pause of one minute between each alarm. A full board of officers was elected with a sergeant-at-arms who kept his constant residence in the committee room. There was a standing committee of finance and a committee of five on qualifications

of members to the end that none but respectable citizens should become members of the "Vigilantes."

This wonderful organization, which has been the recipient alike of both the highest praise and the strongest condemnation for its acts, soon found plenty of work to do. In June, 1851, a man named John Jenkins entered a store on Long Wharf and stole a safe with which he put out upon the bay in a boat. He was promptly caught and tried and at midnight the bell of the Vigilance Committee on the California engine house was tolled. In a few moments afterwards, before the assembled populace, Jenkins was taken from confinement and promptly hanged. Later on all the members of the Vigilance Committee boldly published a defense of their action in hanging Jenkins, each member affixing his full and proper name to the statement. The coroner's jury implicated the leading Vigilantes in their verdict of the inquest but no action was taken against them. While they had no authority of law, they were the leading men of the community and there could be no dispute about the fact that if they did not restore law and order to San Francisco, there was no one else to do it.

From that time on, the Vigilance Committee assumed authority in San Francisco and ruled with an iron hand for the city's good. Thieves and murderers, one after another, were promptly hanged, imprisoned or driven from the country. In Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose and other towns, similar Committees of Vigilance were organized and acted with the same grim determination. The result was that California again became a safe place in which to live, with the rights of every man fully restored. The year 1851 was the year which marked the greatest activity of the Vigilantes and, in the light of history, the men who formed the organization stand en-

tirely justified. They were, themselves, men of the highest integrity and morality, and the service they performed was to them not a pleasant but a necessary duty.

Long years after the golden days had faded and their memories lingered only in the hearts of men grown gray, the stirring events of "The days of '49" were themes for camp-fire stories and for Old Pioneer re-unions. The following verses, which were sung in the mining camps and the "diggings" long before they appeared in print, are perpetuated in these days by the Californian society known as "The Native Sons of the Golden West," the members of which have officially adopted the poem as the song of their organization:

We have worked our claims,
We have spent our gold
  Our barks are astrand on the bars;
We are battered and old,
Yet at night we behold
  Outcroppings of gold in the stars.

Chorus:
Tho' battered and old,
Our hearts are bold,
  Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
  For the days of 'Forty-nine.

Where the rabbits play,
Where the quail all day
  Pipe on the chaparral hill;
A few more days,
And the last of us lays
  His pick aside and all is still.

We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
  Poor battered old hulks and spars;
But we hope and pray,
On the Judgment Day,
  We shall strike it up to the stars.

After each stanza of the song, the chorus is repeated. The words make an eloquent and a true picture. There will be such days no more on this earth—or, perhaps, such men. Doubtless there will be a little corner of the New Jerusalem set aside especially for the Argonauts who made California wonderful in the days of '49.

CAHUENGA PASS
(Where Treaty Between Fremont and Pico Was Signed)

IX

THE AMERICAN CONQUEST

California came into the sisterhood of the States violently, at the mouth of the cannon, with the rattle of musketry and accompanied by unfortunate but, as it would seem, unavoidable bloodshed. She was never a territory of the United States except in theory, but entered the Union as a full-fledged state almost immediately as she emerged from the control of Mexico. She took her place as the thirty-first sovereign commonwealth of the Union. The republic of the United States was then in the seventy-fourth year of its independence.

The Republic of California, commonly called the "Bear Flag Republic," ceased to exist by the unanimous consent of the Americans who composed it, the moment that Commodore John D. Sloat raised the Stars and Stripes at Monterey on the morning of July 7, 1846. Thus the Bear Flag Republic had been in existence twenty-four days. Not only had it been the desire but the full intention of the Bear Flag people to turn California over to the United States had it devolved upon them to perform the task of wresting the Province from Mexico. Consequently the news that came from Monterey was exactly the news they wanted to hear. The Bear Flag was taken down from every pole and staff upon which it floated and was folded away with its short but vivid memories to await the judgment of Time.

It is necessary to clearly understand the situation in California as it was on July 7, 1846, the day Sloat hoisted the Stars and Stripes over Monterey. To

begin with, the United States was then at war with Mexico. Commodore Sloat raised the flag in accordance with instructions he had received from the Government at Washington to seize the Port of San Francisco and other ports of California and to hold possession of them against Mexico and all other nations. But he had no instructions to set up any form of government in California on behalf of the United States. Don Pio Pico was then the Mexican Civil Governor of California and General Jose Castro was the Mexican Military Chief. Immediately upon landing his men at Monterey and raising the American flag, Commodore Sloat addressed a letter to General Castro at San Juan Bautista and also dispatched a message to Governor Pico at Los Angeles.

In his letter to General Castro, Commodore Sloat stated that actual war existed between the United States and Mexico, and he called upon Castro to surrender his troops, munitions of war and public property to the end that bloodshed and the unnecessary sacrifice of human life might be avoided. The letter invited Castro to a conference at Monterey in order that a capitulation might be arranged, at the same time assuring Castro that he would be treated with respect and that the safety of himself, his officers and his men would be guaranteed. The message to Pico was much in the same vein and it also contained an invitation to the Governor to proceed to Monterey for a conference.

In order to allay the fears of the Californians—and by the term "Californians" is meant the Mexican inhabitants and not the Americans—and also to make his position clear, Commodore Sloat issued a proclamation prior to raising the flag at Monterey. This proclamation is herewith given as well for its historical value as for the reason that it will serve to make clear in the minds of the present-day reader

the exact situation at that time, from Sloat's position and point of view.

The proclamation was addressed "To the Inhabitants of California" and was as follows:

"The central Government of Mexico having commenced hostilities against the United States of America by invading its territory and attacking the troops on the north side of the Rio Grande, and with a force of 7000 men under . . . General Arista which army was totally destroyed . . . on the 8th or 9th day of May last by a force of 2300 men under . . . General Taylor, and the City of Matamoras taken. . . and the two nations being actually at war by this transaction, I shall hoist the standard of the United States at Monterey immediately, and shall carry it throughout California. I declare to the inhabitants of California that, although I come armed with a powerful force, I do not come among them as an enemy to California; on the contrary, I come as their best friend, as henceforward California will be a portion of the United States and its peaceful inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges as the citizens of any other portion of that territory with all the rights and privileges they now enjoy, together with the privilege of choosing their own magistrates and other officers for the administration of justice among themselves; and the same protection will be extended to them as to any other state in the Union. They will also enjoy a permanent government under which life, property and the constitutional right and lawful security to worship the Creator in the way most congenial to each one's sense of duty, will be secured, which, unfortunately, the central government of Mexico cannot afford them, destroyed as her resources are by internal factions and corrupt officers, who create constant revolutions to promote their own interests and oppress the people.

Under the flag of the United States California will be free from all such troubles and expense; consequently the country will rapidly advance and improve both in agriculture and commerce, as, of course, the revenue laws will be the same in California as in all other parts of the United States, affording them all manufactures and produce of the United States free of any duty and all foreign goods at one-quarter of the duty they now pay. A great increase in the value of real estate and the products of California may also be anticipated. With the great interest and kind feeling I know the Government and the people of the United States possess towards the citizens of California, the country cannot but improve more rapidly than any other on the continent of America. Such of the inhabitants of California, whether natives or foreigners, as may not be disposed to accept the high privileges of citizenship and to live peaceably under the Government of the United States will be allowed time to dispose of their property and to remove out of the country if they choose, without any restrictions; or remain in it, observing strict neutrality. With full confidence in the honor and integrity of the inhabitants of the country I invite the judges, alcaldes, and other civil officers to retain their offices, and to execute their functions as heretofore that the public tranquillity may not be disturbed, at least until the government of the territory can be more definitely arranged. All persons holding titles to real estate or in quiet possession of lands under a color of right shall have those titles and rights guaranteed to them. All churches and the property they contain, in the possession of the clergy of California, shall continue in the same rights and possessions they now enjoy. All provisions and supplies of every kind furnished by the inhabitants for the use of the United States' ships

and soldiers will be paid for at fair rates; and no private property will be taken for public use without just compensation at the moment."

Pio Pico did not deign to make any answer whatever to the message from Sloat. Castro wrote an evasive reply to the letter which he had received from the Commodore and at once followed it up by writing a letter to Pico at Los Angeles in which he stated that he was on his way with one hundred and seventy men and that he hoped that Governor Pico would promptly order all the military to be mobilized and all Californians called to arms to defend their country against the American invaders. Pico called the provincial assembly together, and there was a great deal of talk about a determined stand and the annihilation of the Americanos, but it amounted to nothing.

At just about this time when all California was buzzing like an angry bee hive, Commodore Robert F. Stockton arrived in the Port of Monterey with the United States Frigate Congress from the Hawaiian Islands. The date was July 15, 1846. Stockton was heartily welcomed by Commodore Sloat, whose health was failing. In addition to his bad physical condition it appears that Sloat was mentally sick of the whole California business, although he had reason to believe that the American conquest of California was already a success. Sloat determined to leave and he did so on July 29, sailing in the Levant for Mazatlan and Panama. He transferred his authority to Stockton and left that officer in charge of the whole business so far as he was able to do so.

Commodore Stockton got busy at once. As Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces he issued an address to the people of California, verbally attacking Mexico with fierce invective and charging

General Castro with "violating every principle of international law and national hospitality by hunting and pursuing with several hundred soldiers and with wicked intent, Captain Fremont of the United States Army, who came to refresh his men, about forty in number, after a perilous journey across the mountains on a scientific survey, for which repeated hostilities and outrages military possession was ordered to be taken of Monterey and San Francisco, until redress should be obtained from the Government of Mexico." There was a whole lot more in the same vein, serving notice on the Californians, in no unequivocal language, that they might as well prepare to throw down their arms and quit. Commodore Sloat was not given a copy of the address until he was about to sail, and did not read it until he was at sea. But when he did read it, he wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington, protesting against the language used by Stockton and asserting that it did not state the situation correctly.

Thomas O. Larkin, the United States Consul at Monterey, counseled Stockton to proceed diplomatically, to treat with the Californians and endeavor to bring about a peaceful solution of the trouble. But Stockton was not the kind of man to act on advice of this nature. He sailed to San Pedro to take up his position there and, at about the same time, he dispatched Fremont to San Diego. Larkin had also written to Governor Pio Pico advising him to endeavor to make terms with Stockton. Castro and Pico were then together in Los Angeles and they sent a delegation to San Pedro to negotiate with Commodore Stockton as soon as news of his arrival reached them. In this delegation was Jose Maria Flores, who very soon afterward became Comandante General of the California military forces. Stockton absolutely declined to treat with Flores as

the ambassador of Castro and Pico or in any other capacity. The Californians were bluntly informed that they had no standing whatever and that every man bearing arms in the Province, other than as a soldier of the United States, would be treated as a rebel.

Upon the receipt of the news of Commodore Stockton's attitude, emphatic as it was, Governor Pico and General Castro concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, so far as they were concerned, and they immediately set out for Mexico on the same day, which was August 10. They did not travel together, however, as the old bitter feeling between them had not been smoothed over. There had been many a bitter political quarrel in California from first to last, but it may be said safely that the quarrel between Castro and Pico was the bitterest of which there is any record. As to the real reason why Pico and Castro abandoned the field, it is contended that they were not actuated by fear, but by the desire to escape inevitable humiliation at the hands of the Americans. Everything in the character of General Castro gives color to the belief that he was by no means a coward and that he was loyal to California to his heart's core. He regarded England, France and the United States equally as the enemies of his country and he would have been glad to wipe them all from the face of the earth were he able to have done so. As to Pico's motives in running away, there must always remain more or less doubt. After he left he put his friends in danger by forcing them to conceal him. His career as a legislator and as a Governor of California stamps him all the way through as a shifty politician, always scheming for his own interests.

Commodore Stockton had brought Mr. Larkin, the Consul, with him to San Pedro. Landing his marines for the purpose of marching on Los An-

geles, Larkin was sent ahead. The Consul found that Castro and Pico had fled and, so notifying Stockton, the Commodore sent a portion of his marines back to the ship and continued his march with the balance. On the way he was met by Fremont with his forces from San Diego. The entire force then, with bands playing and banners flying, entered Los Angeles without resistance. The American standard was raised and Commodore Stockton, in another characteristic pronunciamento, declared himself Governor of the Territory of California and commander of its military forces. He declared his intention of organizing a civil government, but beyond declaring himself Governor, he seems not to have carried this intention into effect. He appointed Fremont military commander of the Territory. Leaving Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie in command at Los Angeles, Stockton returned to Monterey by sea while Fremont and his force took the overland trail northward, the agreement being that the two commanders with their forces were to meet at San Francisco—then still known as Yerba Buena —on October 26.

The Americans at this time were rather resting easy in the belief that the Californians were incapable of making even a show of resistance to Stockton's program. But that this idea was a mistaken one, subsequent events amply proved. Lieutenant Gillespie's police regulations in Los Angeles were very drastic, indeed. It seems that personal liberties were greatly restricted. This the Californians in Los Angeles naturally resented. It was especially resented by a young fellow of rather wild and unmanageable disposition whose name was Serbulo Varela, together with several of his boon companions. They were mostly Sonorans. On the night of the twenty-third of September, Varela with about twenty

others made an attack on the adobe house in which Gillespie's men were quartered.

The attack does not appear to have been a very serious matter and it was probably greatly exaggerated in Gillespie's mind, but be that as it may, its effects were serious. As a matter of fact it was the torch that set off the magazine of war. In an incredibly short space of time the Californians were up in arms from one end of the Province to the other and the American forces soon found that their supposed security had been based on mistaken judgment.

Varela's night attack on Gillespie at Los Angeles now assumed the proportions of an armed revolt. In a few days Varela himself had gathered together an organized force of three hundred men in which Castro's veterans assumed places as captains, notwithstanding that they were under parole and were now forfeiting their lives by the action which they were taking. Captain Jose Maria Flores, a man of considerable stamina and ability, was made Comandante General of the revolutionary forces, with Jose Antonio Carrillo and Captain Andres Pico next in command. They were ready to fight and, as we shall see, they did fight. Gillespie realized the seriousness of the situation and dispatched a courier to Commodore Stockton with a full statement of the conditions with which he found himself surrounded.

No step could be taken in California in those days unless a pronunciamento had first been issued. The Spanish and Mexicans, as well as their California successors, were master hands in the framing of pronunciamentos which bristled with sonorous and extremely eloquent phrases. The Americans seem also to have had a weakness for this kind of document. There were so many of them from time to time that they become tiresome on the pages of California's history. But the pronunciamento framed and posted

by Serbulo Varela when he launched his famous revolt against the Americanos in 1846 is rather exceptional and demands reproduction here if only for the reason that it reflects the state of feeling which the Californians were in, or which they believed themselves to be in. Behold the immortal declaration of Serbulo Varela and his devoted men:

"Citizens: For a month and a half, by a lamentable fatality resulting from the cowardice and incompetence of the Department chief authorities, we see ourselves subjugated and oppressed by an insignificant force of adventurers from the U. S. of N. America, who, putting us in a condition worse than that of slaves, are dictating to us despotic and arbitrary laws by which, loading us with contributions and onerous taxes, they wish to destroy our industries and agriculture, and to compel us to abandon our property, to be taken and divided among themselves. And shall we be capable of permitting ourselves to be subjugated, and to accept in silence the heavy shame of slavery? Shall we lose the soil inherited from our fathers, which cost them so much blood? Shall we leave our families victims of the most barbarous servitude? Shall we wait to see our wives violated, our innocent children beaten by the American whip, our property sacked, our temples profaned, to drag out a life full of shame and disgrace? No! a thousand times no, compatriots! Death rather than that! Who of you does not feel his heart beat and his blood boil on contemplating our situation? Who will be the Mexican that will not be indignant and rise in arms to destroy our oppressors? We believe there will be not one so vile and cowardly. Therefore, the majority of the inhabitants of this district, justly indignant at our tyrants, we raise the cry of war, and with arms in

our hands, we swear with one accord to support the following articles:

"1. We, all the inhabitants of the Department of California, as members of the great Mexican nation, declare that it is and has been our wish to belong to her alone, free and independent.

"2. Therefore the intrusive authority appointed by the invading forces of the U. S. is held as null and void.

"3. All North Americans being foes of Mexico, we swear not to lay down our arms until we see them ejected from Mexican soil.

"4. Every Mexican citizen from 15 to 60 years of age who does not take up arms to carry out this plan is declared a traitor, under penalty of death.

"5. Every Mexican or foreigner who may directly or indirectly aid the foes of Mexico will be punished in the same manner.

"6. All property of resident North Americans, who may have directly or indirectly, taken part with or aided the enemies of Mexico, will be confiscated and used for the expenses of the war, and their persons will be sent to the interior of the Republic.

"7. All who may oppose the present plan will be put to death.

"8. All inhabitants of Santa Barbara and the northern districts will be immediately invited to accede to this plan."

Thus in September of 1846 were the dogs of war again unleashed and the sunny hills and valleys surveyed by old Mars for another blood-drenching.

The first battle of the war took place at the Chino Rancho about twenty-five miles east of Los Angeles in the neighborhood of which Commodore Stockton had directed some twenty Americans to keep in close touch with one another for the purpose of guarding the San Bernardino frontier against the possible re-

turn of General Castro and an armed force from Mexico.

On September 26-27, 1846, Flores sent Serbulo Varela with about fifty men to route the Americans at Chino. Jose del Carmen and others, marching from the opposite direction, joined forces with Varela. The Americans were attacked in the adobe ranch house where they had assembled. Neither side was supplied with much ammunition. The Californians on their horses assaulted the house, firing their guns from the backs of the animals. The Americans returned the fire, but the Californians succeeded in getting close under the walls of the house and setting the roof on fire. The Americans then came out and surrendered and were taken prisoners to the camp of the Comandante, Flores, just outside of Los Angeles.

The result of the battle was one Californian killed and several wounded and three Americans wounded seriously. The entire Californian forces now threatened Gillespie in Los Angeles and, finding themselves in a serious situation, the Americans withdrew from their quarters and posted themselves on Fort Hill. They were outnumbered ten to one by the enemy. The Californians, though short of ammunition, had splendid horses which they rode splendidly, and they were flushed with their victory at Chino. Above all, they were thirsting to revenge the death of their comrade who had been killed in the recent fight.

Flores called on Gillespie to surrender, pointing out to the Americans that their situation was hopeless and that any resistance offered on their part could result only in an unnecessary sacrifice of human life. The Californian Commander offered to permit Lieutenant Gillespie and his men to withdraw with their colors and arms and all the honors of war. Flores also offered an exchange of prisoners. These

terms Gillespie finally accepted and departed for San Pedro with his forces, accompanied by the exchanged American prisoners and several American residents. Four or five days later the Americans embarked on the American ship Vandalia, on board of which they remained in the harbor awaiting instructions from the north.

The courier sent out by Gillespie from Los Angeles found Commodore Stockton at San Francisco, and the news appeared to alarm him. Certainly the Commodore was surprised, since he had but a short time before officially declared that the conquest of California was complete, the country at peace and all that remained for him to do was to establish a civil government. He now saw that he had counted his chickens before they were hatched. He resolved upon immediate action. Ordering Fremont to proceed by water to Santa Barbara, Stockton then prepared to sail with a force to San Pedro for the relief of Gillespie and the recapture of Los Angeles.

On the way down the coast the ship Sterling, in which Fremont with one hundred sixty men had set sail, met the Vandalia from San Pedro, and Fremont then learned of the situation at Los Angeles. Taking matters in his own hands, as he frequently had done before, he determined to return to Monterey. The ship met with bad weather and when it got to Monterey Fremont's men were half starved. There forces were joined by other Americans and, proceeding to San Juan Bautista, he began his march southward on November 26, the army consisting of about five hundred men, fairly well mounted and equipped with muskets in addition to four brass field-pieces.

In the meantime, as Stockton was sailing for San Pedro, he was informed that Monterey, which he believed to be unprotected, was threatened with at-

tack, so he hastened to that point and sent Captain Mervine on to San Pedro. Upon reaching San Pedro, on October 6, Mervine's forces, joined by those of Gillespie, numbering all told about three hundred fifty men, landed and proceeded to attack the Californians at Los Angeles. When they had proceeded about half way on the road they were met by a party of Californians. A fight ensued in which the Americans were defeated with the loss of five men killed and several wounded. The Californians had a cannon hitched to some horses which they would fire and then retreat, and then fire again. The Americans tried in vain to capture this cannon, but finally retreated to San Pedro where they embarked on board the Savannah to wait for Stockton.

A few days afterward Stockton arrived and, after a conference, determined to sail with the whole expedition to San Diego, having doubtless been convinced that the Californians were not to be so easily whipped as he had supposed. His plan was to secure a safer anchorage for the ships in the harbor of San Diego and after a thorough reorganization at that port, march his forces up through the interior and prosecute the war by land.

While Stockton was busy with his preparations for a campaign at San Diego he was surprised, on December 3, by the appearance in his camp of a man named Stokes who had come from Warner's Ranch, about forty-five miles to the north, with a message from General Stephen W. Kearney of the United States Army. Kearney's message to Stockton was as follows:

"Headquarters, Army of the West, Camp at Warners, Dec. 2, 1846. Sir. I this afternoon reached here, escorted by a party of the First Regiment of Dragoons. I came by order of the pres. of the U. S. We left Santa Fe on the 25th Sept., having taken

possession of N. Mex., annexed it to the U. S., established a civil govt. in that territory and secured order, peace and quietness there. If you can send a party to open communication with us on the route to this place and to inform me of the state of affairs in Cal. I wish you would do so and as quickly as possible. The fear of this letter falling into Mexican hands prevents me from writing more. Your express by Mr. Carson was met on the Del Norte and your mail must have reached Washington ten days since. You might use the bearer, Mr. Stokes, as a guide to conduct your party to this place. Very respectfully, etc."

In an era that was without railroads or telegraph lines in the west, and the Government at Washington with the Mexican War on its hands, it is easy to understand that Stockton and Fremont were without information concerning what was going on at Washington in regard to California. Both Stockton and Fremont at the beginning of December, 1846, knew only that they were on the ground to hold California for the United States and this they were doing to the best of their ability. Kearney's presence in California was explained in his instructions which he had received at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in June. In order that the present-day reader of this history may understand the conditions under which General Kearney had come to California, the instructions of the Secretary of War to him are herewith given, as follows:

"It has been decided," said the Secretary of War in his instructions to Colonel Kearney at Fort Leavenworth, "by the pres. to be of the greatest importance in the pending war with Mex. to take the earliest possession of Upper Cal. An expedition with that view is hereby ordered and you are designated to command it. To enable you to be in sufficient force

to conduct it successfully, this additional force of 1000 mounted men has been provided to follow you in the direction of Sta Fe. . . When you arrive at Sta Fe with the force already called and shall take possession of it, you may find yourself in a condition to garrison it with a small part of your command, as the additional force will soon be at that place and with the remainder press forward to Cal. . . It is understood that a considerable number of American citizens are now settled on the Sacramento River, near Sutter's establishment called New Helvetia, who are well disposed towards the U. S. Should you, on your arrival, find this to be the true state of things, you are authorized to organize and receive into the service of the U. S. such portions of these citizens as you may think useful to aid you to hold possession of the country. You will, in that case, allow them so far as you shall judge proper, to select their own officers. A large discretionary power is invested in you in regard to these matters as well as to all others. . . The choice of routes by which you will enter Cal. will be left to your better knowledge. . . It is expected that the Naval forces of the U. S., which are now, or soon will be in the Pacific, will be with you in the conquest of Cal. . . Should you conquer and take possession of N. Mex. and Cal. or considerable places in either, you will establish temporary civil government therein, abolishing all arbitrary restrictions that may exist, so far as it may be done with safety. . . You may assure the people of those provinces that it is the wish and design of the U. S. to provide for them a free govt. with the least possible delay, similar to that which exists in our territory. . . The rank of Brevet Brigadier-General will be conferred on you as you commence your movement towards Cal."

In pursuance of these instructions Kearney had proceeded to New Mexico, maintaining his headquar-

ters in the old City of Santa Fe, and had established civil government, leaving the country in peace and quietness, as he stated in his message from Warner's Ranch to Commodore Stockton at San Diego. It was on September 25, 1846, that he left Santa Fe for California. He had with him three hundred men of the First Dragoons. They struck down the valley of the Rio Grande and marched on over mountain and desert through a wonderfully beautiful, yet desolate land, experiencing little of interest until October 6, when they reached a point about thirteen miles below the present town of Soccorro, New Mexico. At that point, something of very great interest indeed, happened. As though they had sprung out of the ground, Kit Carson, the famous scout and trapper, with fifteen men, including six Delaware Indians, stood face to face in that vast wilderness with Kearney and his troopers.

The presence of Carson on that spot was soon explained to General Kearney. The wonderful old frontiersman whose name has been familiar to many generations of American boys, was on his way to Washington with dispatches from Commodore Stockton. Probably General Kearney had never seen Kit Carson before and, as the gaunt trooper now looked down from his jaded charger on the famous scout and hunter, he saw a small, stoop-shouldered man with reddish hair, freckled face and soft blue eyes, who spoke in monosyllables. There was nothing in the man's modest demeanor or his physical makeup to indicate the prowess which had made his name a household word throughout the continent. He had but lately added to his fame by the daring and picturesque part he had taken in the Bear Flag war.

When Carson left Los Angeles bearing Stockton's dispatches to the seat of Government at Washington, everything in California was quiet. Carson believed

that the conquest had already been achieved and he so informed General Kearney. Bringing the interview to an end, Carson informed Kearney that he desired to proceed with the delivery of the dispatches in his possession. He had agreed to be back in California within one hundred and forty days from the day he started from Los Angeles. But General Kearney was not willing to lose the opportunity to attach to his expedition so valuable a guide and advisor as Kit Carson. He induced the scout to send the dispatches forward by those who had accompanied him, and return with the dragoons to California. To this Carson reluctantly agreed, and under his assurances that California was not offering resistance to American authority, General Kearney sent back two hundred of his men under Major Sumner to Santa Fe, proceeding with the remaining one hundred on the march and arriving at Warner's Ranch on the California frontier, December 2, 1846, as has been stated.

Upon receipt of Kearney's message, Commodore Stockton detailed Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie with a body of volunteers to make connections with the newly arrived force for the purpose of conducting it into San Diego. Gillespie and Kearney met at a place known as Santa Maria, which is distant from San Diego about forty miles. From Gillespie General Kearney learned that the Californians were in open and active revolt, being in possession of Los Angeles and occupying various other points in the field with armed and organized forces.

At this time Captain Andres Pico with about one hundred men was in the neighborhood of San Luis Rey Mission on the watch for Stockton's expected advance from San Diego. Pico's instructions from Flores, the Comandante at Los Angeles, were to impede the American advance as much as possible,

should it take place, the plan of the Californians being that Flores with the main body of his army should move south to Pico's assistance as events might make it necessary.

Now, when Captain Gillespie came up from San Diego to meet Kearney, Pico learned of the move and prepared for an opportunity to pounce on the Americans and either annihilate them or take them prisoners. Pico had no knowledge of Kearney's presence in California. For the purpose of getting a chance to take advantage of Gillespie, Pico and his mounted lancers began to reconnoiter and the Americans became aware of his movements. On the night of December 5, Kearney learned that Pico's forces were camped ten miles distant at the Indian village of San Pasqual. Instead of making his way to San Diego without inviting difficulties, General Kearney determined for some strange reason to attack Pico at San Pasqual, going out of his way to do so. Perhaps Kearney thought that he might as well begin the task which he had been sent to California to perform, or perhaps he thought he would create some diversion for his troopers by frightening the Californians whom Kit Carson told him were cowards. But, whatever the reason that actuated him may have been, subsequent events amply proved that Kearney made a mistake in bringing about the famous battle of San Pasqual.

It was the bloodiest fight that ever took place on California soil. The battle began in the grey of the morning. The air was bitter with winter's cold. It had rained in torrents all the night before and the American dragoons were benumbed and drenched to the skin. Only that portion of Kearney's forces which Captain Gillespie had brought up from San Diego were fresh and fit for battle. The dragoons who had marched with Kearney across plain and

desert from Santa Fe were worn and jaded from the terrible journey. The mules they rode were stiffened and sore and half starved. The horses that Kearney had picked up on the Colorado were for the most part unbroken and quite unmanageable. On the other hand, the enemy were perhaps the best horsemen in the world and were mounted on horses as fine as were ever bred.

When morning broke, the Americans found themselves upon a hilltop looking down into the village of San Pasqual. They saw Captain Pico and his Californians there encamped and it was at once decided to charge upon them. The charge was made by Captain Johnson with twenty men at full gallop. Pico did not see the remainder of Kearney's forces and, thinking that he had to contend with only twenty horsemen, he ordered his Californians to make a stand, which they did, discharging the few muskets and pistols in their possession and waiting with their lances set for the advancing shock. The Californians were compelled to depend almost wholly upon their lances, but the musket fire was not without results. Captain Johnson of the dragoons fell dead from a bullet through his head and one of his men fell beside him badly hurt. At this, the Americans fell back a little, whereupon Kearney's main force appeared, at the sight of which Pico and his Californians turned and fled.

Seeing the Californians in full flight, the Americans galloped after them pell-mell. Had they known the tactics which the Californians invariably employed in battle, there is no doubt that Kearney's pursuit would have been less precipitate and certainly it would have been more cautious, but as it was, no caution whatever was exercised. The American forces were soon badly elongated for the reason that the troopers mounted on the good horses got far in

advance, while those mounted on the old, stiff and half-starved mules trailed away in the rear. And this was exactly the situation that Captain Pico desired.

Suddenly the Californians wheeled around and came back on plunging horses at the Americans. The Americans fired, but with little or no effect, perhaps because many of the guns were ineffective from the rain in which they had been drenched the night before. Kearney had a howitzer to which a mule had been hitched, but the mule became unmanageable and ran away with the gun, dragging it fairly within the lines of the Californians, who promptly captured both gun and mule as well as the gunner.

Pico's men now fell upon the Americans in fierce charge with their lances against which the sabers and the clubbed guns of Kearney's dragoons proved quite unavailing. For perhaps a quarter of an hour the bloody hand-to-hand conquest was waged. The Americans stood their ground with desperate valor, but it was not until two additional howitzers had been brought up from the rear that the Californians again retreated from the slaughter.

Relieved of the enemy, General Kearney was given opportunity to survey the field of his pathetic defeat. He himself had been twice wounded in the battle. Three of his officers and fifteen men lay dead before him. Three more were fatally wounded, nineteen others were grievously hurt and one man was missing. Except Captain Johnson, all the dead had been killed by the lances of the Californians, and the wounded had been hurt in the same way. The bodies of both dead and wounded showed many lance cuts. In the fight Kit Carson had been unhorsed and his gun broken, but he came through without serious injury.

As the roll was called there was yet one other man

in the shattered ranks whose head was bloody but unbowed. This man was Captain Archibald Gillespie. He is especially mentioned here as indeed he should be, not alone for the valorous part he bore in the battle of San Pasqual, but for many other noble though unheralded services which he rendered the nation in California. His country owed him much. He was one of those men who were always chosen to bear the burden when it was heavy and to take the risk when it was great. When Fremont was wandering nobody knew where, in unknown mountains and over the trackless plains in California, Gillespie had been sent to find him and he did find him where ten thousand other men would have failed. In the face of no duty did he ever shirk, and no message was ever put into his hand by his superior that he failed to deliver, no matter how great the hazard or how terrible the danger. Throughout all the pages of the history of California that record the stirring deeds of the adventurous year of 1846, the name of Archibald Gillespie appears, yet he seems to have been little marked by the historian and nobody seems ever to have thought to honor him, though many have been honored whose services were much less than his. He was strong and brave and well beloved by those who shared the dangers with him.

The records of the battle of San Pasqual do not show that any of the Californians were killed. Andres Pico, however, did not make an effort to improve his victory. When night came he had flung his forces southward and was encamped between San Pasqual and San Diego, as though to again fight if Kearney attempted to join Commodore Stockton's forces. The Americans felt themselves to be in desperate straits and their one thought was to get a messenger through to San Diego for reinforcements. To carry this message was a hazardous undertaking,

but Kit Carson, with two companions, successfully accomplished the task. Commodore Stockton immediately sent out a force to Kearney's relief. After some unimportant skirmishing Pico and his Californians withdrew from the scene and thus Kearney was permitted to reach San Diego without further molestation.

There can be no doubt that the victory at San Pasqual—for victory it really was—flushed the Californians and helped to create in their minds the greatly mistaken idea that they could withstand and even repulse the Americans to an extent that the invaders would finally abandon the attempt to conquer California. Captain Andres Pico dispatched a messenger to Los Angeles and the Commander-in-Chief, Flores, was awakened at four o'clock in the morning to receive the "glorious" news. In words that were at once airy and contemptuous and worthy of Cæsar writing from Gaul an account of a skirmish between the short swords of his veterans and a covey of naked savages, Captain Pico informed the Comandante Flores that "the victory was gained without other casualty on our side than eleven wounded, none seriously, since the action was decided a pura arma blanca." On the other hand, General Kearney in his report appears to have believed that the Americans didn't get the worst of the battle, by any means. "The number of their dead and wounded," said Kearney, "must have been considerable, though I have no means of ascertaining how many, as just previous to their final retreat they carried off all excepting six." But the General was mistaken. He had inflicted no harm worth mentioning on the Californians.

It must have been a sad scene as the Americans buried their dead in the darkness of the night following the battle. The bodies of the slain troopers,

cruelly torn by the lances of Pico's splendid horsemen, were left lying in the soft mold of the warm California earth under the solemn and drooping branches of a willow tree east of the camp. At a later day the remains of the heroic dead were removed to San Diego and laid to rest in quiet graves that are now long since forgotten.

About three weeks prior to the battle of San Pasqual there had been a desperate fight at a place called Natividad, a few miles northeast of the present city of Salinas. Captain Charles Burroughs, an American who had recently arrived in California, and five other Americans were killed in this encounter and five or six more were badly wounded. The American loss may have been even greater than this. The Californians were commanded by Don Manuel Castro, a brother of the famous General Castro who had fled to Mexico and from whom the Californians were always vaguely hoping for help. The tactics employed at Natividad by the Californians were about the same as those employed by Andres Pico and his men at San Pasqual, later on. Natividad was not nearly so great a victory for the Californians as San Pasqual, but it was an encounter which, like that at Chino and skirmishes at other places, led the Californians into the error of supposing that in their own way and by their own methods they could finally drive the Americans out at the points of their lances.

After San Pasqual, when the forces of Kearney and Stockton united at San Diego, and Fremont, who had by this time received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army, was on his way south with his riflemen, the tide quickly turned against the Californians.

On December 29, 1846, the combined forces of Commodore Stockton and General Kearney marched from San Diego to advance on Los Angeles. The

army consisted of about six hundred men traveling on foot with the exception of Captain Gillespie's volunteer riflemen, who were mounted. The impedimenta were carried in ten ox-carts, additional oxen as well as food supplies being picked up on the way. Commodore Stockton, himself, has left us the following brief but vivid description of the appearance of the expedition.

"Our men were badly clothed," said he, "and their shoes generally made by themselves out of canvas. It was very cold and the roads heavy. Our animals were all poor and weak, some of them giving out daily, which gave much hard work to the men in dragging the heavy carts, loaded with ammunition and provisions, through deep sands and up steep ascents, and the prospect before us was far from being that which we might have desired; but nothing could break down the fine spirit of those under my command, or cool their readiness and ardor to perform their duties; and they went through the whole march of one hundred and forty miles with alacrity and cheerfulness."

While on the march Stockton and Kearney received word that Fremont with his battalion was marching on Los Angeles from the north and that the Californians, six hundred strong, were on the way to meet him and give him battle. It may be that this information was brought by three men from Los Angeles who came down to meet Stockton and Kearney for the purpose of arranging a truce. They came from the Comandante Flores. Commodore Stockton told these men, one of whom was William Workman, an American, that he could not negotiate with Flores because of the fact that that gentleman had broken his parole as a Mexican officer. Stockton told the delegation that if he could catch Flores he would have him shot. The Americans passed through San

Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano and where now the present city of Santa Ana is, and on January 8, reached the lower ford of the San Gabriel river. Here the Californians appeared and opposed the advance.

Having reason to believe that his advance would be easier at the upper ford of the San Gabriel, Stockton's forces swerved to the right to the point mentioned. Here, however, the Americans found the Californians well prepared for them. Flores had five hundred men posted on a bluff above the river with two cannons commanding the ford. Two squadrons of horsemen under Andres Pico and Manuel Garcias were stationed on the right and another squadron on the left under Jose Antonio Carrillo. A hot fight ensued. Lieutenant Emery, who was a member of Kearney's force and who afterwards wrote a good deal about California, states that Kearney ordered the guns unlimbered before crossing the ford, which was undoubtedly the most prudent course, but Stockton countermanded the order. Half way across, Kearney sent a message that it would be impossible to pull the guns through as there was quicksand, but Stockton dismounted, seized the ropes and declared, "quicksand or no quicksand, the guns shall pass over." There was the hottest kind of fighting for a matter of two days on the San Gabriel; no end of powder was burned and shot poured from the muskets and cannon, yet the casualties were very slight. There were only two Americans killed and two Californians. Eight Americans were wounded, but how many Californians were wounded is not known.

Finally, on the morning of the tenth of January, three men from Los Angeles came to Stockton's camp under a flag of truce and with a message that no further resistance would be made. A few hours later

the American forces entered the city in military order with flying colors and the band playing. Commodore Stockton, as Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in his orders the following day, congratulated the "officers and men of the southern Division of U. S. forces in California on the brilliant victory obtained by them over the enemy, and upon once more taking possession of the Ciudad de Los Angeles." At the same time Stockton wrote a brief report to the Secretary of War at Washington, in which he said: "We have rescued the country from the hands of the Insurgents, but I fear that the absence of Colonel Fremont's Battalion will enable most of the Mexican officers who have broken their parole to escape to Sonora."

From this report it will be seen that Fremont had not yet reached Los Angeles. Inquiring as to his whereabouts we find that he left Santa Barbara on January 3, 1847, seven days before Stockton and Kearney recaptured and entered Los Angeles. On January 9 he was in camp at San Fernando and there he received a letter from Stockton which was dated at San Luis Rey, January 3. It was indeed a very interesting communication, showing that the Americans, while fearless and no doubt fully confident of their ability, had at the same time a wholesome respect for certain qualifications which the Californians possessed in the art of warfare. The letter was as follows:

"My dear Colonel: We arrived here last night from S. Diego, and leave today on our march for the City of the Angels, where I hope to be in five or six days. I learn this morning that you are at Sta. Barbara, and send this dispatch by way of S. Diego, in the hope that it may reach you in time. If there is one single chance for you, you had better not fight the rebels until I get up to aid you, or you can join

me on the road to the Pueblo. These fellows a[re] well prepared, and Mervine and Kearney's defe[at] have given them a deal more confidence and coura[ge]. If you do fight before I see you, keep your forces i[n] compact order. Do not allow them to be separated, or even unnecessarily extended. They will probably try to deceive you by a sudden retreat or pretend to run away and then unexpectedly return to the charge after your men get into disorder in the chase. My advice to you is to allow them to do all the charging and running and let your rifles do the rest. In the art of horsemanship, of dodging and running, it is vain to attempt to compete with them."

With Stockton and Kearney in full possession of Los Angeles and Fremont encamped in the old Mission San Fernando, a few miles away, the Californians gave up all hope and tried to make the best terms they could with the conquerors. They seemed to think they would fare better with Fremont and accordingly they sent a delegation to him from their hiding places in the hills. Fremont received the messengers courteously and gave them to understand that he would accept their surrender. He moved his forces southward through the Cahuenga pass to a point which was probably the outskirts of Hollywood, and there on January 13, 1847, the famous treaty of capitulation was signed, bearing the signatures of Colonel John C. Fremont as Commander of the American forces on the ground, and of Andres Pico, Comandante of the Californian forces. Flores, the Californian Commander-in-Chief, was not present, he having turned over the command to Andres Pico just before this meeting and, taking to his heels, had fled to the far-away haven of Sonora.

The treaty was drawn up in both Spanish and English and stipulated that the Californians should deliver up their artillery and public arms, return peace-

ably to their homes, conform to the laws and regulations of the United States and aid and assist in placing the country in a state of peace and tranquillity. Colonel Fremont on his part guaranteed the Californians protection of life and property whether on parole or otherwise.

Colonel Fremont sent the document to General Kearney at Los Angeles and the next day proceeded with his forces to that city. The war was at an end.

Many bitter controversies and wretched quarrels grew out of the conflicting claims of the various military and naval officers who participated in the conquest of California, and out of the maze of testimony, pro and con, it is difficult to determine who was right and who was wrong. Indeed, in the light of the evidence furnished from many sources it appears that there was a measure of justice in the claims of both the military and naval authorities in California. Kearney and Stockton, Fremont and Mason were all men of action and ambition. California was a long way from the seat of government. Instructions had been issued from both the War and Navy Departments at Washington to respective officers. Had there been greater unity of action at Washington, and clearer expression of the President's wishes with respect to the occupation of California, it is probable that much of the friction which sprung up on the Pacific might have been avoided.

It appears clear that Kearney, whose instructions have been heretofore quoted, made known to Stockton at San Diego that he felt himself authorized to assume supreme authority in California. Stockton later testified that he offered to relinquish authority at San Diego and that Kearney declined or neglected to assume it. Kearney was then suffering from wounds inflicted at San Pasqual and had lost several of his officers and men who had marched across the

plains with him, and to whom he must have been deeply attached. Doubtless the physical and mental conditions produced by these facts and his realization that Stockton had a large naval force and had really made considerable headway in the occupation of California, led Kearney to defer the assumption of the authority with which his instructions vested him. In any event Stockton assumed full command of the forces in the march to Los Angeles and continued the extension of his claims as Governor. Kearney, on reaching Los Angeles, began to resent Stockton's assumption of authority, and with this attitude on his part came a more determined position on the part of Stockton.

Fremont, who was approaching Los Angeles, reported to Kearney on learning that Kearney was at Los Angeles, but upon the signing of the treaty at Cahuenga (Hollywood), perhaps suspicioning that there might be a clash of authority, he sent an officer to Los Angeles with the treaty, instead of immediately going himself. Kearney at last formally requested Stockton to exhibit his authority for the proposed organization of a civil government, stating that if he was without such authority he must demand that Stockton cease his activities in that line. Stockton replied that a civil government had been established before the arrival of Kearney, and that he would not yield to Kearney's request. He at once suspended or attempted to suspend Kearney from command of the forces at Los Angeles. So far as the order related to sailors and marines, he probably was within his powers. Kearney then exhibited his authority from the War Department to Fremont and issued certain instructions regarding the management of troops under Fremont's command. Fremont refused to obey on the grounds that he had accepted his instructions from Stockton, had been appointed Gov-

ernor of California by Stockton and that he recognized Stockton as having superior authority. Finding himself without power to enforce his instructions and commands, Kearney at once marched with his dragoons back to San Diego, four days after the signing of the treaty at Cahuenga.

A battalion of Mormon volunteers, three hundred strong, had now arrived at San Diego, and these troops were left at San Luis Rey while Kearney sailed for Monterey. At Monterey Kearney found Commodore W. Branford Shubrick, who had arrived on January 22, to succeed Stockton. Commodore Shubrick had already addressed a communication to Fremont, not knowing of General Kearney's presence in California. Stockton, on January 19, left Fremont in charge at Los Angeles, having commissioned him Governor, and sailed north. Stockton had also appointed a Legislative Council on the sixteenth, but no session of that body was ever held, due principally to the unwillingness of those selected to serve. For a period of about fifty days Fremont was recognized by a portion of the population of California, at least, as Governor.

On February 12, Colonel Richard B. Mason arrived in San Francisco with instructions from Washington which clearly indicated that the senior officer of the land forces was to be Civil Governor. Mason was sent to succeed Kearney, as soon as Kearney could shape matters to leave. Commodore Shubrick, who had succeeded Stockton and who had already recognized Kearney's authority, now joined Mason in a public statement wherein Mason was declared to be Governor and Monterey the capital. On March 2, Commodore Biddle arrived to succeed Shubrick. All officers, naval and military, with the exception of Stockton and Fremont, were acting in harmony. About this time there arrived at San Francisco the

first detachment of a regiment sent out under Colonel Stevenson from New York.

General Kearney, now having adequate moral and military support, sent instructions to Fremont and other officers in command in the south. Among other things, Fremont was directed to report at Monterey. After instructing Captain Owens, in command of the battalion at San Gabriel, to refuse to obey any instructions that might reach him from any source save himself, Fremont left for Monterey, arriving there on March 25. On the same evening in the company of Thos. O. Larkin he paid a formal call on Kearney. The next day an interview was arranged between Kearney and Fremont. Fremont objected to the presence of Colonel Mason. At this point Kearney demanded that Fremont state whether he intended to obey his orders or not. Fremont left Kearney's presence without committing himself, but later in the day expressed a willingness to obey instructions, having first tendered his resignation from the army, which was refused. Fremont then returned to Los Angeles. Mason followed early in April and called on Fremont for a list of appointments made by him and for all records, civil and military, in his possession. Before leaving Los Angeles, Colonel Mason became involved in a quarrel with Fremont which led to a challenge for a duel which was never fought, though both parties doubtless had the spirit and courage to end their difficulties in that manner.

After much friction between Fremont and the officers in the north, General Kearney on May 31, with an escort, left Monterey for Washington by a northern route. Under orders of Kearney, Fremont was required to accompany him. Fort Leavenworth was reached on August 22, and here Fremont was placed

under arrest and ordered to report to the Adjutant General at Washington.

About a month later Stockton himself followed across the plains, accompanied by Gillespie and an escort. Fremont arrived in Washington about the middle of September and an order convening a court-martial was issued September 27. After a hotly contested trial, in which affairs in California generally were well illuminated, Fremont was found guilty on all the twenty-three specifications of the charges made against him, and he was sentenced to dismissal from the army. President Polk accepted the verdict but remitted the sentence. Fremont declined to resume service, but was permitted to resign. In 1849 he again reached California with a private exploring party.

The removal of Kearney, Stockton and Fremont from California left affairs in charge of Colonel Richard B. Mason. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo on February 2, 1848, had ended the war with Mexico and resulted in California becoming a Province of the United States, without a government save such as might be arbitrarily given it by the President of the United States. News of the close of the war did not reach California until late in the summer, and in the meantime gold had been discovered at Sutter's Mill, Coloma, and the news had gone forth to the world.

At the beginning of hostilities with Mexico, the American population in California was small, but Americans were now coming literally by thousands. The population of California at the close of 1848 was a heterogeneous one, with a preponderance of sentiment in favor of the adoption of laws common to the United States. Under Mexican rule there had been little more than a color of government, and to enforce old laws under the old system until recognition could

be secured from Congress was a difficult task. And yet there was great need for good government, for, with the great surging masses of humanity were coming many lawless characters. The President had repeatedly urged on Congress the necessity of action, without avail. The problem of slavery was beginning to loom large on the horizon and as California was not likely to become a slave state, those members who were seeking to preserve the balance between slave-holding and non-slave-holding states were unwilling to give statehood at once to the new territory.

In April, 1848, Governor Mason was succeeded by General Bennet Riley. Riley, like his predecessor, was a broad-gaged, efficient official, who realized the necessity of something being done to bring order out of chaos. The feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction which had been growing among the people for a government finally crystallized into a convention which was held in Colton Hall at Monterey, September 3, 1849. The history of the United States furnishes no parallel to this proceeding. Here was gathered a body of men representing all portions of the state for the purpose of forming a state out of an unorganized Territory, wholly on their own initiative. Dr. Robert Semple, who had taken such an active part in the Bear Flag war, was chosen chairman. This body of men gathered to create a commonwealth without color of authority must have been an interesting sight. Here were lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers and printers and farmers, yet nearly all engaged in mining. It was a collection of individuals who, by the very nature of their lives, were endowed with initiative, with self-reliance, with courage and intelligence.

There seems to have been little thought of organizing a Territory. The framing of a constitution proceeded rapidly and the completed document was

signed on October 13, 1849. Its most important provision was doubtless one which declared against slavery in the new state. The boundary of the state as it exists today was fixed and the convention throughout was marked by harmony. As soon as possible after the close of the convention, copies of the constitution were distributed through the state. November 13 had been fixed as election day and a spirited campaign was waged. The rainy season had begun and only a light vote was cast, but it was sufficient to ratify the constitution. Peter H. Burnett was elected Governor and John McDougall, Lieutenant-Governor. Edward Gilbert and Geo. W. Wright were elected to Congress. On December 15 the newly elected Legislature convened at San Jose, which became the new capital of the state.

The first important action of the new Legislature was the election of United States Senators, John C. Fremont and William M. Gwin being selected. The newly-elected senators and congressmen left at once for Washington to exercise their influence in securing admission of California to statehood. It is needless to say that they were not welcomed, especially by those members of Congress from the south. After four years of delay, during which time California's claims had repeatedly been the subject of bitter discussion, statehood was finally granted on September 9, 1850. Fremont drew the short senatorial term, which gave him only a few weeks in which to represent the state whose fortunes had been so closely linked with his own.

San Jose remained the capital of the state for two years, after which the seat of government was removed to Vallejo, where it remained until 1853. For one year the capital was at Benecia, but in 1854 the seat of the state government was removed to the city

of Sacramento, where it has remained until the present time.

In 1849 Major Robert Selden Garnett of the U. S. Army designed the great seal of the State of California. An explanation of the design is officially entered in the records of the State of California as follows: "Around the bend of the ring are represented thirty-one stars, being the number of states of which the Union will consist upon the admission of California. The foreground figure represents the Goddess Minerva, having sprung full-grown from the brain of Jupiter. She is introduced as a type of the political birth of the State of California, without having gone through the probation of a Territory. At her feet crouches a grizzly bear feeding upon the clusters from a grape-vine, emblematic of the peculiar characteristics of the country. A miner is engaged with his rocker and bowl at his side, illustrating the golden wealth of the Sacramento, upon whose waters are seen shipping, typical of commercial greatness; and the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada make up the background, while above is the Greek motto 'Eureka' (I have found it), applying either to the principle involved in the admission of the state, or the success of the miner at work."

Thus was completed the American conquest of California three hundred and eight years after the discovery of its golden shores by the immortal Portuguese mariner, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who sailed in his Spanish galleon from Old Mexico in 1542, fifty years after the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus.

THE SIERRA NEVADA

(Across Which The "Big Four" Built the Central Pacific Railroad)

X

THE FIVE MIRACLES

In the world's history of commercial and industrial progress California lays claim to five distinct miracles of achievement. These are:

I. The building of the chain of twenty-one Franciscan Missions in an uncivilized land, resulting in the regeneration of the Indians of California from heathen barbarism to Christianity and the arts of peace.

II. The building of the Central Pacific railroad across the Sierra Nevada mountains.

III. The reclamation of the deserts by irrigation.

IV. The rebuilding of the city of San Francisco in three years after its destruction by earthquake and fire in 1906.

V. The Owens River aqueduct.

Before and since these achievements, and in between them, there are many other milestones on the road of human progress which California may well point to with pride, but the "five miracles" above named stand out as climaxes in the pageant.

From Junipero Serra's first little, uncertain irrigation ditch at San Diego, from the ox-teams of the pioneer traders, the caravels of the Spanish explorers and mariners and the wind-jamming brigs of New England that wandered around Cape Horn to California in quest of hides and tallow, it is, indeed, a far cry forward to the mighty railways and the splendid deep-sea steamship lines of today which

place California and her thronging harbors in quick and constant touch with all the world.

The fact that more than three hundred years of time elapsed after the voyage of discovery by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo before California assumed the position in the world's commerce to which her natural wealth and advantages entitled her, will not be a cause for wonder when the conditions that surrounded her are understood. For the purpose of necessary enlightenment it might be well to briefly review those conditions.

Considering California in its present entity, the date of its discovery was the year 1542, only fifty years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. Why, then, was advancement and commercial progress so much greater on the Atlantic Coast than it has been on the Pacific Coast of the present boundaries of the United States?

The time-worn boast that it was due to the superior energy, virility and intelligence of the Anglo-Saxon will hardly suffice. Following the discovery of the New World by Columbus, the Spanish and the Portuguese practically dominated the whole earth between them. It was the Latin race that was then the incarnation of vigor, both on sea and land.

The true answer is that had California faced Europe and not Cathay the Atlantic seaboard of the United States would still be to some extent an unpopulated wilderness. The Orient has been asleep for a much longer period of time than three centuries, while Europe, where Latin, Teuton, Saxon and Celt are combined, has been very much awake.

This and this alone is the reason that California trailed along, isolated and unprogressive, three hundred years behind the Atlantic seaboard. The three centuries that are to come will tell an entirely dif-

ferent story. That the checkerboard of Fate will be exactly reversed it is scarcely worth while to argue.

From the commanding position commercially which she has now attained and which she is destined with absolute certainty to incalculably increase, California stands forth a veritable Empire of the Sun. It is as a land of sunshine that she is dreamed of throughout the universe. And that she is called a golden land means not only that her hills and valleys have been and are still unrivalled in golden wealth, but also that she is a land of golden weather. In the poetry of her Pantheism, the sun god is California's titular deity.

In the fertility of her soil California equals the Valley of the Nile or any other distinct section of the earth, even taking into consideration the vastly smaller areas of those sections. In the extent, variety and richness of her mineral wealth she has no rival. Climatically she stands alone in a class by herself, comparison in this respect being wholly invidious and a wastefulness of time.

If California were to be lifted from its setting between the mountains and the sea and placed over on the Atlantic Coast it would cover the territory reaching from Cape Cod to Charleston in South Carolina. The state is over seven hundred miles long and has a coast line of approximately one thousand miles. It extends over an area larger than that of New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined. The United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland are not nearly as large in area as California.

Great variations in climate might be expected in a stretch of country extending over nine degrees of latitude, and it is true that almost any sort of climate may be found in California, in spots, from valleys of endless warmth to mountain peaks of eternal ice and snow. But it is to be remembered that there is much

the same climate everywhere in the state during the major portion of the year. There are seasons when in the central and southern valleys the heat is intense, running up to as high as 120 degrees. On the other hand, in the extreme northern parts of the state there is occasionally a stretch of good sleighing in winter. But, for six hundred miles in between the northern counties and those of the south the climate may be said to be the same, which is to say that there is the same kind of weather Christmas Day as the Fourth of July—blue skies and balmy air, the days not too warm and the nights delightfully cool.

Civilization had its beginning in California with the arrival of Fray Junipero Serra and the Franciscans at San Diego in 1769. Its commercial awakening, however, did not really take place until the gold discoveries of 1848. There was a small commerce, to be sure, prior to 1848, but it was trivial. Even following 1848, until several years after the close of the Civil War, California gave no fitting prophecy of her present standing in the world's trade, much less of her glittering future, the very thought of which thrills the imagination.

At the height of his success a man likes to look backward over the long road up which he has struggled. It is equally as fascinating to review the struggles of a commonwealth that has risen from obscurity and the dust and ruin of time to entity and power. And no province, state or principality has had a more romantic rise to greatness than California has had.

Spaniards controlled the trade of the Philippines until about 1815, and their richly freighted galleons from those islands, which were so often the prey of Sir Francis Drake and other British privateersmen, came always almost in sight of the shores of California. This was owing to the fact that as early as 1565 Andres de Urdenata had discovered the northwest

trade winds by means of which ships are wafted straight from Asia to the Golden Gate.

Here, then, were the Spaniards having knowledge that California existed; and the question has been asked why they did not do something with it? Blithe writers of books innumerable have invariably pointed out that nothing in the way of commerce worthy of the name was set in motion in California until "the Gringos came." And that is true, only that the "Gringos" were also a long time in California before they were distinguished in commerce.

The reason the Spaniards paid no attention to California is that they were too busy in Mexico, South America and the Western Islands, where the picking was extremely good. They knew little or nothing about California except that it was a pleasant country. That it was rich in gold, silver and other precious metals they did not know. Had they known what James W. Marshall came to know one morning at Coloma in Sutter's millrace, it may be regarded as an absolute certainty that Spaniards would have been as thick in California as the leaves in Vallambrosa.

From 1769 until, say, 1840, the Padres and their Indian neophytes were really the only people who did anything like work. The trade of California during all those years was its trade with itself. For a long time a cargo of hides and tallow was sent annually to Callao, in Spain, and occasionally a New England ship came to the ports to trade. In 1822 an English firm doing business in Peru established a branch post at Monterey, but its transactions were not large. In 1832 the Missions—probably seeing that their end was near—made a spurt and sold upwards of 100,000 hides to trading ships. In 1841 the total export trade did not exceed $150,000. For a few years the trade in the skins of sea otters was quite important, but by 1840 the otters had been ex-

terminated. About this time the Russians did a little trading in California, as did also the Hudson Bay Company, but altogether there was very little of it.

With Marshall's discovery of gold in 1848, California awoke. It is true that she fell into the habit of taking a siesta now and then, long after her awakening, but, on the whole, she forged ahead.

It is estimated that the white population was not more than 12,000 in 1848, the vast majority of whom were of the Spanish race. A population of this size could not be expected, of course, to have built up an enormous commerce, yet writers appear to have thought that these 12,000 persons—including, doubtless, a large number of women and children—should have covered the seas with a merchant marine. As a matter of fact the writers speak slightingly of the inhabitants of California of those times because of the lack of the seagoing trade.

The harbor of San Francisco must have had the surprise of its existence when the ships began to sail in from every quarter of the globe on the heels of the news of the gold discovery. The last of February, 1849, witnessed the arrival of the steamship "California" from New York with the first party of gold-seekers from the Atlantic States. A month later the "Oregon" arrived. In June there were two hundred square-rigged vessels lying in San Francisco Bay. At the same time caravans were making their devious and dangerous way across the overland trail.

With so sudden and so large an increase in population, California began to acquire a commerce.

Beginning with a gold production of $10,000,000 in 1848, the output of the placer diggings steadily rose, year by year, reaching the climax in 1853 when the production amounted to $65,000,000. For several years thereafter it continued in excess of $50,000,000 a year and did not fall below $30,000,000 annually

until 1864. During the twenty years following Marshall's discovery, California contributed nearly $1,000,000,000 in gold to the wealth of the world.

Exclusive of the mineral production, the state appears to have been able to build up a handsome export merchandise trade during the twenty years following 1848. In 1851, for instance, these exports amounted to $1,000,000. The figures steadily increased from one year to another. In 1861, with the breaking out of the Civil War, with which, by the way, California was not largely disturbed, the exports of merchandise had advanced to nearly $10,000,000. In 1867 the figures had reached nearly $23,000,000. These figures are taken from the statistics of the Port of San Francisco, which was the most important port and, indeed, the only port of importance on the California coast in those days.

It took California a long time to get over the idea that nothing was worth while except the digging of gold. A full realization of this mistaken belief seems to have come about in the year 1868 when the wheat crop of the state equaled in value the output of gold. Men then began to turn their thoughts to the wealth of a soil which was to prove vastly more profitable than the placer mines had ever been.

The great handicap that California suffered in her commercial ambitions at the time of her real awakening to the possibilities of agriculture, horticulture and husbandry in all its phases, was the lack of transportation facilities. There was no overland railway and the journeys by sea to the great markets of "the States" and the world were extremely hazardous.

In 1868 there were about three hundred miles of railway in California. There were little roads leading here and there in the country adjacent to the Bay of San Francisco. The oldest road in the state ran a distance of twenty-one miles from Sacramento to

Folsom. There was a road between San Francisco and San Jose. Another operated between Marysville and Oroville and there were several other small lines.

The famous Central Pacific road, with which the names of Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, the Crockers, Mark Hopkins and others are forever associated, was operating over a distance of one hundred and five miles out of Sacramento in 1868. It had already surmounted the supposedly insurmountable Sierra Nevada, swinging across altitudes of more than 7000 feet, under enormous snowsheds and cutting its way through fifteen tunnels in mountains of solid granite.

The subsidies granted to the Central Pacific company by the United States Government were immense, yet not too tempting when the obstacles that had to be overcome are taken into consideration. The Government agreed to aid the company with loans for each mile of track laid and completed. In addition to this, concessions of every alternate section of public lands lying on each side of the road were granted. The city of San Francisco and the States of California and Nevada also rendered financial assistance to the project.

The student of history who delves into the story of the construction of the Central Pacific railroad in its mere statistical features only, does not delve deep enough. In the shadows of the years, when Time has turned the throbbing brain and the fiery heart of dreamer and doer into dust, we are not apt to view a great accomplishment with anything more than analytical coldness. We see the mathematical figures and not the heroic figures of those who dreamed and those who wrought—the achievements of men who were as potent as the gods.

California's first miracle was wrought by Junipero

Serra at San Diego in 1769. Her second miracle was wrought exactly a century later when the golden spike was driven in a railway tie of California laurel on the wild and desolate deserts of Nevada, linking the Golden Gate with bands of iron to the Harbor of New York. Between the brown Franciscan miracle-worker of San Diego and the Yankee miracle-workers of Sacramento stretched the dusty highway of exactly one hundred years.

For many years the dream of a transcontinental railroad had been a thing to keep warm the hearts that dwelt within the tents of the faithful amid the golden hills. Chief among these dreamers was a young engineer named Judah. The road was this man's vision. It was the dream that he carried with him everywhere, day and night, in the sun-swept valleys and upon the starry trails. Wherever Theodore Judah could find a willing ear to listen he wrought upon that wondering soul the wonder of his dream.

With compass and caliper he had drawn upon his maps the winding trail of the iron horse across valleys and plain, the snow-crowned Sierra and the mystic deserts that he knew so well. With his drawings under his arm he went, in 1860, to Washington, there to storm the citadels of power with his project. And he was earnestly listened to. But the dark clouds of war hovered over the nation then. The lightnings of death and its thunders were flashing and rumbling threateningly in the skies. Judah was told that he must await another and a happier time for the fruition of his hopes.

Yet he came back to California undismayed, still with his dream, still wandering the trails of sun and stars in quest of neophytes. And at last he found them. And it was in the most prosaic if not exactly humble surroundings.

In the city of Sacramento in 1861 there were several enterprising merchants. All of them were thriving in trade, but none of them had risen to great influence in the financial life of the West. There was Leland Stanford who had been a lawyer but who had abandoned Kent and Blackstone to engage in the perhaps less precarious occupation of a grocer. Collis P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins were engaged in the hardware business. Charles Crocker kept a dry goods store.

They were all clear-headed men, strong in character. After much discussion they held a meeting in June, 1861, and organized the Central Pacific Railroad Company, facing boldly with their own resources a problem that was as big as any that had yet been faced by the human race. That they dreamed of large financial gains as a result of their boldness, it may as well be admitted, but that these men were equally impelled by high and patriotic motives it were a meanness to deny. They became very rich in the end, and Stanford rose to political greatness as Governor of California and as a Senator in Congress. He left his riches practically to the people when he died. The noble University that he erected and endowed in memory of his son, Leland Stanford, Jr., is his lasting monument for all time.

The burden that this little band of empire-builders assumed in undertaking the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad, with all the aid that it later received from the Government, was almost unparalleled. No engineering feat had ever before been attempted that was fraught with such tremendous difficulties. When Theodore Judah returned from Washington a second time victory perched on his banners, and he came also with a task for that coterie of Sacramento merchants that would have discouraged any but the bravest men.

For it was Judah who had succeeded at last in convincing Washington that the transcontinental railway should be built. The outbreak of the Civil War had served as a good argument in his behalf, after all. The Federal Government doubtless saw that unless the road were constructed the Republic was just that much more vulnerable to dismemberment. In July, 1862, Abraham Lincoln signed the bill which had passed both houses of Congress and which started the Union Pacific on its way to meet the Central Pacific and thus create a transcontinental railway.

Judah died without seeing his vision come true. His theoretical surveys, however, were practically followed by the Government engineers. The work was started and the troubles of the Sacramento dreamers began. The question of more ready money than had been provided was a constant nightmare. Stanford bombarded the coffers of the West and Huntington pleaded in the East. Crocker sweated and toiled on the mountains and the deserts, driving the road ahead.

In the building of the road Charles Crocker distinguished himself. To supply the lack of laborers he imported Chinese who proved industrious and peaceable workers. He organized them into companies and they were proudly referred to as "Crocker's battalions."

In an address before a committee of the Senate of the United States, in 1888, Creed Haymond described the difficulties which attended the construction of the Central Pacific across the Sierra. Haymond was attorney for the road, but every statement he made was borne out by facts and his great speech must forever remain as a classic in the literature of California. From this magnificent oration, which consumed three days' time in its delivery, the following vivid word pictures are extracted:

"From Emigrant Gap to Truckee the difficulties encountered can never be described so as to be appreciated by one not conversant with that range of mountains or who has not lived among them during the months of almost constant storm. The snow usually begins to fall on the Sierra in the month of November or December, and sometimes continues, with but slight intermission, until April or May.

"On the western slope the annual snowfall will vary from thirty to sixty feet in depth, and snow has remained on the summit to the depth of four feet as late as July. Rain at intervals falls on these vast bodies of snow, and when they are reduced by the influence of the rays of the sun and the saturation of rain to the depth of ten or fifteen feet the mass ceases to be snow and becomes a body of ice which cannot be removed except with pick and powder.

"The three winters during which our people, with from ten to twelve thousand men, were working on these mountains were among the severest known in the history of the state. As the snow began to fall it required as many men to clear the ground as it did to do the work of excavation. As the storms progressed it became impossible to clear off the snow, and the work was done under it. Long tunnels were run through the snow to get at the rock to be excavated and at the rock tunnels to be bored. Shafts were sunk in the snow; domes excavated under them, and in these domes the masonry necessary to be used in construction was laid, the stones being lowered through the snow shafts.

"There was constant danger from the mountain avalanches; men were frequently swept away and their remains not found until the snow melted in the summer. For miles and miles great masses of snow, drifted and compact, rested upon the cliffs near the summits of the mountains, endangering all below

them, and these masses had, for protection, to be removed before the work could be even carried on with comparative safety.

"While these storms were raging in the mountains rain deluged the foothills and the valleys, rendering them impassable even for teams, and many of the supplies to points which could not be reached by rail were borne upon the backs of mules. For days at a time so terrific would be these storms that not an hour's work could be done; yet the men who were risking their lives could only be retained by full payment, whether working or idle.

"While this work was going on in the mountains a force was pushed forty miles ahead to the cañon of the Truckee, and twenty miles of rails with their fastenings, and locomotives and cars sufficient for carrying on the work in that cañon, were hauled through the snow and over the summit to that place. The expense of such transportation could only be appreciated by those who had lived in the Sierra during the winter months, and could only be justified by the necessity of the work and the great interest which the nation had therein.

"It was also deemed important to do work in the lower mountains crossed by the railroad in Utah, so that when the track reached those points there should be no delay. Men and material were transported by wagons over deserts, sometimes forty miles without water, at immense cost. Provisions to sustain them and forage for teams were expensive beyond anything ever known in the Atlantic States. Barley and oats ranged from $200 to $300 per ton; hay, $120 per ton, and all other supplies in Utah in the same ratio.

"The work in the Sierra was done before the days of high explosives or the Burleigh drill. Five hundred kegs of powder was the daily average, and its

price was beyond anything ever known in the country before. There were no means in California for manufacturing railroad material. Only a few years had elapsed since there had been any considerable emigration to the state. Labor was scarce, and only obtainable at great cost. Miners, accustomed to work or not in the placer mines, as it suited them, would not undergo the discipline of railroad work. They were indifferent and independent and their labor high-priced.

"At the first mining excitement many of them would abandon the work. As an illustration, 1100 men were transported at one time to work on the eastern sections of the road, and out of 1100 only 100 remained, the balance going to the mines newly opened at Austin, in Nevada.

"Iron rails, laid in the track, 100 tons per mile (including switches, sidetracks and material), cost over $140 a ton. For two locomotive engines there was paid in cost and freight $70,000. The first ten engines purchased in a lot by the Central Pacific road cost $191,000 and the second ten upwards of $215,000. Freight by Cape Horn to San Francisco was over $2000 on the first locomotive. Cars were manufactured in the East, taken to pieces, brought around Cape Horn or across the Isthmus, landed at San Francisco, carried by boat to Sacramento and there put together. Thousands of tons of rails were transported by steamship from New York to Aspinwall, thence across the Isthmus to Panama, and then shipped again to San Francisco at great expense.

"An average of 11,000 men were engaged for three years in this mighty work upon the mountains—a force far greater than General Taylor led across the Rio Grande to Monterey and to Buena Vista; a force nearly in numbers to that with which General Scott swept from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. More

work was done and more money actually expended in the construction of 150 miles of the Central Pacific road across the Sierra Nevada Mountains than would have been necessary to build the road from the eastern base of those mountains to the city of Chicago.

"When the mountains were passed the desert was encountered, and there was neither fuel nor timber. Water was scarce, and, except upon the Truckee and Humboldt rivers, had to be hauled by teams for steam and for the use of the grading forces. Thousands of dollars without result were expended in well-boring; tunnels were run into the mountains east of Wadsworth, small springs developed, and the water thus found was carefully husbanded and conveyed, in some cases more than eight miles, in pipes to the line of the road.

"There was not a tree for five hundred miles of the route that would make a board, and no satisfactory quality of building stone. With the exception of a few acres of stunted pine and juniper trees, all fuel was hauled over the Sierra. A maximum haul for ties was six hundred miles, and for rails and other materials and supplies the haul was the entire length of the Central Pacific road.

"It has been said that the promoters of the Central Pacific road were wealthy when the road was completed from Sacramento to the connection near Ogden. If this was true who would complain? If they had failed to complete the road they would, it is true, have been losers, but the Government would have lost more. If the pioneer line had failed, the vast domain between the Missouri and the Sierra would in all probability have been still in the possession of the savage. [1888.] None of the thousands of miles of road which runs through that territory would now be in existence. Their success meant the Government's success, and none could justly com-

plain if the men who braved all and risked all were sharers in the results which followed.

"But what is the truth in this respect? When the junction was made and the road finally completed, these men had expended all their means—all the aids granted—and were more than three millions of dollars in debt for which they were personally liable."

All this and the rest that Creed Haymond said before the Senate committee may be regarded as the special pleading of an eloquent lawyer on behalf of his clients. Yet what he said was the truth.

It was indeed a fateful day, that tenth of May, 1869, when the two roads came together and the greatest achievement of the nineteenth century, or of any century that preceded it, was consummated. At that hour the attention of the civilized world was concentrated on the sagebrush plains of Nevada where California was joined by rail with the Atlantic seaboard.

Beside the hundreds of laborers, mechanics, engineers and builders present, a number of distinguished men was in attendance. The ceremonies were unique and such as to appeal to the most fervid powers of the imagination. On the last day Charles Crocker made the world's record in railroad construction when the forces under his command laid ten miles and one hundred and eighty-five feet of track.

The last spike to be driven was made of California gold, and the railway tie in which the silver sledge-hammer was to drive it was of the wood of the California laurel. The Territory of Arizona sent an offering of a spike made of gold, silver and iron. A silver spike was presented by Nevada.

As the epoch-making moment arrived, Leland Stanford and Vice-President Durant of the Union Pacific each struck the golden spike with blows from the silver hammer. Telegraph wires attached to the spike

repeated the blows east and west. The electric wave rang the bells in the city hall at San Francisco and fired a cannon at Fort Point. At that instant the whole city went mad with joy. And in the East the excitement was no less. Celebrations were held in Buffalo, Boston and other cities, while away on the wild plains of the West the engines were advancing and backing in an exchange of eloquent courtesies. Francis Bret Harte glorified the event in the following verses:

WHAT THE ENGINES SAID

What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching,—head to head
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back?
This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread.

With a prefatory screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the WEST:
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And if altitude's a test,
Why, I reckon, it's confessed
That I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the EAST:
"They who work best talk the least.
S'pose you whistle down your brakes;
What you've done is no great shakes,—
Pretty fair,—but let our meeting
Be a different kind of greeting.
Let these folks with champagne stuffing,
Not their Engines, do the puffing.

"Listen! Where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats;
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the woods with wampum dyes,—
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon,
Blessing all that he has blessed,
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest;
And before my flying feet
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"
And a long, low whistle blew.
"Come, now, really that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest.
You brag of your East! You do?
Why, I bring the East to you!
All the Orient, all Cathay,
Find through me the shortest way;
And the sun you follow here
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really,—if one must be rude,—
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union: "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director."
Said the Central: "I'm Pacific;
But, when riled, I'm quite terrific.
Yet today we shall not quarrel,
Just to show these folks this moral,
How two Engines—in their vision—
Once have met without collision."

That is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread;
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

The "Big Four"—as Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins came to be popularly known—reaped fully the rewards of their daring enterprise. They soon acquired the Western Pacific, which connected San Francisco and San Jose. They went steadily onward, building and expanding. They secured a terminus on the Oakland side of the Bay. Under the name of the "Southern Pacific Railroad," the great system which the four merchants of Sacramento began on no other foundation than their own private means and the dream of Theodore D. Judah, has been flung north and south, to the forests of the northwest, the Gulf of Mexico, and Mexico's west coast, far and near, till it covers the West like an octopus with countless tentacles.

The "Big Four" came to hold tremendous power in their hands. They quarreled with the public and even quarreled among themselves. Huntington outlasted them all, standing at last as the greatest railroad man of his time. Now the dust covers them, each and all. They died richer than their own wildest dreams. But had they died in rags their fame were none the less secure. They were the boldest dreamers of their age; and when their dreams were done the iron horse neighed in the desert's desolation and whinnied to his mates from cloud-piercing mountain peaks amid the wastes of immemorial snows.

Several other railroads have followed since. In 1880 the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, with the romance of the old "Santa Fé Trail" behind it, succeeded in making an entrance into California and now operates its lines nearly the entire length

of the state with terminals at both San Diego and Oakland across the Bay from San Francisco.

This road is popularly called the "Santa Fé," in the West at least, and the name is indeed appropriate, for the reason that to reach the ancient city of Santa Fé in New Mexico it was originally projected.

Santa Fé was established as a Spanish settlement early in the sixteenth century, probably by stragglers from the army of Coronado. For many years the pueblo depended on the City of Mexico, fifteen hundred miles distant, for its touch with civilization. The scant trade which was carried on between the two places proved tremendously expensive. Then American trappers and wanderers found the settlement. In 1812, Kansas City (then known as Westport), began to reach out for business, and a trading expedition was sent out from that point to Santa Fé. The caravan was promptly confiscated and the traders thrown into prison as "Yankee spies."

This incident did not, of course, deter other traders from venturing across the plains to Santa Fé. Soon the trail was blazed completely and was dusty with the caravans of the Yankees. They had much to contend with, but the trade was profitable. Despite the fact that old Dick Wooten had preempted the Raton Pass where he exacted tolls from the traders, and in the face of marauding bands of Indians, the outfits from Kansas City made good money in their dealings with the Spaniards. In 1843 the annual trade of the Santa Fé Trail amounted to not less than $450,000, employing three hundred and fifty men and the use of two hundred and thirty wagons which were drawn by mules or oxen. Seventy days were required to make the trip outward with the loads, while the practically empty wagons were able to return inside of forty days. In later days a line of stage coaches,

often protected by United States troops, made the trip with passengers in two weeks.

In 1863 the railway was first projected from Kansas City and was pushed on across the old Santa Fé Trail. This line was the nucleus of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway which is today one of the most splendid systems of transportation in the world. The road was continued to Albuquerque and later gained entrance to California through an arrangement with the Southern Pacific by which the Santa Fé acquired the old Atlantic and Pacific road from Needles to Mojave. It then built from Barstow into Los Angeles and San Diego and later acquired a line through the San Joaquin Valley, paralleling the Southern Pacific to Oakland.

Among the later invasions of railways that have terminals at Oakland and San Francisco, the Western Pacific, or "Gould Line," is especially important. This road affords a valuable outlet for California to the northwest in addition to other facilities in the same direction. The Western Pacific also proves of inestimable value in developing the marvelously rich agricultural and mineral sections of extreme northern California.

The latest of the transcontinental railways to find a western terminus at Los Angeles was the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, better known by its trademark title, the "Salt Lake Route."

During twenty years there had been several attempts made to construct a direct line of railway between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, Utah, following closely the original pioneer pathway between these two cities which has passed into history as "The Mormon Trail."

Until 1901 all of these attempts at the construction of this line, over practically an air line route to the Mormon capital, had been failures. At that time

the project was taken up by former United States Senator W. A. Clark of Montana who, in conjunction with several capitalist friends, planned and finally finished the line which reduced the distance between Pacific tidewater and Utah's metropolis by over one-third. Allied with Senator Clark was his brother, J. Ross Clark, who had for several years been a resident of Los Angeles and on whom fell the carrying out of the details of construction.

By the purchase of what was then known as the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, excellent terminal properties were secured at Los Angeles as well as extensive and valuable properties at San Pedro which latter gave the new line particularly advantageous wharf and waterfront facilities at the port.

On May 1, 1905, the Clark railroad was opened as a transcontinental line with through service and fast trains to Chicago connecting at Salt Lake City with the Harriman system. The new line sprang at once into popularity.

One of the particular features of the new railroad was the scenic beauty of that section of the line which wound through the series of cañons which form the Meadow Valley wash in southern Nevada. This route proved, for some time, a serious detriment, owing to the losses suffered at this point from flood waters. To meet these conditions without abandoning its scenic capital, it became necessary to raise the line high above the possible reach of floods. To accomplish this one hundred miles of the heaviest kind of construction were planned and carried out, which stand today as a bulwark of safety through that gorge in the Nevada hills where the Mormons first blazed a trail in making the original Anglo-Saxon emigration to California. The construction of this high line by the Clark road has formed one of the great engineering feats of western railroad his-

tory and the cost of a hundred miles of line through these winding cañons has run up into the millions.

A branch of the Clark system connects the Salt Lake Route with the great mining zone of Nevada and is known as the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad. This line has been constructed north from Las Vegas, Nevada, to Goldfield in the same state. Another branch connects the main line with the historic mining camp of Pioche, Nevada.

California's third miracle is the reclamation of the deserts by irrigation. Here the term "desert" is used in a very broad sense, even stretching the meaning to include more than arid lands, and taking in every portion of the state where agriculture and horticulture is or can be aided by irrigation.

One hundred million acres of land is the total area of California. A great deal of this land is not irrigable owing to its situation on mountains. But it is safe to say that at least twenty million acres are irrigable and that the water supply of the state from its rivers and by means of artesian wells is ample to meet this demand when it shall have fully arrived. At the time this book is written about five million acres are under irrigation. In no other state of the Union is there an available supply of water for irrigation for so great an area of fertile land.

In the early history of California the province was composed of vast ranchos over which cattle and sheep roamed at will. Indeed it is only now that the state is entering upon its real destiny as a country of small farms occupied by a large population. Until recently it was not believed that water in great quantities for irrigation purposes could be secured. Now it is known that over forty-five million acre feet of water are available from the streams of California alone, not to speak of the vast quantities that are to be had from subterranean sources.

The $27,000,000 expended on irrigation in California up to the year 1902 had come mostly from the promoters of private enterprises. The returns from these irrigated farms to the farmer are not millions, but hundreds of millions of dollars, the amount increasing every year as though by magic. The Imperial Valley, which is an empire in itself, was aided by the Government to enable the settlers to secure water from the Colorado River. Never was a more sudden transformation from desert to blossom witnessed, as a result. Cities sprang up almost in a day. A vast expanse of green fields gladdens the eye of the traveler now where only a few years ago there was only the desolation of sand and scraggy greasewood. Thousands upon thousands of acres in the San Joaquin and other valleys where crops of wheat were grown wholly on the gamble of uncertain rains are now lush with alfalfa fields, busy with dairy farming and marvelous with the finest fruit orchards on earth.

If there be miracles this is surely one, that out of desolation there has sprung verdure and opulence at the touch of living waters. Here has the American Moses struck the rock and brought forth the springs of life. Men once said that God had made California without a flaw except for its lack of water. But now it is seen that there is no such lack.

It were idle to attempt to foretell the time when the products of California, resulting from water on the land, will cease to increase. Every day there is a new green field, a new orchard, a new vineyard, another flame of flower in a magic garden where there was no garden yesterday. Not only the valleys but the mesas and the very fastnesses of the mountains are made to bloom.

Perhaps the most striking result of irrigation in California is the creation of the citrus industry. In the production of oranges, especially, California has

not even a near competitor anywhere. More than thirty thousand carloads of oranges are shipped out of the state every year, and the limit has not been reached. What the production will be in years to come no man can say.

The particular variety of orange which has made Southern California noted and which forms the bulk of the citrus product is known as the "Washington Navel," which made its way into the United States from Brazil. Two trees were brought from the Government experimental station at Washington. They thrived wonderfully on California soil. One of these trees, known as "the original orange tree," is still to be seen in the patio of the famous Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside on which spot it was transplanted by Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, on May 7, 1903. On that memorable occasion, the late John North of Riverside, President of the Pioneer Society, addressed President Roosevelt and the multitude assembled, as follows:

"This little tree is of importance and historic value far beyond anything indicated by its size or appearance. It is the progenitor of that great industry which has done most to make Southern California famous. The two trees, of which this is one, were brought from Bahia, in Brazil, and sent to Riverside by the Agricultural Department at Washington in the year 1874. From these two trees, by the process of budding into seedling stock, all of the navel oranges of California have sprung. The fruit of this tree is so perfect, its descendants so numerous, its posterity so great, its family so enormous, that we believe it merits your unqualified approval."

California's fourth miracle is without a parallel anywhere in either ancient or modern times. On the morning of the nineteenth of April, 1906, San Francisco, with a population of half a million souls,

was destroyed by earthquake and fire. For three days of horror the flames consumed the city and it lay at last a pathetic and blackened ruin beside the Golden Gate.

Then the work of fifty years and longer, that was destroyed in three days, was done over again in three years—done better and at greater expense. It was an achievement that must stand forever as an inspiration to the entire human race.

The shock of the earthquake would, of itself, have done no great damage had not a break occurred in the mains which carried the city's water supply, thus rendering the fire department helpless when the conflagration broke out. In the incredibly short space of fifty-two hours the flames had destroyed twenty-eight thousand buildings, licking five hundred and fourteen city blocks clean of structures of steel and stone, brick and wood. The loss was a billion dollars.

The great heart of the world was stricken with infinite pity. Men in all lands and the wanderers upon every sea had loved San Francisco as few cities had ever been loved. Its olden haunts so dear to Bohemia, its streets glamorous with the romance of '49, its love of life and color and its tireless hospitality were recalled and mourned as things that now had passed away forever. That a generation, at least, must pass before the city could be rebuilt—if, indeed, it were ever to be rebuilt—was the settled conclusion of all thoughtful minds. But the world that knew so well the city that was, was yet to know of what god-like fiber the people of San Francisco, themselves, were made.

"The first contract for a large building was signed, sealed and delivered six days after the disaster fell," writes Rufus Steele. "Scores of other buildings were being planned, but the contract referred to was the first to take on a notarial seal, so far as known.

At that time the fire was still burning itself out in a hundred different places. It was impossible to get out of the city or back into it without a permit signed by the Governor and military commander. There were no building materials at hand; indeed there was still no food supply except that in the hands of the soldiery, but the men who undertook that contract were of the sort who could scramble for bricks and biscuits at the same time.

"The rebuilding dates back to those uncertain days of all manner of unfamiliar doings. The first thing that came out of chaos was the resolve to reconstruct, and action followed fast on resolution. It is a fact that on some lots in San Francisco the debris was not allowed to cool. Broken bricks were pitched from many a site while the bricks were still as warm as muffins. The property owner who was not impressed by the soldiery and set to cleaning the streets at the point of the bayonet, was likely to secure a shovel and advance upon his own premises as fast as the dying heat would permit."

Awful as the blow proved to be, the destruction of the city brought out all that was wonderful and exceptional in Californians who have in their veins the heritage of the men and women who came around the Horn and faced the trackless wilderness of plain and mountain and desert in the "Days of Forty-nine"—and before those days. More beautiful than ever, stronger and greater than ever, again the City of St. Francis looks out upon the Sunset Sea from thrice her seven hills—once more,

"Serene, indifferent of Fate,
She sits beside the Golden Gate."

The fifth of the miracles, and in some respects the greatest, is the Owens River Aqueduct, two-thirds completed as this book is written and destined to be

wholly completed before the ships will have sailed through the Panama Canal.

The story of the Owens River Aqueduct is the story of a great city builded on a desert that one day awoke to the very serious fact that it must stop growing or find more water for its uses. The city did not desire to stop growing, but there was no more water anywhere within sight that it could obtain. It had utilized to the utmost limit every drop of water in every stream and in every well to which it had a right or could ever have a right in all the land of Southern California. The city that faced this grave problem was the city of Los Angeles.

The story of the Owens River Aqueduct is also the story of the unlimited confidence that the people of Los Angeles placed in one man and upon that man's word. The man is William Mulholland, and he kept the faith.

Los Angeles was founded as a Spanish pueblo in 1781 by Don Felipe de Neve, Governor of the Californias. Throughout the Spanish era in California and the Mexican era which followed, the pueblo had not been an important place. Even under American rule its growth was slow for many years. But at last it awoke. In the year 1905 it had attained to a population of close to 300,000 and was growing like magic. It was then that William Mulholland, who was the engineer and superintendent of the city's water works, saw that Los Angeles must have more water or bar her gates against a further influx of population.

While Mulholland was worrying himself over the situation, there came to him a man named Fred Eaton, who had been connected with the water works of Los Angeles in former years and who had later served a term as Mayor of the city. For a period of thirteen years prior to 1905, however, Eaton had re-

sided in the Owens River Valley in Inyo county, northward more than two hundred miles from Los Angeles. In that valley there is a river tumbling down from the eternal snows of the Sierra into an alkaline lake. The waters of the river are as pure as crystal and were being put to little or no use by anybody. Eaton told Mulholland about this stream. Then and there these two men conceived the gigantic dream of diverting the waters of the Owens River to the uses of Los Angeles.

Eaton led the engineer to the spot and Mulholland became absolutely convinced of the feasibility of the idea. They kept their movements secret. Later, when he had checked up and felt certain of his ground, Mulholland confided the secret to the Water Board of Los Angeles, a body composed of strong men appointed without regard to their political affiliations. The board supplied the engineer with funds to make surveys and to buy up water rights in the Valley of the Owens River. So quietly and successfully was everything done that when speculators became informed of the proposed project, the city was wholly in possession of all that was worth having. Then, one morning, the whole matter was announced in the columns of the Los Angeles Times, creating the greatest sensation in the city's history.

To put the Aqueduct through was a question of twenty-three million dollars. A bond issue was promptly voted and Mulholland was told to go ahead. This man, who was not a product of the schools, was given unquestioningly a project so immense to handle. Eaton was the dreamer in whose soul was born the vision of a city saved. Mulholland was the doer.

Born in Ireland, William Mulholland went to sea when a lad and beat around the world before the mast. When still not more than twenty years old he reached Los Angeles and was employed as the "zanjero" of

the pueblo—the man whose duty it was to look after the water ditches. He lived in a cabin alone for several years. He spent his nights in study. He taught himself what the schools teach other men. He rose to be superintendent of the Los Angeles water works. And when he had spent thirty years among these people they placed twenty-three million dollars practically at his disposal to bring a river from the high Sierra down to their town. The faith of the people in him was without a flaw. The "zanjero" rose at one bound to take his place among the greatest engineers of the world.

Los Angeles was able to supply its three hundred thousand inhabitants with water before the Owens River Aqueduct was decided upon. Now it obtains an additional supply of two hundred and sixty million gallons daily from an unpolluted source that has a drainage area of twenty-eight hundred square miles. For many years the city will be able to supply water for the irrigation of thousands of acres of land beside developing from the Aqueduct electrical power to the extent of one hundred and twenty thousand horsepower, peak load, for manufacturing purposes. What this means to a city that already has a great harbor and a "back country" rich in every way is a question that only the imagination may attempt to answer.

The romance of today is the romance of the wild places made to blossom, of orange and lemon and peach and apple orchards, and vineyards crowding the valleys and the hillsides where once roamed the deer in the wild clover and barley. It is the romance of roaring cities that clash with traffic, of trade that sings at its looms, of ships that rock in the happy harbors.

The tide of power, ever shifting through the countless ages of the world, now to Tyre and now to Carth-

age, again to Britain and again to Gaul, the steel leviathans of the oceans dimming the glory of the Phœnician with his first little ragged sail—this tide of power shifts now to the western shores of America. California faces the awakening Orient with its countless peoples, and its undreamed of and undeveloped wealth. And, in the days to be, she shall outrival the achievements of all the past as she sits in queenly sway upon her golden throne of greatness and content.

But, in considering the present and future greatness of California, the imagination constantly reverts to the first attempts that were made at civilization and commercial progress. One who knows and loves the story of California can never behold the great irrigation ditches which wake to living bloom the vast stretches of opulent plain and valley without seeing, as in a dream, the first uncertain waterway which Junipero Serra projected in the Mission Valley of San Diego. As one speeds now upon the shining highways that link towns and cities together from end to end of the Golden State, memory stirs in the loving heart the dream of days when the Mission hospices, with their flocks and herds on the hillsides, and the Indian neophytes chanting in the harvest fields, awaited the welcome traveler on the King's Highway. And thus Junipero Serra stands forth the first and greatest character of which California yet can boast—her first missionary, her first merchant, the first of her empire builders.

That the Five Miracles will be increased by other miracles to which California shall also lay full claim as she speeds ever onward on the road of progress is not a subject that the historian of today may discuss, but it is something in which the faithful may believe. A land so rich in soil, so nearly perfect in climate, and which has practically an inexhaustible wealth of

minerals will not fall asleep. With her thousand miles of sea coast California is fitted as a keystone into the western shores of both the Americas. Before her lie Cathay, the Orient, Asia and Africa, the continents and the islands of the greatest of the oceans. Behind her are all other lands and all other seas. Her soul is the soul of beauty; her heart is boundless in its love.

The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below, the white seas swirled—
Just California, stretching down
The middle of the world.

APPENDIX

COUNTIES OF CALIFORNIA

The following data concerning the names and the origin of the counties of California were prepared by Prentiss Maslin and published officially by direction of the State Legislature in accordance with an Act approved February 12, 1903:

Alameda County—Created March 25, 1853. The Spanish word "Alameda" means "a public walk or promenade in the shade of trees." Literally, it comes from Alamo, the poplar or cottonwood tree, and it is from the derived meaning of the word, "a public walk," that this county obtained its name.

Alpine County—Created March 16, 1864. This county derived its name from the English word "Alpine," meaning, "of, pertaining to, or connected with, the Alps." Its geographical position, lying as it does on the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, made it particularly an Alpine county, and hence its name.

Amador County—Created May 11, 1854. The meaning of this word in Spanish is "lover of inanimate objects." This county most probably derived its name from either Sergeant Pedro Amador or from José Maria Amador, his son. Sergeant Pedro Amador was one of the prominent settlers of California. He was an adventurer and a soldier in the Spanish army, coming to California in 1771 and after serving in San Diego and Santa Barbara was transferred to San Francisco, and died in San José April 10, 1824, at the age of 82 years. His son, José Maria, was born in San Francisco, on December 18, 1794, and was also a soldier and a renowned Indian fighter. He obtained a large grant from the Mexican government, and after the discovery of gold forsook pastoral pursuits and went to the Southern

mines, where he greatly increased his fortune. He was living as late as 1883.

Butte County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California, and derived its name from that wonderful topographical formation, now known as the Marysville or Sutter Buttes, which lie in Sutter County and which were named by Michel La Frambeau of the Hudson Bay Company, who visited the northern part of California as a voyageur and trapper in the year 1829. The word "butte" is purely a French word, and signifies "a small hill or mound of earth detached from any mountain range."

Calaveras County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of California. The meaning of "Calaveras" is "skulls," and the county derived its name from Calaveras Creek, which was so named by Captain Moraga of the Mexican army, who headed the first exploring expedition of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers and into the Sierra Nevada Mountains, from the fact that he found a large number of skulls lying along the banks of the creek. According to the diary of Captain Moraga, the history of this abundance of skulls is that the tribes who lived on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers made a desperate war against the tribes of the Sierra, who annually came down to fish for salmon in these rivers. This was considered in the light of a trespass, inasmuch as the Sierra tribes refused to allow the valley tribes to go into the mountains to hunt deer and gather acorns. In a most sanguinary battle fought near this creek, the tribes of the valley were victorious, and more than three thousand Indians were killed. Hence the name of the creek, from which the county subsequently derived its name.

Colusa County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. The name of this county in the original act of 1850 was spelled "Colusi," and ofttimes in newspapers was spelled "Coluse," and was the name of an Indian tribe living on the west side of

the Sacramento River. The meaning of the word "Colusa" has never been determined.

Ed. Note.—Hon. John P. Irish, former Naval Officer at San Francisco, writes as follows regarding the name of this county:

"Reading the derivation of the names of California counties, written by Mr. Prentiss Maslin, I note that he finds no meaning or translation of the Indian word 'Colusa,' the title of the tribe from which the county was named. The late General Will Green, who went there while the tribe was still a strong body and associated with them so much as to acquire a knowledge and quite free use of their language, told me that the word 'Colusa' means 'scratcher.' When a member of the tribe married, it was the privilege of the bride to begin the honeymoon by scratching her husband's face. The young women so uniformly availed themselves of this privilege that a newly married man was always known by the deep scratches upon his face inflicted by his wife. From this tribal custom the tribe was known as Colusa or the scratchers. General Green was always so correct in the knowledge he acquired and imparted as to such matters that I am very certain this is the exact and correct meaning of the word 'Colusa.'"

Contra Costa County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. This county originally included what is now known as Alameda County, and because of its relationship to San Francisco County, on the west side of San Francisco Bay, it was called Contra Costa, or "opposite Coast," lying as it does on the opposite coast or eastern shore of San Francisco Bay.

Del Norte County—Created March 2, 1857. The name of this county signifies "the north," and the county being situated in the extreme north (west) corner of the State of California, derived its name from its geographical position.

El Dorado County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. Francis Orellana, a companion of the adventurer Pizarro, wrote a fictitious account of a wonderful province in South America,

of a fabulous region of genial clime and never-fading verdure, abounding in gold and precious stones, where wine gushed forth from never-ceasing springs, and wheat fields grew ready-baked loaves of bread, and birds already roasted flew among the trees, and nature was filled with harmony and sweetness. From this description, a gold-bearing belt was called El Dorado, as in later days it has been called Klondike. So when the discovery of gold by James W. Marshall at Coloma in January, 1848, became known to the world, California, and particularly that part where gold was discovered, was called "El Dorado," and it was from this fact that the county was given its name upon its creation.

Fresno County—Created April 19, 1856. The word "Fresno" in Spanish signifies "ash tree," and it was because of the abundance of mountain ash in the mountains of this county that it received its name.

Glenn County—Created March 11, 1891. This county was created out of the northern portion of Colusa County, and derived its name from Dr. Hugh J. Glenn, who, during his lifetime, was the largest wheat farmer in the State, and a man of great prominence in political and commercial life in California.

Humboldt County—Created May 12, 1853. This county derived its name from Humboldt Bay, which was named for Baron Alexander von Humboldt, the eminent scientist, by Captain Ottinger of the ship "Laura Virginia."

Imperial County—Created August 15, 1907. It derived its name from the Imperial Valley, situated therein.

Inyo County—Created March 22, 1866. This county derived its name from a tribe of Indians who inhabited that part of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The meaning of this word has never been determined.

Kern County—Created April 2, 1866. This county derived its name from the Kern River, which was named for the lieutenant of that name of General John C. Fremont's third expedition in 1845-47.

Kings County—Created March 22, 1893. This county was created out of the western part of Tulare County, and derived its name from Kings River, which, according to history and tradition, was discovered in 1805 by an exploring expedition and named Rio de los Santos Reyes (the "river of the holy kings"), from which it obtained its present name.

Lake County—Created May 20, 1861. This county derived its name because of the many charming lakes that are within its boundaries.

Lassen County—Created April 1, 1864. The name of this county was derived from Mount Lassen, which was named for Peter Lassen, a native of Switzerland, one of General Fremont's guides and a famous trapper, frontiersman, and Indian fighter, who was killed by the Piutes at the base of this mountain in 1859.

Los Angeles County—Created February 18, 1850. This county was one of the original twenty-seven of the State of California. The words "Los Angeles" literally mean "the angels," and are a contraction of the original name "Pueblo del Rio de Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles de Porciúncula" (the town of the river of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels). It will therefore be observed that Los Angeles was really named for the Virgin Mary, commonly called "Our Lady of the Angels" by the Spanish. On September 7, 1781, Governor Felipe de Neve issued orders from the San Gabriel Mission for the establishment of a pueblo on El Rio Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles and under the protection of Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles (Our Lady, Queen of the Angels), the mission by this name having been dedicated three days before, having practically the same title. This pueblo in time became known as the Ciudad de Los Angeles, "the City of the Angels," and it is from this that the county derived its patronymic.

Madera County—Created March 11, 1893. "Madera" in Spanish signifies "timber," and the county derived its name from the town of Madera, situated within its limits, which town was originally surrounded by groves of trees.

Marin County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California, and derived its name from Chief Marin, of the Licatiut Tribe of Indians who inhabited that section of California. In 1815, a military expedition of the Spanish proceeded to explore the country north of the bay of San Francisco. This action aroused the ire of the Licatiut tribe, and a desperate engagement was fought in the valley now known as the Petaluma Valley. Chief Marin led the forces of the Indians with wonderful strategy and bravery that called forth the admiration of his enemies. At the same time, his sub-chief, Quentin, gave battle to a second division of the Spanish army at the point which still bears his name, Punta de la Quentin. Chief Marin afterwards was Christianized and baptized under the name of "Marinero," the "Mainer," by the padres, because of the fact of his intimate knowledge of the bay of San Francisco, on which he often acted as ferryman for the whites.

Mariposa County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. This county took its name from the Mariposa River. The meaning of "Mariposa" in the language of the Spanish is "butterfly." There is some doubt as to how this stream derived its name. According to one story, in June, 1807, a party of Californians from the San Joaquin Valley made one of their annual excursions into the Sierra Nevada Mountains for the purpose of hunting elk. Camping upon the banks of a river they were charmed and delighted with the butterflies of most gorgeous and variegated colors that hovered around them in countless numbers, and because of this they gave to the stream the name "Mariposa." Another beautiful story, and probably more authentic, is that the first explorers in the mountains of that region beheld for the first time a beautiful lily growing everywhere, gay-colored, spotted, and in some respects resembling the wings of a butterfly. In their admiration, they gave to this dainty flower, the Calochortus, the name Mariposa (butterfly) lily.

Mendocino County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. This

county derived its name from Cape Mendocino, which was discovered and named by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542, and named for Don Antonio de Mendoza, the first viceroy of New Spain, or Mexico, appointed by the King of Spain in 1535.

Merced County—Created April 19, 1855. This county derived its name from the Merced River, which was originally named by the Spanish "Rio de Nuestra Senora de la Merced," meaning "the river of Our Lady of Mercy."

Modoc County—Created February 17, 1874. This county derived its name from a fierce tribe of Indians by that name, which means "the head of the river," and who lived at the headwaters of the Pitt River.

Note—Gen. O. O. Howard, in an article in the St. Nicholas Magazine for May, 1908, page 624, states that the Indian name of the tribe of which the name Modoc is a corruption is "Maklaks," and means "The People."

Mono County—Created April 24, 1861. The name of this county is a Spanish word meaning "monkey," and was applied to an Indian tribe living in that section of the State.

Monterey County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. It derived its name from the bay of Monterey. The word itself is composed of the Spanish words "monte" and "rey," and literally means "king of the forest." The bay was discovered by Sebastian Vizcaino in 1603, and named in honor of his friend and patron, Gaspar de Zuniga, Count of Monterey and viceroy of Mexico.

Napa County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. The word "Napa" means, in the language of a large and powerful tribe of Indians that lived in that section of California, "fish," and was given because of the myriads of fish that inhabited the Napa River and other creeks of this section. This tribe of Indians was nearly exterminated by smallpox in 1838, and now the only evidence of their ever having existed is the name given to this county.

Nevada County—Created April 25, 1851. The word "Nevada" in Spanish means "snowy." The county derived its name from the fact of the perpetual snow-capped mountains within its boundaries.

Orange County—Created March 11, 1889. This county was given its name by the Legislature because of the orange groves for which it is justly famous.

Placer County—Created April 25, 1851. "Placer" is probably a contraction of the words "Plaza de oro," the place of gold, and means in Spanish "a place near a river where gold is found." The county derived its name from the numerous places therein where that method of extracting the gold from the earth, called placer mining, was practiced.

Plumas County—Created March 18, 1854. The Spanish originally called one of the tributaries of the Sacramento River, Rio de las Plumas, or the "River of the Feathers." The Americans subsequently robbed this river of its beautiful name, by changing its euphonious Spanish title to the English equivalent, the Feather River, but the Legislature, in creating this county, gave thereto the name of "Plumas," because of the fact that all of the numerous branches of the Feather River have their origin in the mountains of this county.

Riverside County—Created March 11, 1893. This county was created from San Diego and San Bernardino counties, and derived its name from the town of Riverside.

Sacramento County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. "Sacramento" signifies "Sacrament, or Lord's Supper." Captain Moraga first gave the name "Jesus Maria" (Jesus Mary) to the main river, and the name "Sacramento" to a branch thereof. Later, the main river became known as the Sacramento, while the branch became known as El Rio de las Plumas, or Feather River.

San Benito County—Created February 12, 1874. Crespi in his expedition in 1772 named a small river in honor of San Benedicto (Saint Benedict, "the Blessed"), the patron saint of

the married, and it is from the contraction of the name of this beloved saint that this county took its name.

San Bernardino—Created April 26, 1853. Saint Bernard is the patron saint of mountain passes. The name "Bernardino" means "bold as a bear." The Spanish gave to the snow-capped peak in Southern California the name of San Bernardino in honor of the saint, and from this the county derived its name.

San Diego County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. On November 12, 1603, the day of San Diego de Alcala (Saint James of Alcala), Sebastian Vizcaino anchored his fleet in the bay of San Diego, and named the same in honor of the day, as well as in honor of his flagship, which name has since been retained, although Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo named this bay San Miguel on September 28, 1542, sixty-one years previous; and it is from this bay that the county derived its name.

San Francisco County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. The sixth mission in California was established by Padre Junipero Serra, October 9, 1776, and was named "Mission San Francisco de Asis á la Laguna de los Dolores" (Saint Francis of Assisi at the Lagoon of Sorrows), and to this mission San Francisco owes its name.

San Joaquin County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. The meaning of the name of this county has a very ancient origin and refers to the parentage of Mary, the mother of Christ. According to tradition, Joachim signifies "whom Jehovah hath appointed," and hence the belief that Joaquin, the Spanish spelling for Joachim, was the father of Mary. In 1813, Lieutenant Moraga, commanding an expedition in the lower great central valley of California, gave to a small rivulet, which springs from the Sierra Nevada Mountains and empties into Buena Vista Lake, the name of San Joaquin, and it is from this that the present river derived its name, which in turn baptized the county with the same.

San Luis Obispo County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. On September 1, 1772, the Mission San Luis Obispo (Saint Louis the Bishop) was established and was named for Saint Louis, the Bishop of Toulouse. He was the son of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, and the county derived its name from this mission, founded by the padres, Junipero Serra and José Cavaller.

San Mateo County—Created April 19, 1856. This county bears the Spanish name of Saint Matthew, "the gift of Jehovah."

Santa Barbara County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. Saint Barbara is the patron of the sailors, and gives them special protection from deadly lightning and fires at sea. For this reason her name is frequently seen over the powder magazines on board of war vessels. Santa Barbara received this name from Sebastian Vizcaino, when he sailed over these waters on the Saint's day, December 4, 1603; and when Padre Junipero Serra established a mission near this channel on December 4, 1786, he named it Santa Barbara, Virgen y Martir (Saint Barbara, Virgin and Martyr). It is from these two sources that the county derived its name.

Santa Clara County—Created February 18, 1850. One of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. On January 12, 1777, Mission Santa Clara was established, and named for Saint Clara of Assisi, Italy, the first Franciscan nun and founder of the Order of Saint Clara. Her name "Clara" means "clear" or "bright," and according to the Roman Book of Martyrs, as Hortalana, the pious mother of this nun, was once kneeling before a crucifix, praying earnestly that she might be happily delivered of her unborn babe, she heard a voice whispering, "Fear not, woman, thou wilt safely bring forth"; whereupon a brilliant light suddenly illumined the place, and the mother, inspired by the mysterious prediction, baptized her child Clara, which is the feminine of the word

meaning clear or bright. Clara was afterwards sanctified on account of her many eminent virtues, and accordingly venerated by the Catholics in all Roman Catholic churches, and canonized under the name Saint Clara.

Santa Cruz County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. "Santa" is the Spanish feminine of "Saint" or "holy"; "Cruz" is the Spanish for "cross," and "Santa Cruz" signifies "holy cross," which emblem was to the devout explorers of California what it was to the Crusaders. Those who fell by the wayside had a rude cross erected over them to mark their last resting-place; if anything notable occurred in any of the expeditions, a cross was set up, and all that marked the site of the mission which was founded by Padres Lopez and Salazar on September 25, 1791, was the memorial cross erected to mark this site. From this the county derived its name.

Shasta County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. The derivation of the name of the county, which was taken from the butte of that name, is in doubt. Some authorities claim the name "Shasta" to be derived from Shas-ti-ka, the name of a tribe of Indians that lived at the base of this mountain. The word "Shas-ti-ka" means "stone house or cave dwellers." Other authorities claim that the word "Shasta" is a corruption of the French word "chaste," and was first applied by explorers because of the wonderful whiteness or chastity of the eternal snow that caps the summit of this wonderful peak.

Sierra County—Created April 16, 1852. "Sierra" is the Spanish word for "saw," and was applied to the chain of mountains, Sierra Nevada, meaning "snow saw," because of the jagged, serrated or saw-tooth peaks which form the skyline of this range of mountains, and the county that bears the name "Sierra" was so called because of the jagged peaks within its borders.

Siskiyou County—Created March 22, 1852. The word Siskiyou has never been authentically determined. It has generally

been assumed that this is the name of a tribe of Indians inhabiting this region, but there are several stories regarding its derivation and meaning. Senator Jacob R. Snyder of San Francisco, who advocated the formation of this county, in an argument delivered April 14, 1852, in the Senate of the State of California, stated that the French name "Six Callieux" was given to a ford on the Umpqua River at which place Michel La Frambeau, who led a party of Hudson Bay Company trappers, crossed in the year 1832. Six large stones or rocks lay in the river where they crossed, and they gave it the name of "Six Callieux" or "Six-stone Ford," and from this the mountain or butte derived its name, which was subsequently given to the county when created.

Solano County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. "Solano" in Spanish means "east wind," and was the second name of the celebrated missionary Francisco Solano. When the chief of the powerful tribe of Suisunes Indians, which inhabited the west side of the River Jesus Maria, was christianized, he was by this missionary baptized Solano, and as his residence was in the valley of Suisun, the name Solano was given to this county.

Sonoma County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. "Sonoma" is an Indian word meaning "Valley of the moon," because of the resemblance of this valley to the shape of the orb. In 1824, when Padre Jose Actimira baptized the chief of the Cho-cuy-en Indians, he gave him the baptismal name of Sonoma, and from this source the county derived its name.

Stanislaus County—Created April 1, 1854. Chief Estanislao, of a powerful tribe of Indians who lived on what is known now as the Stanislaus River, but by the Indians called the La-kisk-um-na, was educated at the Mission San Jose. He became a renegade and incited his tribe against the Spaniards, but was defeated in 1826 in a fierce battle on this river, which was

afterwards called Stanislaus for the defeated Indian chief. It is from this river that the county derived its name.

Sutter County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. Sutter County was named after General John Augustus Sutter, a native of Switzerland, and a soldier of fortune. He first arrived in San Francisco July 2, 1839, obtained a large grant from the Mexican government, and called his first settlement New Helvetia, which is now the city of Sacramento.

Tehama County—Created April 9, 1856. "Tehama" is the name of a tribe of Indians which originally inhabited that part of the State which now bears its name. The meaning of the word has never been determined.

Trinity County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. This county derived its name from Trinidad Bay, which was discovered and named by Captain Bruno Ezeta on June 11, 1775, a date that happened to be Trinity Sunday. The Spanish charts of the bay were misleading, and Major Reading and others thought that the river he named Trinity emptied into this bay.

Tulare County—Created April 20, 1852. Comandante Fages, while hunting for deserters in 1773, discovered a great lake surrounded by marshes and filled with rushes, which he named Los Tules (the tules, Scirpus lacrustus). In 1813, Captain Moraga on his exploring expedition, passed through the valley of this lake, and named it "Valle de los Tules" (valley of the tules), from which this county takes its name.

Tuolumne County—Created February 18, 1850. This county is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. "Tuolumne" is a corruption of the Indian word "Talmalamne," which signifies "stone houses or caves," the same as the word "Shasta," but in another language. This was the name of a large tribe of Indians who lived on both sides of the river now bearing that name, from which the county derived its patronymic.

Ventura County—Created March 22, 1872. On March 30, 1782, Padres Junipero Serra and Cambon dedicated a Mission at San Buenaventura to San Buenaventura, Doctor Serafico (St. Bonaventura, Serafic Doctor), which is the name under which Giovani de Fidanza of Tuscany was canonized. Buenaventura is composed of two Spanish words, "Buena," meaning "good," and "Ventura," meaning "fortune"; hence the name signifies "good fortune." The county took its name from the latter Spanish word "Ventura." San Buenaventura has at all times been the name of the town, but this beautiful and euphonious name has been abbreviated by the United States Post Office Department to "Ventura."

Yolo County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. "Yolo" is a corruption of an Indian tribal name "Yo-loy," meaning "a place thick with rushes." This tribe was a branch of the Suisunes, and inhabited the marshes immediately west of Rio de Jesus Maria (now known as the Sacramento River).

Yuba County—Created February 18, 1850. This is one of the original twenty-seven counties of the State of California. "Yuba" is a corruption of the Spanish word signifying "wild grape." A Spanish exploring expedition in 1824 found immense quantities of vines shading the banks of a river, which is the chief tributary of the Feather River. These vines were heavily laden with wild grapes (called Uvas silvestres in Spanish), and the river was therefore called the Uva or Uba, and by a corruption of the word "Uba" the river eventually became known by its present name, "Yuba," from which the county derived its name.

CELEBRATED "PIOUS FUND"

In order to preserve a reliable and readable statement of the celebrated "Pious Fund of California," the history and ultimate disposition of which has been the subject of such widespread discussion, the following narrative, deposited by John T. Doyle in the archives of the California Historical Society, is here reproduced:

From the time of the discovery of California [Lower], in 1534, by the expedition fitted out by Cortes, the colonization of that country and the conversion of its inhabitants to the Catholic faith were cherished objects with the Spanish Monarchs. Many expeditions for the purpose were set on foot, at the expense of the Crown, during the century and a half succeeding the discovery, but though attended with enormous expense, none of them was productive of the slightest result. Down to the year 1697 the Spanish Monarchs had failed to acquire any permanent foothold in the vast territory which they claimed, under the name of California.

The success of the Jesuit Fathers in their Missions on the northwestern frontier of Mexico, and elsewhere, induced the Spanish Government as early as 1643 (when fitting out an expedition for California under Admiral Pedro Portal de Casanate), to invite that religious order to take charge of the spiritual administration of it, and the country for which it was destined; and they accepted the charge; but that expedition, like all its predecessors, failed.

The last expedition undertaken by the Crown was equipped in pursuance of a royal cedula of December 29, 1679. It was confided to the command of Admiral Isidro Otondo, and the spiritual administration of the country was again entrusted to the Jesuits, the celebrated Father Kino being appointed Cosmografo Mayor of the expedition.

Various circumstances conspired to delay its departure, and it only sailed on the 18th of March, 1683. Many precautions had been taken to ensure its success, but after three years of ineffectual effort and an expenditure of over $225,000, it was also abandoned as a failure, and at a junta general, assembled in the City of Mexico, under the auspices of the Viceroy, wherein the whole subject was carefully reviewed, it was determined that "the reduction of California, by the means heretofore relied on, was a simple impossibility," and that the only mode of accomplishing it was to invite the Jesuits to undertake its whole charge, at the expense of the Crown. This proposition was made; but it would seem that the conduct of the royal officers, civil and military, must have contributed to the previous failures, and probably for that reason it was declined by the society; although the services of its members as missionaries were always freely placed at the disposal of the Government.

Individual members of the society, however, animated by a zeal for the spread of the Christian faith in California, proposed to undertake the whole charge of the conversion of the country and its reduction to Christianity and civilization, and without expense to the Crown, on condition that they might themselves select the civil and military officers to be employed. This plan was finally agreed to, and on the 5th of February, 1697, the necessary authority was conferred on Fathers Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino, to undertake the reduction of California, on the express conditions: 1st, that possession of the country was to be taken in the name of the Spanish Crown, and 2d, that the royal treasury was not to be called on for any of the expenses of the enterprise.

In anticipation of this result, Fathers Kino and Salvatierra had already solicited and received from various individuals and religious bodies, voluntary donations, contributed in aid of the enterprise. The funds thus collected were placed in their hands, in trust, to be applied to the propagation of the Catholic faith in California, by preaching, the administration of the sacraments of the church, erection of church edifices, the founding of religious schools, and the like; in a word, by the institu-

tion of Catholic missions there, under the system so successfully pursued by the Jesuits in Paraguay, Northern Mexico, Canada, India, and elsewhere.

At a time when California is coming into the enjoyment of the benefactions of more modern philanthropists, and we are paying honor to the still living and recently deceased benefactors of our State, it is not unfitting to give the names of the earliest and most important contributors to the fund on which the conquest of California and its reclamation from the dominion of the savage were founded. They were Don Alonzo Davalos, Conde de Miravalles and Don Mateo Fernandez de la Cruz, Marquez de Buena Vista, who gave $1000 each. By their example others were induced to subscribe, and, in a short time, $15,000 more were made up, $5000 in cash and $10,000 in promises. Don Pedro Gil de la Sierpe, treasurer of Acàpulco, offered the use of a galiot to transport the missionaries to their destination, and the gift of a small boat or launch. Considering the remoteness and isolation of the field, it was determined to establish a separate special fund or capital, the income from which should form a permanent endowment for the missionary church. Towards this latter object the first recorded contributions seem to have been by the congregation of N. S. de los Dolores, of the City of Mexico, which contributed $10,000, and Don Juan Caballero y Ozio, who donated $20,000 more, besides giving Father Salvatierra the comforting assurance, that in any unforeseen emergency, he might draw on him for whatever money he needed, and he would honor his drafts, large or small.

This endowment fund, commenced by the pious liberality of the society and the individuals just named, was increased by subsequent donations. The capital was invested as securely as possible, and as an income of $500 per annum was deemed necessary for each Mission, and five per cent. was the then current rate on safe investments, a capital of $10,000 was made the basis of each new Mission founded.

I suppose it soon became the correct thing for a wealthy Mexican to found a Mission in California; and as the founder was allowed the privilege of having it called by a name of his

own selection, gentlemen so disposed had the satisfaction of recording their preferences. It seems to me I have seen something that my scientific friends would probably call a survival of this notion, in modern fairs for charitable or religious purposes, where a sword is voted to a favorite soldier, or a walking cane to a popular clergyman, a contribution of some small sum constituting the title to a vote.

In this way the following Missions were founded in the peninsula. I give names of the contributors and the dates of foundation opposite each:

No.	Date.	Name of Mission.	Founder.
1.	1698	Our Lady of Loretto	D. Juan Caballero y Ozio
2.	1698	St. Francis Xavier	D. Juan Caballero y Ozio
3.	1700	Santa Rosalia (Mulexe)	D. Nicholas de Arteaga
4.	1701	Los Dolores	Congregation of that Name in Mexico
5.	1704	San Jose (Commundu)	Marques de Villa Puente
6.	1709	N. S. de Guadaloupe	Marques de Villa Puente
7.	1713	La Purisima Concepcion	Marques de Villa Puente
8.	1718	San Luis	Don Luis Velasco
9.	1719	Santiago	Don Luis Velasco
10.	1725	San Ignacio	Padre Juan Luyando
11.	1730	San Jose del Cabo	Marques de Villa Puente
12.	1731	Santa Rosa	Dona Rosa de la Peña
13.	1757	San Francisco de Borja	Duchess of Gandia

These sums of money forming a considerable capital, held on investment, received, by common consent, the name of "The Pious Fund of the Missions of California," or, more briefly, the "Pious Fund of California."

In the first half of the last century there was living in Mexico a gentleman of great wealth and large ideas, whose name has already been mentioned, the Marques de Villa Puente. His wife, the Marchioness de las Torres de Rada, was also possessed of great wealth, and she entirely shared the sentiments of her husband. He was a patriot as well as a man of sincere and earnest piety, and as he was probably the most munificent patron of the Pious Fund, it is fitting some account should be given of him. I translate from Alegre's History of the Society of Jesus in New Spain the following notice of him under the date of 1739:

"The chronicle of events in California for this year would be incomplete if we failed to mention the irreparable loss which that country sustained, of its most distinguished benefactor, the illustrious José de la Puente, Peña y Castrejon, Marquis of Villa Puente, who might indeed with propriety be termed the fountain and treasury of kindness to our whole society and to the Christian world. It may with truth be said of him, that there was in his day no pious enterprise to which he failed to contribute, thanking the Almighty for every opportunity of doing good to the poor. It was also specially the rule of his conduct, in contributing to relieve their temporal wants, never to forget the spiritual comfort of their souls. By this means he became in his life time, and remains to this day, the apostle of many people and nations, which the establishments and missions founded by him daily redeem from the darkness of infidelity and sin. In Africa, besides remitting at various times large sums of money for the ransom of Christian captives, he founded, in Algiers, an hospital under the care of the Franciscan Friars, for their succor and spiritual comfort. In Asia, at great expense, he succeeded in alleviating the vexatious annoyances to which, in the kingdoms of China and Japan, innumerable Christians were continually subjected for the faith of Jesus Christ. For the support of missionaries and catechists, and the building of churches in those countries, he sent on different occasions more than $100,000. In Macao he founded a house or cradle of mercy, for the rescue of foundlings, who, according to the barbarous custom there prevailing among the poor, are daily found exposed in the streets. For the same purpose of supporting ministers and catechists, he remitted enormous sums to the Kingdoms of Travancor, Ternate, Madure and Coromandel, thus supporting those flourishing churches, which but for such timely succor were in frequent danger of being overwhelmed by the continued hostilities of those pagans. In the Philippines he founded a Presidio of Boholan Indians as a protection against the attacks of the Mahomedans, which prevented the spread of the gospel. He built in the East Indies the Church of Pondicheri, and remitted to Jerusalem large sums of money for the ornament of the holy places, and the security of pious pilgrims.

"In America, besides continued daily alms to the afflicted and poor, numerous dowries bestowed on virtuous maidens, chapels and pious works of the same nature, and others less costly, he expended over $80,000 in building the convent of St. Joseph of the barefooted Franciscan Friars, at Tacubaya, and over $200,000 in missions, vessels, and other necessities of California. He founded in Pimeria (Arizona) the two missions of Busonic and Sonoydad, changing the name of San Marcelo, by which the latter was formerly known, to that of San Miguel, from devotion to the latter Saint. He contributed $10,000 towards the founding of the college of Caracas, and $10,000 more to that of Havana, and another $10,000 towards founding a house of religious exercises in

Mexico. The Missions of Nayarit of Moqui and New Mexico were not a little indebted for his support. In Europe he defrayed the whole expenses of the investigations preceding the beatification of the venerable Father Luis de la Puente; he rebuilt and re-endowed the college of Santander; built and endowed the college and church of the cave of Manresa—the scene of the penance of our Father St. Ignatius, and the cradle of the Society. He laid the foundation of a college of missionaries at the house and castle of Xavier, in the kingdom of Navarre; served his Majesty, Philip V., with a regiment of five hundred and seventy men, armed and maintained at his own expense, for nearly a year and a half, in acknowledgment of which service his Majesty offered him the vice-royalty of Mexico, an honor which he declined, preferring to all other things, the tranquillity of his own conscience.

"In his extreme old age, he made a pilgrimage to the house of Nazareth, and the city of Loretto, clad in a garment of coarse cloth, and under a vow not to shave his beard until he had offered up his devotions at that sacred place. There he made most munificent offerings to the Holy Virgin. Throughout his journey he distributed profuse alms. He went then to Rome, and in the College Jesu, went through the religious exercises of our Father, St. Ignatius. He returned to Spain, offered in Zaragossa most costly gifts at the church and image del Pilar, and sought hospitality in our imperial college at Madrid where, having three days before given away, in alms, all the rest of his property, even down to his cloak, he finally gave himself to the Lord, by seeking to be admitted into the Society. Having made his vows with tenderness and devotion, to the edification of the whole court, he died on the 13th day of February, 1739."

The next important contribution to the Pious Fund after that of the Marquis was, I believe, made by the Duchess of Gandia. I have never obtained a copy of her will, but its provisions are to be inferred from the brief notice of it in Clavigero's "California." He said that the good lady, having heard an aged domestic who had served as a soldier in California recount the sterility of that country, the wretched condition of the Indians there, the hardships and apostolic labors of the missionaries, etc., concluded that she could do nothing more pleasing to God than to devote a portion of her wealth to the support of these Missions, and she therefore directed in her will that the capital set aside to provide annuities for her servants should, as the life estates fell in, go to the Missions of California. He adds that the sums obtained by the Missions from this legacy

had amounted in 1767, to $60,000, with as much more to come in on the termination of the remaining life estates.

On May 29, 1765, Dona Josepha Paula de Arguelles, a wealthy lady of Guadalaxara, executed her will, by which she bequeathed, after other provisions, one-fourth of her residuary estate to the Jesuit College of St. Thomas Aquinas, in Guadalaxara, and the other three-quarters to the "Missions in China and New Spain." She died about a year and a half thereafter. The Jesuits at that time, pressed by a storm of obloquy in Spain and Portugal, renounced under the will, and the heirs of the deceased lady brought an action to have her declared intestate as to all her property, except a trivial legacy. By the time the action was tried, the Jesuits, in whose hands at the time of the making of the will the Mexican and Philippine Missions were, had been expelled from all the Spanish dominions and all their property seized by the Crown.

The Crown accordingly intervened in the action just mentioned, claiming on behalf of the Missions. The Monarch as "Parens Patriae" recognized the fiduciary character of the bequest, and as the former trustee had been put out of existence, claimed to succeed to the duties, and consequent rights of that position. The litigation was long and arduous, and went finally before the council of the Indies, on appeal from the Audencia real of Mexico. I have a copy of the judgment. By it the decedent is declared intestate, as to the quarter of her property bequeathed to the college, the beneficiaries having renounced as above mentioned; but as to the three-fourths bequeathed to the Missions, the bequest was sustained, and the money placed at the disposal of the Crown, for the fulfillment of the trusts. One-half of these three-fourths was therefore aggregated to the Pious Fund, and the other half was devoted to Missions in the Philippine Islands. The amount of the contribution was about $240,000. I have not been able to trace any other very large contributions to the Pious Fund, or I would gladly chronicle the names of the donors. There were probably many contributions of importance and many more of moderate amounts. The contributors, however, have fallen

into oblivion like the "mute inglorious Miltons" we have heard of.

To return to the enterprise of Fathers Kino and Salvatierra, we find associated with them in the projected conquest Fathers Juan Ugarte and Francisco Maria Piccolo. The former of these was, it seems, possessed of decided financial and administrative ability; he was a most zealous missionary, and his great stature and herculean personal strength inspired the Indians with a corresponding respect for his doctrine and preaching. Another instance of the truth of the proverb, "La raison du plus fort," etc. Some droll stories are told of him in this connection; but this is not the place for them. He was not long suffered to remain in personal charge of a Mission, but was transferred to the position of procurator, or financial agent of the missionary establishments, at the City of Mexico, where his financial ability was exercised in the care, investment, and disbursement of the funds. Father Piccolo was a scion of a noble Italian family; a scholarly man, and master of an elegant and perspicuous style, as his letters from California—some of which are printed in the "Collection des lettres Edifiantes at Curieuses"—show.

Father Kino was unable to accompany his associates to the scene of their labors, and the Mission was commenced by Fathers Salvatierra and Piccolo, who were subsequently joined by Father Ugarte. It would not be out of place here to follow these heroic men in their apostolic labors. Father Salvatierra embarked at the mouth of the Yaqui River, in a crazy little schooner, and after what was deemed a short voyage of nine days reached [Lower] California. Landing in an unknown country, remote from all supplies and communications, the intrepid missionary, accompanied by a corporal and five men, with three Indian servants, deliberately aimed at no less an object than the spiritual conquest of the whole peninsula, and the country to the north of it, up the coast as far as Cape Mendocino. He was followed in a few weeks by Father Piccolo. The chronicle of the obstacles they surmounted, the privations, sufferings and perils to which they and their subsequent companions were exposed, and in which some of them cheerfully

perished, and of the success they finally achieved, is as full of romance, interest and instruction as any in the annals of the New World.

Besides the chief object of bringing the native population into the fold of the Church, which was ever kept steadily in view, the Jesuit Fathers never lost sight of the interests of learning and science; they faithfully observed and chronicled all that was of interest, in any branch of human knowledge, or capable of being useful to the colony or the mother country. It is a hundred and twenty years since the Jesuits were expelled from Lower California, yet to this day, most of what we know of the geography, climate, physical peculiarities and natural history of the peninsula is derived from the records of these early missionaries. By kindness and instruction they gradually overcame the hostility of the native tribes and during the seventy succeeding years gradually extended their Missions from Cape San Lucas up the peninsula, to the northward, so that at the period of their expulsion they had established those already mentioned, and these, with that of San Fernando de Villacata, founded by the Franciscans in May, 1769, on their march to San Diego, were all the Missions of Lower California.

At this time the interior of Upper California was unexplored and its eastern and northern boundaries uncertain. The outline of the coast had been mapped with more or less accuracy, by naval exploring expeditions fitted out by the Crown, and by the commanders or pilots of the Philippine galleons, which, on their return voyages to Acapulco, took a wide sweep to the north, and sighted the leading headlands, from as far north as the "Cabo Blanco de San Sebastian," down to Cape San Lucas. The whole coast, as far north as Spain claimed, was called by the name of California. The terms Upper and Lower California came into use afterwards.

The "Pious Fund" continued to be managed by the Jesuits, and its income applied according to the will of its founders, and the Missions of California remained under their charge down to 1768, in which year they were expelled from Mexico in pursuance of the order of the Crown, or pragmatic sanction, of

April 2, 1767. Their Missions in California were directed by the Viceroy to be placed in charge of the Franciscan Order. Subsequently a Royal Gedula of April 8, 1770, was issued, directing that one-half of these Missions should be confided to the Dominican Friars; in pursuance of which, and a "Concordato" of April 7, 1772, between the authorities of the two Orders, sanctioned by the Viceroy, the Missions of Lower California were confided to the Dominicans, and those of Upper California to the Franciscans. The income and product of the "Pious Fund" were thereafter appropriated to the Missions of both Orders.

The Church, when first established in Upper California, was purely missionary in its character. Its foundation dates from the year 1769; in July of which year, Father Junipero Serra, a Franciscan Friar, and his companions, reached the port of San Diego, overland, from the frontier Mission of Lower California, and there founded the first Christian Mission and first settlement of civilized men, within the territory now comprised in the State of California. Their object was to convert to Christianity and civilize the wretched native inhabitants, sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and barbarism. In pursuit of this they exposed themselves to all perils and privations of a journey of forty-five days across an unexplored wilderness, and a residence remote from all the conveniences and necessaries of civilized life, in the midst of a hostile and barbarous population. Father Junipero and his followers established Missions among these people, from San Diego as far north as Sonoma, at each of which the neighboring tribes of Indians were assembled and instructed in the truths of the Christian religion and the rudiments of the arts of civilized life. The Missions of Upper California, and the dates of their foundation, were as follows:

San Diego, 1769.	Santa Barbara, 1786.
El Carmelo, 1770.	La Purisima, 1787.
San Gabriel, 1771.	La Soledad, 1791.
San Antonio, 1771.	Santa Cruz, 1791.
San Fernando, 1771.	San Juan Bautista, 1797.
San Luis Obispo, 1772.	San Jose, 1797.

San Francisco de Assisi, 1776.	San Miguel, 1797.
San Juan Capistrano, 1776.	San Luis Rey, 1798.
Santa Clara, 1777.	Santa Ynez, 1802.
San Buenaventura, 1782.	San Rafael, 1817.

San Francisco Solano, 1823.

The Missions were designed, when the population should be sufficiently instructed, to be converted into parish churches and maintained as such, as had already been done in other parts of the Viceroyalty of New Spain; but in the meantime, and while their missionary character continued, they were under the ecclesiastical government of a President of the Missions. Father Serra was the first who occupied this office, and the Missions were governed and directed by him and his successors, as such, down to the year 1836.

The decree of pragmatic sanction expelling the Jesuits from the Spanish dominions directs the seizure into the hands of the Crown of all their temporalities. Under this provision, the Crown took all the estates of the Order into its possession, including those of the "Pious Fund"; but these latter, constituting a trust estate, were of course taken cum onere, and charged with the trust. This was fully recognized by the Crown, and the properties of the "Pious Fund," so held in trust, were thereafter managed in its name by officers appointed for the purpose, called a "junta directiva." The income and product continued to be devoted, through the instrumentality of the ecclesiastical authorities, to the religious uses for which they were dedicated by the donors.

On the declaration of Mexican independence, Mexico succeeded to the Crown of Spain as trustee of the "Pious Fund," and it continued to be managed, and its income applied as before, down to September 19, 1836, when the condition of the Church, and of the missionary establishments in California, seemed to render desirable the erection of the country into a diocese or bishopric and the selection of a bishop for its government. In compliance with the known rule of the Holy See not to consent to the erection of new bishoprics in countries acknowledging the Catholic faith, without an endowment ade-

quate to the decent support of the bishopric, the law of the Mexican Congress of September 19, 1836, was passed, which attached an endowment of $6000 per year to the mitre to be founded, and conceded to the incumbent when selected, and his successors, the administration and disposal of the "Pious Fund."

In pursuance of the invitation held out in this enactment, the two Californias, Upper and Lower, were erected by his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, into an episcopal diocese, and Francisco Garcia Diego, who had until that time been President of the Missions of Upper California, was made bishop of the newly constituted See; as such he took upon himself the administration, management and investment of the "Pious Fund" as trustee, as well as the application of its income and proceeds to the purposes of its foundation, and for the benefit of his flock.

On February 8, 1842, so much of the law of September 19, 1836, as confided the management, investment, etc., of the fund to the bishop, was abrogated by a decree of Santa Ana, then President of the Republic, and the trust was again devolved on the State; but that decree did not purport in any way to impair or alter the destination of the fund; it merely devolved on government officers the investment and management of the property belonging to it, for the purpose of carrying out the trust established by its donors and founders.

On October 24, 1842, another decree was made by the same authority, reciting the inconvenience and waste and expense attending the management of the various properties belonging to the "Pious Fund," through the medium of public officers, and thereupon directing that the property belonging to it should be sold for the sum represented by its income (capitalized on the basis of six per cent. per annum), that the proceeds of the sale as well as the cash investments of the fund should be paid into the public treasury, and recognized an obligation on the part of the government to pay six per cent. per annum on the capital thereof thenceforth.

The property of the "Pious Fund" at the time of that decree

of October 24, 1842, consisted of real estate, urban and rural; moneys invested on mortgage and other security, and the like. The greater part of the property was sold, in pursuance of the last mentioned decree, for a sum of about two millions of dollars. The names of the purchasers are stated by Mr. Duflot de Mofras, in his "Exploration du Territoire de l'Oregon et de la Californie," to have been the house of Saraio and Messrs. Rubio Bros.; but notwithstanding the solicitude for the welfare of the Church and the advancement of the missionary cause so clearly expressed by the President, in the recital of motives, etc., which precedes his decree, such was the disposition to detraction then prevalent in the Mexican metropolis, that there were not wanting people mean and jealous enough to insinuate that the President himself had what is popularly called an underground interest in the purchase.

Besides the property, real and personal, belonging to the fund, it was a creditor to the State in amounts aggregating over a million and a quarter of dollars. For with all their enormous wealth, the Spanish monarchs were from time to time excessively impecunious, and the power to use trust funds without immediate accountability sometimes led them, as it has led many another man before and since, to misappropriation; and so they occasionally would put their hands into the treasury of the "Pious Fund" and abstract some of the cash. "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, makes deeds ill done." Such, however, is the punctiliousness of the Castilian character, that for whatever sums he borrowed, the king always insisted, like Micawber, on giving his note of hand. I have a memorandum of the dates and amounts of these, but they are not really interesting. Mexico having become independent of Spain, with a sense of honor creditable to the men who then controlled her destiny, made haste to recognize her obligation for so much of the public debt of Spain as belonged to the Viceroyalty, and in the treaty of peace between the mother country and the emancipated colony, concluded December 29, 1836, this acknowledgment—already solemnly pronounced by the law of June 28, 1824—was formally repeated.

Perhaps it will surprise many to learn that the payment of the interest on the capital of the fund was not always punctually made by the government of Mexico. In fact, it was sadly neglected, and although on a very few occasions some small payments were made on account—by orders on the Custom House, sometimes even countermanded before they took effect—yet these were so insignificant as to become what the mathematician terms a negligable quantity. Mexico, however, like Spain, always insisted on honestly giving her note for what she borrowed; it is charitable, therefore, to assume that her poverty, and not her will, consented to its non-payment.

At the time of the seizure of the "Pious Fund" by Santa Ana, the agent and attorney in fact of Bishop Diego, in the City of Mexico, was a venerable old gentleman called Don Pedro Ramirez. His probity of character, blameless life, and venerable years, commanded the respect of even the rough soldiers whom Santa Ana made use of in his violations of the laws of the country. From what I have been able to learn of him, I judge that even Marshall St. Arnaux or Bazaine himself would have felt constrained to treat him with deference. He was a man of method, too, and a careful manager. During the brief period of his stewardship, he succeeded in terminating most of the varied litigations in which the "junta directiva" had involved the fund, had paid off its floating debt, cancelled unprofitable leases, and otherwise had made the property productive. When General Valencia (Santa Ana's officer), informed him of his orders to seize the fund, and rescue it from the evils of this sort of private administration, the old gentleman thought it his duty to protest, however vainly, against the proceeding. He did protest and had quite a lively correspondence with General Valencia. The latter, however, was more of a soldier perhaps than a diplomatist, and presently threatened, after the manner of Brennus, to throw this sword and belt into the scale. Don Pedro, however, stood firm for a recognition, at least of his position, and insisted on delivering the property according to an inventory of "Instruccion Circumstanciada," in which the

exact state of the fund, the properties, the rents, mortgage investment, etc., were all set out, and in deference to his age and character, and I think I may add, to his pluck, the General consented and the delivery was so made. The ship was sinking, but the old apoderado, like the heroic victims of the Birkenhead disaster, was determined to maintain his honor to the last and go down with ranks dressed, and to the word "Attention." He drew up his "Instruccion Circumstanciada" in duplicate, delivered one copy duly authenticated by himself to General Valencia, and transmitted the other to his principal, with a copy of his correspondence preceding the final surrender, and thus the capital of the "Pious Fund," after about one hundred and sixty years of separate existence, was engulfed in the maelstrom of the Mexican Treasury.

The fund had so long ceased to yield any substantial support to the missionaries that its final absorption made no appreciable change in their circumstances or in the resources of the Missions. The younger men had known nothing of it, and the elder ones remembered it only in connection with the "good old times" when things were better managed than they are now. Its origin was lost in antiquity, no papers existed in the Mission archives relating to it, and it came ere long to be practically forgotten.

When the California State Government was formed, there was a tradition in the country that such an institution as the "Pious Fund" once existed, and that Santa Ana had abolished or confiscated it; that was about all. In 1851, the State Legislature appointed a committee of enquiry on the subject, which examined all the old inhabitants as to what they knew of it, but was in the end compelled to report that all they could discover was that there had been such a fund, and that it amounted to a very large sum, but as to where it came from, how it arose, what it was, or what became of it, they could discover nothing. It was "one of those things no fellow could find out."

In 1853, Archbishop Alemany, then Bishop of Monterey and successor to Bishop Diego, brought me a small package of

papers, which he had found in the archives of his predecessor in office, saying that they related to the "Pious Fund," and he desired me to look them over and see whether he had not some claim against either Mexico or the United States, for indemnity or compensation by reason of Santa Ana's acts of 1842. I read them over and amongst them found the "Instruccion Circumstanciada" of Don Pedro Ramirez, a copy of Santa Ana's decree and some other scraps, which gave me some idea of the matter, not very clear, but sufficient to build on. Subsequently in 1857, the Bishop renewed the subject, and retained me in conjunction with another gentleman, now deceased, to endeavor to obtain for the Church whatever she was entitled to in this connection. Thenceforth I began to read Mexican and Californian history to see how much could be discovered in printed publications about the "Pious Fund." And here Don Pedro Ramirez's methodical discharge of duty proved of incalculable value to me. His "Instruccion Circumstanciada" named each piece of property, urban or rural, which he delivered over. Among them were the haciendas of "Guadaloupe" and "Arroyo Sarco," the purchase of which I found mentioned in Venegas as far back as 1716, and those of "San Pedro Ibarra," "El Torreon" and "Las Golondrinas," which are named in the Marquis de Villa Puente's deed. These names enabled me to identify the property and trace its acquisition. The labor of investigation soon became itself a pleasure, and, in the succeeding ten or eleven years, I picked up—a scrap here and another there—the material of the history I have here recounted. I had not indeed any sanguine hope of ever establishing any claim for the Bishop, but, if opportunity ever presented, I was prepared to open my case upon very short notice, and in the meantime I had had a deal of pleasure in making the preparation. I had renewed my acquaintance with Cortes, Alvarado and Sandoval; become intimate with Mendoza, Bucarelli, Revilla-Gigedo and Galvez, got acquainted with Fathers Salvatierra, Ugarte, Kino, Serra, Palou, Verger and Crespi, and altogether had succeeded in introducing myself to a most agreeable circle of society, concerning which my only regret was

that so few of my contemporary friends knew them or appreciated their worth. The professional interest which first led me to take up the study gradually faded away, and the historical interest became broader. The Bishop ceased to cherish, and finally dismissed from his mind the hope of recovering anything on account of the "Pious Fund"; my associate counsel, absorbed in other affairs, public and private, forgot all about our retainer, and I had ceased, myself, to think of the case in connection with any legal proceedings.

On Sunday, March 28, 1870, I casually took up a New York paper and my eyes fell on a paragraph stating that "Wednesday, the 31st instant, would be the last day for presenting claims to the Mixed American and Mexican Commission then sitting in Washington." I was away from the city at the moment, and no conveyance could be obtained before the next day. The "Pious Fund" as a case in my charge had so long appeared a hopeless one, that I had not even noticed that a claims convention had been agreed on between the two governments. I hurried to the city next morning, soon got hold of the convention of July 4, 1869, and read it. Demands under it were limited to injuries to persons or property committed by either Republic on the citizens of the other, since the date of the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, February 22, 1848. It was clear that the wrong done in seizing the "Pious Fund" and taking it into the public treasury in 1842, could not be made the subject of reclamation under the convention. I read it again, with the mental inquiry, "Is there no way to bring our claim under this treaty?"

The time for deliberation was very short. My client was away in Europe; his Vicar General knew nothing whatever of the matter. My associate was in Washington evidently oblivious of the whole affair; there was nothing but to decide on my own responsibility and act at once. I determined to waive all claim for the property of the fund, treat Santa Ana's decree as a bona fide purchase of it, at the price and in the terms indicated in its text, and demand damages for the non-fulfilment of the contract by the payment of the installments of interest

accrued since the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo. I sent a telegram to Washington outlining the claim, and desiring it to be filed with the commission, and by the following Wednesday had the satisfaction of learning that my message had been received and the claim seasonably presented.

The details of the litigation would have only a professional interest and I omit them. The case was defended, at first by the late Caleb Cushing, and after his appointment to the Spanish Mission, by Don Manuel Aspiros, a gentleman whose historical and professional attainments it would be difficult to find a rival for. The two commissioners differed in opinion, and the case being referred to Sir Edward Thornton, then British Ambassador in Washington, as umpire, he gave me an award for the half of the accrued interest belonging to Upper California, amounting to the sum of $904,070.79.

The above concludes Mr. Doyle's excellent and authentic statement of the celebrated case. But there is more to follow. Mexico paid the first installment January 31, 1877; the second, January 31, 1878, and the last January 21, 1890. And the Holy See apportioned the award among the dioceses and religious orders.

Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco—successor to Archbishop Alemany—within a month and a half from the last-mentioned date, invoked, through his counsel, the diplomatic intervention of the United States Government to secure the payment of the interest from 1869, the fact of the debt and the trust having been established by the decision of Sir Edward Thornton. The representations of the United States Minister to Mexico were ignored for six years, until the letter of General Clayton, Minister to Mexico, dated September 1, 1897, brought an answer from the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs. In that letter the American Minister distinctly styled the matter res judicata, that is, decided once for all by the former arbitral court. The prolonged diplomatic correspondence ensuing therefrom resulted in the protocol of May 22, 1902, signed by John Hay, United States Secretary of State, and Señor de

Aspiros, Mexican Ambassador at Washington, by which the entire matter was submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitration under the Hague Convention of 1899.

The United States chose as her arbitrators Sir Edward Fry of England and Professor Theodore de Martens of Russia. Mexico appointed Mr. Alexander Lohman of Holland and Senator Guarnaschelli of Italy, but the latter resigning on account of his son's death, Professor Asser of Holland was chosen in his stead. These four settled on Mr. Matzer, President of the Danish Chamber of Deputies, as the fifth member of the Board, of whom not a single individual was a Catholic. September 13, 1902, the case was formally opened, and October 13, 1902, a unanimous decision was rendered in favor of the Church. Mexico was condemned to pay $1,460,682 in Mexican currency within eight months as the interest due up to February 2, 1902. Moreover, to use the very words of the award: "Mexico will pay.....February 2, 1903, and every following year on the same date forever, annual payment of $43,050 of the money of the legal currency of Mexico." The decision did not compel Mexico to pay in gold. The first payment was made June 16, 1903.

The whole question, in a nutshell, was admirably stated by Garret McEnerney in his argument before The Hague Tribunal, as follows:

"When Mexico made her decree of October 24, 1842, she promised to pay six per cent. upon the capital of the Pious Fund for the uses and purposes to which the fund had been dedicated by the donors. This engagement was no mere gratuity. There was not only a sufficient but an ample consideration for the promise. She incorporated the entire Pious Fund into her national treasury. The least she could do in honor was to promise to pay interest upon the fund. Mexico not only agreed to pay the interest, but she agreed to pay it to the religious objects specified and intended by the donors of the fund, which were the conversion of the natives of the Californias, Upper and Lower, and the establishment, maintenance and extension of the Catholic Church, its religion and worship in that country.

"At the time she made the engagement Mexico sustained the relation of a trustee to the beneficiaries and to the fund. . . . Her promise, therefore, is to be read in the light of her duty as trustee. The promise which Mexico made was to pay an annuity in perpetuity. Her promise was also to pay it to certain religious purposes to be accomplished in Upper California, and certain religious purposes to be accomplished in Lower California. Upon the cession of Upper California to the United States for a consideration of $18,250,000, the obligation to pay the equitable portion due for application to the religious purposes to be accomplished in Upper California was not canceled. It survived for the benefit and behoof of the inhabitants and citizens of the ceded territory, whose American citizenship, as it was to be thenceforth, entitled them to demand performance through the interposition of the United States."

FREMONT'S FAMOUS RIDE

The following narrative, vouched for by John Bigelow, Fremont's eminent biographer, was published in the National Intelligencer, Washington, D. C., Nov. 22, 1847. The journey was undertaken by Colonel Fremont to inform General Kearney of the outbreak of an insurrection at Los Angeles. It ranks among the most remarkable "rides" recorded in history:

"This extraordinary ride of 800 miles in eight days, including all stoppages and near two days' detention—a whole day and a night at Monterey, and nearly two half days at San Luis Obispo—having been brought into evidence before the army court martial now in session in this city, and great desire being expressed by some friends to know how the ride was made, I herewith send you the particulars, that you may publish them if you please, in the National Intelligencer as an incident connected with the times and affairs under review in the trial, of which you give so full a report. The circumstances were first got from Jacob, afterwards revised by Colonel Fremont, and I drew them up from his statement.

"The publication will show, besides the horsemanship of the riders, the power of the California horse, especially as one of the horses was subjected, in the course of the ride, to an extraordinary trial in order to exhibit the capacity of his race. Of course this statement will make no allusion to the objects of the journey, but be confined strictly to its performance.

"It was at daybreak on the morning of the 22nd of March, 1846, that the party set out from La Ciudad de Los Angeles (the City of the Angels) in the southern part of Upper California, to proceed, in the shortest time, to Monterey on the Pacific coast, distant full four hundred miles. The way is over a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited, with no other road than a

trace, and many defiles to pass, particularly the maritime defile of el Rincon or Punto Gordo, fifteen miles in extent, made by the jutting of a precipitous mountain into the sea, and which can only be passed when the tide is out and the sea calm, and then in many places through the waves. The towns of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, and occasional ranches, are the principal inhabited places on the route. Each of the party had three horses, nine in all, to take their turns under the saddle. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required some attention to keep to the track. When wanted for a change, say at the distance of twenty miles, they were caught by the lasso, thrown either by Don Jesus or the servant Jacob, who, though born in Washington, in his long expeditions with Colonel Fremont, had become as expert as a Mexican with the lasso, as sure as the mountaineer with the rifle, equal to either on horse or foot, and always a lad of courage and fidelity.

"None of the horses were shod, that being a practice unknown to the Californians. The most usual gait was a sweeping gallop. The first day they ran one hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the San Fernando mountain, the defile of the Rincon, several other mountains, and slept at the hospitable rancho of Don Thormas Robberis, beyond the town of Santa Barbara. The only fatigue complained of in this day's ride was in Jacob's right arm, made tired by throwing the lasso, and using it as a whip to keep the loose horses to the track.

"The next day they made another one hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses, part of near double that number which perished in the crossing of that terrible mountain by the California battalion, on Christmas day, 1846, amidst a raging tempest, and a deluge of rain and cold more killing than that of the Sierra Nevada—the day of severest suffering, say Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed. At sunset, the party stopped to sup with the friendly Captain Dana, and at nine at night San Luis Obispo was reached, the home of Don Jesus, and where an affecting reception awaited Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, in consequence

of an incident which occurred there that history will one day record; and he was detained till 10 o'clock in the morning receiving the visits of the inhabitants (mothers and children included), taking a breakfast of honor, and waiting for a relief of fresh horses to be brought in from the surrounding country. Here the nine horses brought from Los Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy added to the party to assist in managing the loose horses.

"Proceeding at the usual gait till eight at night, and having made some seventy miles, Don Jesus, who had spent the night before with his family and friends, and probably with but little sleep, became fatigued, and proposed a halt for a few hours. It was in the valley of the Salinas (salt river called Buena Ventura in the old maps), and the haunt of marauding Indians. For safety during their repose, the party turned off the trace, issued through a canyon into a thick wood, and laid down, the horses being put to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish boy in the saddle to watch. Sleep, when commenced, was too sweet to be easily given up, and it was half way between midnight and day when the sleepers were aroused by an estampede among the horses, and the calls of the boy. The cause of the alarm was soon found, not Indians, but white bears—this valley being their great resort, and the place where Colonel Fremont and thirty-five of his men encountered some hundred of them the summer before, killing thirty upon the ground.

"The character of these bears is well known, and the bravest hunters do not like to meet them without the advantage of numbers. On discovering the enemy, Colonel Fremont felt for his pistols, but Don Jesus desired him to lie still, saying that 'people could scare bears'; and immediately hallooed at them in Spanish, and they went off. Sleep went off also; and the recovery of the horses frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making a breakfast from the hospitable supplies of San Luis Obispo, occupied the party till daybreak, when the journey was resumed eighty miles, and the afternoon brought the party to Monterey.

"The next day, in the afternoon, the party set out on their

return, and the two horses rode by Colonel Fremont from San Luis Obispo, being a present to him from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) desired to make an experiment of what one of them could do. They were brothers, one a grass younger than the other, both of the same color (cinnamon) and hence called el canalo, or los canalos (the cinnamon or the cinnamons). The elder was to be taken for the trial; and the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey, the afternoon well advanced. Thirty miles under the saddle done that evening, and the party stopped for the night. In the morning the elder canalo was again under the saddle for Colonel Fremont, and for ninety miles he carried him without a change, and without apparent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed, and Don Jesus insisted that canalo could do it, and so said the horse by his looks and action. But Colonel Fremont would not put him to the trial, and, shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider. He did so, immediately taking the lead and keeping it all the way, and entering San Luis in a sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, snuffing the air, and neighing with exultation at his return to his native pastures; his younger brother all the time at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on his bit, and held in by his rider. The whole eight horses made their one hundred and twenty miles each that day (after thirty the evening before), the elder cinnamon making ninety of his under the saddle that day, besides thirty under the saddle the evening before; nor was there the least doubt that he would have done the whole distance in the same time if he had continued under the saddle.

"After a hospitable detention of another half a day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles on the same nine horses which they had ridden from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up, namely, at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles a day.

"On this ride, the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley; but these horses, meaning those trained and domesticated, as the canalos were, eat

almost anything of vegetable food, or even drink, that their master uses, by whom they are petted and caressed, and rarely sold. Bread, fruit, sugar, coffee, and even wine (like the Persian horses), they take from the hand of their master, and obey with like docility his slightest intimation. A tap of the whip on the saddle springs them into action; the check of a thread rein (on the Spanish bit) would stop them; and stopping short at speed they do not jostle the rider or throw him forward. They leap on anything—man, beast, or weapon, on which their master directs them. But this description, so far as conduct and behavior are concerned, of course only applies to the trained and domesticated horse."

While on the subject of California horses and the horsemanship of the Californians, the following reference to those subjects, quoted from the works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, are interesting:

"Speaking of the splendid riding, Sepulveda says that the few who were not good riders were looked upon with a sort of contempt. Their attachment to their steeds was as great as the Arab's, and the greatest token of friendship between man and man was the present of their best horse.

"The Californians always galloped, says Gomez, never reining in to smoke. When the horse tired, the traveler would catch the first other one he saw, and so continue changing his steed, always sure of recovering it on returning. The hat was small at the opening and a string was put on to secure it. The rider usually had his mouth open as if to keep the hat-string tight, and the hat secure; often as he rode along he filled the air with popular ditties. If rain overtook the horseman, he would ride into the first house he came to, if there were no outhouses or sheds.

"The story goes that a horseman of San Jose won a wager that he could start at full gallop with a salver of a dozen wine glasses filled to the brim, and after fifty rods stop suddenly and hand down the salver without having spilled a drop.

"In horsemanship, the Californians compared favorably with the sturdy Chilians and the flimsily attired and almost effemi-

nate Peruvian. Both the Californian man and horse were superior to the Mexican in strength and weight, and by the different arrangement of the saddle-gear—the girth exactly in the center, and stirrup forward, almost an appendage from the pommel—his figure erect and well poised. The Gaucho of the pampas perhaps might excel him in some of the light exercises; but for hard work, strength and agility, the Californian stood unrivaled.

"Serrano remarks that when Californian women rode on horseback they used the same trappings and saddles as men, though without ornaments; some are exceedingly skillful in managing a horse, mounting alone and with agility. As the saddles on which they ride have the saddle-bow and stirrups taken off, they used as a stirrup for one foot a silk band, one end made fast at the pommel, the other at the cantle. When the lady was not a skillful rider and afraid, the caballero seated her on the saddle, took off his spurs, mounted on the crupper, and taking the reins guided the horse."

JUNIPERO SERRA'S MOST FAMOUS WALK

One thing that cannot fail to strike the reader of California's history is the fact that Father Junipero Serra, the great founder and first President of the Missions, was a most extraordinary pedestrian. He followed literally the Franciscan tradition that a friar of his Order should never ride when he could possibly walk, no matter how arduous the journey.

The chronicles of the Mission days show that Father Junipero walked many times from Monterey to San Diego and back again, as he went about founding new Missions or visiting officially those that had been already founded. His performances are the more remarkable because of the chronic sore on his leg with which he was afflicted—an old wound received in Mexico and which rendered him at most times lame, besides giving him almost constant pain.

There can be no doubt that this wonderful old Franciscan covered more miles of California ground afoot than any other person who has ever lived upon that soil. In the first place, he came to California on foot from Old Mexico from which country he arrived at San Diego, July 1, 1769. But he made a still more famous journey back to Old Mexico and return in 1772-3, when he walked a distance that aggregated at least 2400 miles. His route lay for many days over quite trackless deserts among wild beasts and savage men. His only companion was a Christian Indian of Monterey. Both were stricken with fever at Guadalajara, but recovered. It were hard to find a man to attempt the same journey today, when civilization and commerce have marked the trails and the water holes of the brown Southwest, whose trails are dim with death.

A simple yet eloquent account of this famous journey has been given us by Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, a Franciscan friar of Santa Barbara, whose monumental historical work must remain the standard authority regarding the Missions of

California. Father Zephyrin's account is in part herewith reproduced, not only for its accuracy as concerns the journey itself, but also for the information it affords as to the purposes for which the journey was undertaken and the results that were attained:

"Fr. Serra now urged Fages (the Comandante) to proceed with the establishment of Mission Buenaventura on the Santa Barbara channel, as originally planned by Don Galvez five years before. He spoke to Fages, says Palou, about an escort and other assistance necessary to start the Mission, but found the door closed and Fages giving directions whose execution threatened to bring about the loss of what had cost so much work to accomplish. To prevent such a result, the venerable Father used every means suggested by his prudence and skill; but in no way was he able to accomplish his purpose.

"Only a few months before, March 18, 1772, the viceroy had urged Fages to maintain harmony, to treat converts well, and to promote mission work in every way possible. Now, however, the captain presented so many objections to the founding of San Buenaventura and similar establishments, that Fr. Serra began to suspect that orders must have eminated from higher authority prohibiting these undertakings for the future. He therefore consulted with the Fathers about the matter. It was the opinion of the four missionaries, Serra and Paterna of San Gabriel, Somera and Peña of San Diego, that Fr. Junipero, or someone selected by him, should proceed to Mexico, and represent to the viceroy the great needs of the Missions, and give correct information regarding the state of things in California. To obtain God's assistance for the success of this journey, a solemn High Mass was offered up on the following day, October 13th, after which the three Fathers concluded that the only suitable person to transact a business of such importance was the Fr. Superior himself. Though in his sixtieth year and lame, the zealous Father agreed to make the long journey of 200 leagues by land, besides the voyage by sea, in order to secure the welfare of his Indian neophytes. During his absence Fr. Paterna acted as superior of the Missions.

"Fr. Junipero embarked on the San Carlos at San Diego on October 20th, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at San Blas, November 4th, in company with an Indian Christian from Monterey, who afterwards was confirmed by Archbishop Lorenzana. At San Blas Fr. Serra heard of the transfer of the Lower California Missions to the Dominicans. Learning that the Fr. Guardian had left Fr. Palou free to retire to Mexico or to go to Upper California, Fr. Junipero at once wrote to him from Tepic on November 10th: 'If your Reverence is determined that we shall live and die in California, it will be to me a great consolation. I only say, act according to God's will. . . . If the Fr. Guardian should order that only four go there, and that the others should return to the college, I have nothing to say, but I pray God may apply a remedy. Meanwhile let us obey.'

"Meanwhile Fr. Serra had proceeded on his way to the capital as far as Guadalajara, where both he and his neophyte companion fell sick with fever. They were reduced to the last extremity and received the sacraments of the dying. For himself Fr. Junipero was resigned, but in regard to the neophyte he feared lest the death of the Indian youth might retard the conversion of the other natives, as they might imagine that the Christians had killed him. Almighty God, however, allowed both to recover and reach Mexico on February 6, 1773.

"Fr. Junipero found the new viceroy, Antonio Bucareli, no less favorably disposed toward the Missions than his predecessor, De la Croix. At the request of the viceroy he prepared a memorial on the state of the Missions in California, and presented the document to the government on the 15th of March. 'In this statement,' said he to the viceroy when presenting the papers, 'you will find that I have said nothing but what is true, and what in conscience I was bound to say, and what I consider absolutely necessary to obtain that which his royal Majesty so much desires, namely, the conversion of souls who, for want of knowledge of our holy faith, remain in the slavery of the devil, but who by these means can easily be redeemed. I trust your excellency will speedily determine what is just and expedient, since I must return as soon as possible, whether or not I

obtain what I ask, rejoicing if it be granted, and somewhat grieved, but resigned to the will of God if it be refused.'

"The statement consisted of thirty-two articles. The first and second point concerned the port of San Blas. Therein he strenuously urged the necessity of keeping that port open to furnish the Missions with the necessary supplies. It had been decided to close San Blas, and to send supplies by land. Fr. Serra's arguments proved unanswerable, and his request was granted. The remaining articles were submitted by the viceroy to the 'Junta de guerra y real hacienda,' board of war and royal exchequer, of which Bucareli was a member. This body on May 6th granted eighteen of them and part of another, and denied only a part of article 32, in which Fr. Serra asked to have the expenses of his journey to Mexico refunded. Thus twenty of the original points were disposed of entirely in his favor. Four of these bore upon the past troubles between the Franciscans and the military authorities, and were intended to curtail the powers which had been assumed by the latter. Fr. Serra made specific charges against Comandante Fages, among which were these: His refusal to transfer soldiers for bad conduct at the request of the missionary; meddling with the management of the Missions and the punishment of neophytes, as he had no right to do except for grave offences; irregular and delayed delivery of letters and property directed to the missionaries; insolence and constant efforts to annoy the Fathers who were at his mercy; opening of letters addressed to the missionaries, and neglect to inform them when mails were to start; taking away the Mission mules for the use of the soldiers; and retention of cattle intended for new Missions.

"By the decision of the Junta the comandante was ordered to remove any soldier of irregular conduct and bad example from the Mission guard to the presidio, at the missionary's request; the missionaries were allowed to manage the Mission Indians as a father would his family, and the military commander was instructed to preserve perfect harmony with the Fathers; property and letters for them or their Missions were to be forwarded in separate packages, and their correspondence

was not to be meddled with, but to pass free of charge like that of the soldiers; additional vestments and seven bells were to be furnished; two blacksmiths and two carpenters, with tools and material, were to be sent from Guadalajara for the exclusive use of the Missions, etc. Comandante Fages was subsequently relieved of his position and replaced by Rivera y Moncada. A set of new regulations provided for several points in Fr. Serra's petition pertaining to the military and financial affairs of California."

The journey was a great triumph for Junipero Serra and the cause which was so dear to his heart. He returned rejoiced and strengthened in heart and mind to prosecute with renewed vigor the work of the Missions. The physical endurance which he displayed in faring so far amid so many dangers, and the splendid courage of his soul in facing a task so supreme, was not without effect at the time and stands to this day as a thrilling memory in the annals of California.

In the report which was forwarded to Mexico by Father Junipero's instructions immediately preceding his return to Monterey, Father Palou showed what the Franciscans had accomplished during the initial years of their labors in Upper California.

It appeared from this report that in the four years following the arrival of the missionaries at San Diego in 1769, five Missions had been founded. These were: San Diego de Alcala, San Carlos Borromeo, San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel Arcangel and San Luis Obispo de Tolosa.

"Thus," says Engelhardt, "there were, in the latter part of 1773, nineteen Franciscan Fathers engaged in missionary work among the Indians of California. Four hundred and ninety-one natives had been baptized, of whom twenty-nine had died, and sixty-two Indian couples had been united in Christian marriage.

"With regard to the Mission buildings, Father Serra reported that at every Mission a line of high, strong posts, set in the ground close together, enclosed a rectangular space, which contained simple wooden structures, serving as church and dwell-

ings; the walls of these also generally took the stockade form. The square at San Carlos was seventy yards long and forty-three yards wide, with ravelins at the corners. . . . The soldiers' quarters were apart from the Mission buildings and enclosed by a separate stockade, while outside of both enclosures were the huts of Indians. Adobes were used to some extent in constructing a few buildings at San Diego. At San Antonio the church and convent were built of adobe. Some of the buildings at Monterey were also constructed of adobe. . . . In agriculture only slight progress had been made so far, though by repeated failures the missionaries were gaining experience for future success."

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE

The following official statement has been published under authority of an Act of the State Legislature of California:

At the time when the question of designing the great seal for the new State was being agitated in the Constitutional Convention which met in Monterey in 1849, there happened to be sojourning temporarily in that little town an accomplished and cultivated officer of the United States Army, Major Robert Selden Garnett. He was a gentleman of modest demeanor, and excelled in the use of his pencil. One evening he sketched a design for a seal of the State, and it was exhibited to various members of the Convention. One of the delegates asked leave to present it to the body, but the quiet Major declined, upon the ground that he believed that a knowledge of the source whence it had come would prevent its adoption. There existed at that time quite a hostility between the military authorities and the nascent civil powers, and there was an especial distrust of the secret mission of Thomas Butler King, with which Garnett was understood to be connected. Caleb Lyon, one of the clerks of the convention, learned of the design, and readily obtained the consent of Garnett to appropriate it and present it as his own production. As the design came from the hands of its author, it was chaste and beautiful, and somewhat different from the present seal. It represented the figure of Minerva, with the Golden Gate, and a ship in full sail in the foreground, and the Sierra Nevada range in the background, with the word "Eureka" above. The design was referred to a committee, and on September 29, 1849, the report of the committee was considered by the convention. W. E. Shannon deemed the design a most happy one, but more appropriate for a coat of arms than for a seal. He said that it was unusual for a State seal to contain a motto, and that it ordinarily comprehended the main emblems, and the words "Great Seal of the State."

An explanation accompanying the design was entered in the Journal, as follows:

"Around the bend of the ring are represented thirty-one stars, being the number of States of which the Union will consist upon the admission of California. The foreground figure represents the Goddess Minerva, having sprung full grown from the brain of Jupiter. She is introduced as a type of the political birth of the State of California, without having gone through the probation of a territory. At her feet crouches a grizzly bear feeding upon the clusters from a grapevine, emblematic of the peculiar characteristics of the country. A miner is engaged with his rocker and bowl at his side, illustrating the golden wealth of the Sacramento, upon whose waters are seen shipping, typical of commercial greatness; and the snowclad peaks of the Sierra Nevada make up the background, while above is the Greek motto "Eureka" (I have found it), applying either to the principle involved in the admission of the State, or the success of the miner at work."

After various amendments had been suggested, the matter was laid on the table. On October 2nd the report of the committee was again considered. Rodman M. Price submitted a resolution that the design for the seal reported by the committee be accepted. O. M. Wozencraft submitted the following, which was rejected: "That the seal be amended by striking out the figures of the gold-digger and the bear and introducing instead bags of gold and bales of merchandise." M. G. Vallejo submitted an amendment that the bear be taken out of the design; or, if it do remain, that it be represented as made fast by a lasso in the hands of a vaquero.

After the debate, the amendment proposed by Vallejo was rejected by a vote of sixteen to twenty-one. Price's resolution was then adopted. W. S. Sherwood moved that the seal be the "coat of arms" of the State of California, and the motion was then carried by a vote of twenty-one to sixteen. Price then submitted a resolution that Lyon be authorized to superintend the engraving of the seal; that he furnish the same, in the shortest possible time, to the Secretary of the Convention, with

a press and all necessary appendages, and that the sum of $1000 be advanced to him in full compensation for the design and seal. This resolution was not considered until the 11th, when a substitute was adopted, authorizing Lyon to superintend the engraving and to furnish the seal as soon as possible to the Secretary of the Convention, to be delivered to the Secretary of State under the Constitution: and the sum of $1000 was to be paid, in full compensation for the design, seal, press, and all appendages. It was also resolved that the words "The Great Seal of the State of California" be added to the design. Henry W. Halleck inquired if any gentleman present knew what had become of the original design, and said the gentleman by whom it was designed (Major Garnett) requested that it should be found if possible and handed to the gentleman who occupied the chair. Mr. Sherwood said that he believed the seal was not the entire production of the gentleman who had been authorized to have it engraved, and that Lyon did not claim it as such. He said that the original design had been given to Lyon by a gentleman who did not wish his name to be made public, but expressed a desire, in a confidential letter to Lyon, that he (Lyon) might be known as the author.

The bear was added chiefly to gratify Major J. R. Snyder and the men of the Bear Flag revolution. Then was added the figure of a man with an uplifted pick-ax, as an emblem of the great mining interests of the country.

There is some dispute as to whether Lyon ever got the $1000 voted him by the convention. The following article was published in the Alta California of February 19, 1850, and presumably written by Edward Gilbert, the editor, a member of the Constitutional Convention, and one of the two Congressmen elected from California at the first election of 1849:

THE STATE SEAL—We observe that a petition has been made to the Legislature, on behalf of Caleb Lyon, for $1000 for the State Seal, "designed and executed by him." It may as well be understood at once that if any credit belongs to any person for the design of the seal, it is not to Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale. The original design for the seal was made by an

officer of the army, sojourning temporarily at Monterey during the time the convention was in session. When the subject of a seal was mooted, this design was shown to various members of the Convention, who suggested some amendments and the insertion of other matters. These were drawn in by the original designer, who did not wish it to be known who was the author, and the seal was presented by Mr. Lyon. After a pretty hard fight it was adopted, and $1000 appropriated to Mr. Lyon to procure a die and proper press. This duty he performed after a fashion. The design was marred in the engraving; the die was not sunk near deep enough, and the press was not sufficiently powerful for the purpose. The commissions of the congressional delegation were without the slightest impress of the seal before they left the country. If we are not very much mistaken, Mr. Lyon, of Lyonsdale, received his money out of the Civil Fund, and is now conveying it to the sylvan retreats of Lyonsdale. But this has nothing to do with the paternity of the seal. All we wish to state, and that most distinctly, is that Mr. Lyon has no right or title to the honor of either designing or executing the seal any more than the Khan of Tartary.

The Legislature of 1850 did not make any appropriation in response to the petition mentioned.

In October, 1855, a peculiar complication occurred between Governor Bigler and the Secretary of State, James W. Denver. Under the Constitution, as it then stood, the Secretary of State was the appointee of the Governor. Denver had been appointed by Bigler on February 19, 1853. Afterwards a difference arose between the Governor and Secretary of State. Denver had been elected to Congress in 1854, and on October 5, 1855, Bigler addressed a letter to Denver demanding the great seal of the State, and said that he desired to keep it in his own office, where he claimed the Constitution contemplated that it should be kept. On the same day Denver replied, declining to permit the seal to pass out of his possession, and immediately departed for Washington to attend his congressional duties, leaving his deputy in charge of the Secretary's office. He also

left a resignation to take effect November 5th. On the 6th of October the Governor again visited the office of the Secretary, demanded the seal of the deputy, and was again refused its possession. He then handed to the deputy the commission of Charles H. Hempstead as Secretary of State, and directed the deputy to affix to it the seal, but the deputy refused to do so, on the ground that it was a constitutional office, and could not be vacated except by death, resignation, or impeachment. The deputy of Denver held possession of the office for a month, during which time his acts were not recognized as valid by the Governor, and it is said that the latter caused a duplicate great seal to be made, with which his official acts were attested by his newly appointed Secretary. Years afterwards it was stated that forged patents for State lands were in circulation, and that one of these old seals had been stolen and used for attesting them. However this may be, two dies of the State seal remain in the possession of the Secretary of State.

In 1858 the State seal was damaged so that it failed to give a true impression, and a bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Thom to authorize the Secretary of State to procure a new seal, to be engraved on steel, and to be substituted for and used instead of the seal then in existence; and requiring him to destroy the then State seal in the presence of the Governor and Controller. The bill was accompanied with a design which reduced the size of the seal a twelfth part of an inch, and to admit of this contraction some of the details of the original design were omitted. The bear was made to crouch submissively at the feet of Minerva, the miner's cradle was left out, and the miner was brought nearer the water. On March 10, 1858, the Senate amended the bill by providing that the design and size should be the same as the seal then in use, and on April 16th another amendment was adopted that "the design of the present seal shall be preserved intact in the new one, but the size thereof shall be reduced six-tenths of an inch in diameter." The bill with this amendment passed the Senate on April 21st, but was not considered in the House.

Garnett, the designer of the original seal, was born in Vir-

ginia about 1821; entered West Point 1837; graduated twenty-seventh in his class July 1, 1841, and appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of artillery; was assistant instructor of infantry tactics at the military academy from July, 1843, to October, 1844; was Aid-de-camp to General Wool in 1845, and distinguished himself in the battles of Palo Alto and Reseca de la Palma; was promoted to first lieutenancy August 18, 1846; was Aid-de-camp to General Taylor during the Mexican War and until 1849: Brevetted Captain and Major for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey and Buena Vista; transferred to the infantry in 1848; promoted to a captaincy in 1851; from 1852 to 1854 was commandant of the corps of cadets and instructor in 1855, and Major of the Ninth Infantry in the same month; was commander in the operations against the Indians on Puget Sound in 1856, and commanded the Yakima expedition in 1858. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he took the side of the Confederates, was promoted to a brigadier generalship and assigned to the Department of West Virginia. Here General McClellan attacked him, and after several days of alternate fighting and retreating, at the battle of Carrick's Ford, on July 15, 1861, Garnett was killed and his forces routed. His body was carefully cared for by the Federal commander, and after being embalmed was forwarded to his friends.

Caleb Lyon was appointed Consul at Shanghai, China, by President Polk in 1845. On his return to New York he served in both branches of the Legislature, and in 1853 was elected from that State to Congress. In 1864 he was appointed Governor of Idaho Territory, and retained the office three years. He died at Rossville, New York, on September 9, 1875.

Albrecht Kuner, a native of Lindau, Bavaria, a member of the California Pioneers, was the engraver of the original seal as designed by Caleb Lyon. Mr. Kuner died on January 23, 1906, at his home in San Francisco.

EL CAMINO REAL

The famous road called El Camino Real, or "The King's Highway," which connected the twenty-one Franciscan Missions in California, has been the subject of song and story for many a year. For a long time the old highway fell into disuse in places and for considerable stretches along the seven hundred miles of its length between San Diego and Sonoma. Lately, however, an association of patriotic men and women has done much to restore the road. The ancient trail has been at last restored and the whole distance practically marked by wayside bells hung from iron posts. The route taken by El Camino Real is as follows:

Beginning at the Mission of San Diego and the old town of San Diego, the road of the padres passes through Morena, Atwood, Ladrillo, Sorrento, Delmar, Encinitas, Merl, Lacosta, Carlsbad, South Onofre, San Juan, Mission San Juan Capistrano (via south road), thence along the old Capistrano road to Myford-Irving to Tustin, Santa Ana, Orange, Anaheim, Fullerton and La Habra to Whittier, East Whittier, San Gabriel, Alhambra, Los Angeles, Hollywood, through Cahuenga Pass to Calabasas, Grape Arbor, Newberry Park, Camarillo, Springville, El Rio, Montalvo, Ventura, Mission Buenaventura, El Rincon, Carpinteria, Ortega, Summerland, Miramar, Santa Barbara, Mission Santa Barbara, thence via Hollister Avenue to Goleta, Elwood, Gaviota, Mission Santa Ynez, Lompoc, Mission La Purisima Concepcion, Harris, Santa Maria, Nipomo, Arroyo Grande, Pismo, San Luis Hot Sulphur Springs, Mission San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, Cuesta, Santa Margarita, Dove, Templeton, Paso Robles, Mission San Miguel, Pleyto, Jolon, Mission San Antonio de Padua, Lowes, Soledad, Mission Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, Salinas City, Natividad, Mission San Juan Bautista, Sargent, Gilroy, San Martin, Coyote, San Jose, Santa Clara, Palo Alto, Menlo Park, Redwood City, San Mateo, Burl-

ingame, San Bruno (junction), Colma, to San Francisco. Also from San Rafael to Sonoma.

From San Jose, El Camino Real leads to Mission San Jose; thence to San Leandro, Oakland, through to San Pablo.

From Salinas City, El Camino Real leads to Monterey and to Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo de Monterey.

From Santa Clara, El Camino Real leads to Santa Cruz; from Santa Cruz the "Camino Real de Santa Cruz" leads to Mission San Juan Bautista.

From Cahuenga Pass, "Camino Real de San Fernando" leads to Mission San Fernando Rey de Espana.

From Mission San Gabriel Arcangel, "Camino Real de San Bernardino" leads to San Bernardino and the site of the Capilla de San Bernardino.

THE GRAVE OF JUNIPERO SERRA

During the years in which the Mission Church at Carmel was in a state of decay and neglect, following secularization, the resting place of Junipero Serra, founder of the Franciscan Missions in California, was almost completely forgotten. The floor of the once beautiful edifice was covered with debris, and there arose, at last, a doubt as to whether the dust of the greatest man in California's history really reposed in California soil.

In order to settle these doubts, as well as for other praiseworthy reasons, an investigation into the circumstances of the death and burial of Father Serra was made in July, 1882, by Rev. Angelo D. Casanova, who was then pastor of the church of San Carlos at Monterey. The result was to remove the last vestige of doubt as to the resting-place of the great Franciscan. Father Casanova afterward made the following public statement regarding the matter:

"In regard to the locating done in 1882, on the 3d of July, of the remains of the padres buried in the sanctuary of San Carlos church in Carmelo Valley—it was done to satisfy the wishes of many, and to convince others of their error in thinking that Father Junipero Serra was not buried there. After giving notice in the papers of San Francisco, over 400 people from the city, and from the Hotel del Monte, at the hour appointed, went to Carmelo. I, with the Records Defunctorum kept in the archives of the parish, in my hands, read aloud in Spanish and in English the certificate of Christian burial of each of the four Rt. Rev. missionaries, describing the place, the side and the order of each one buried, saying on such a day in the sanctuary (or within the communion rail) on the gospel side, I buried so and so. The heavy stone slabs having been removed before the ceremony, the coffin of each stone tomb or grave was left visible. A man then went down and raised the lid of each coffin. The coffins were simple redwood, unplaned, and in a good state of preservation. The people all looked at the remains, first of Father John Crespi, the first that died, then on the remains of Father Junipero Serra. The skeletons were in good state, the ribs standing out in proper arch, part of the vestment in good order,

also the heavy silk stole which is put only on priests, in good order and in one piece, two yards and a half long, with the silk fringes to it as good as new. We did not raise the coffins, but only viewed them and their contents to the satisfaction of all present. We did the same to the four corpses; anything more would have been improper, especially as the coffin of the last buried, the Rev. Father Lasuen, was going to pieces. Then the tombs were covered as before with stone slabs. The tomb of Father Junipero Serra, for better security, was filled with earth, so as to make it more difficult for any vandal to disturb his rest, and over that was placed the stone slab broken in four pieces."

In connection with this important subject, the official record of the death of Serra will prove interesting. It is taken from the church records as written by Serra's beloved friend, biographer and successor, Father Francisco Palou:

"He [Serra] prepared himself for death by making a general confession, as he had already done several times. Finding that the complaint in his chest was getting worse, and that he had some fever, on the 27th of the month he went on foot to the church. He there received the last sacred rites on his knees, to the edification of the people, and in their presence received the Holy Viaticum, as ordained in the Roman Seraphic Ritual. When the ceremony commenced, the Father was on his knees, chanting with his sonorous voice, and to our astonishment, the 'Tantum Ergo.' In the same posture he gave thanks to our Lord; after which he returned to his room. At night he asked for the holy oils, and repeated with us the Penitential Psalms and the Litanies. The remainder of the same night he passed giving thanks to God, sometimes on his knees, and sometimes sitting on the floor. He did not take to his bed, but was always dressed in his habit and cloak. At the break of day he asked me to give him the Plenary Indulgence, which he received kneeling. On the morning of the 28th he was visited by the captain of the bark, Don José Canizares, and chaplain. He received them sitting, expressing gratitude for their visit. He embraced the chaplain, giving thanks to God that, after traveling so much, they had arrived at last to throw a little earth on his remains. A few minutes after making this remark he said that he felt some fear, and asked me to read aloud the recommendations for the soul, which I did. He then responded as if in good health, and exclaimed with delight: 'Thank God! I am now without fear, and have nothing to dread. I feel better; let us go out.' He then arose, and afterwards sat down at the table and took a little broth. He then wished to rest, taking nothing off but his cloak. He laid tranquilly for a time, and then rested in the Lord. Without making any further sign he delivered his spirit unto the

Creator, a little after two o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th, the feast of San Augustine, Doctor of the Church. When the bells began to toll, the little town was in a state of commotion: the Indians cried, lamenting the death of their good Father, as likewise all the people, whether on shore or on board the ship. All asked for a remnant of the habit he had worn. They even went so far as to cut within the church pieces from the habit in which Fr. Junipero died. Before death, he ordered (without letting any of those present know of it) the carpenter of the presidio to make his coffin. We promised, if the multitude would hold their peace, to devote a tunic of the deceased Father to scapulars for their benefit. Notwithstanding this, those who guarded the body in the church appropriated locks of his hair as keepsakes. This they were induced to do because of their regard for the departed. His funeral was attended by every one, whether on shore or aboard ship, each one doing what he could in honor of the deceased Father. The captain of the bark utilized his artillery in conferring upon the deceased all the honors of a General, and the Royal Presidio of Monterey responded to the salute. The same marks were repeated on the 4th day of September, with vigil and high Mass, at which the same people attended. Upon this occasion another clergyman officiated, namely, Rev. Fr. Antonio Paterna, minister of the Mission of San Luis Obispo, who could not arrive in time for the funeral. And that everything said may appear of record, I sign this in said mission [Carmel], on the 5th day of September, 1784."

The church of the Mission at Carmelo is no longer neglected, thanks to the patriotism and zeal of the lovers of California's romantic and sacred past. The beautiful old edifice has been carefully roofed over and the wind has ceased to "blow the crockets from the wall," as Robert Louis Stevenson said when he visited the place upon one of his wandering days from Monterey.

In this connection we may well dwell with deep respect and gratitude on the painstaking care with which the early Franciscan Fathers in California kept a chronicle of the events which marked their gentle rule in the new land. It is to these records that Bancroft and all the later historians were indebted for that which they have written of California's history.

It is beyond the possibility of anything that can now be foreseen that the resting places of the historic figures of the past will again be lost sight of. The people of the Golden State have aroused themselves to a sense of duty in this respect. And it is

certain that, as time passes, the grave of Father Junipero in the peaceful Valley of Carmelo will become more and more a pilgrim's shrine, and that his name and fame are now forever secure against the insidious onslaughts of oblivion.

MUSTER ROLL OF THE "VIGILANTES"

Herewith is the official declaration upon which the "Committee of Vigilance" was formed to preserve law and order in San Francisco in the wild days of 1851 when the gold rush attracted to California adventurers from the whole world. Attached to the declaration are the names of nearly all the "Vigilantes" to whose courage in days of stress and danger California owes an everlasting debt of gratitude:

"Whereas, The citizens of San Francisco, convinced that there exists within its limits a band of robbers and incendiaries, who have, several times, burned and attempted to burn their city, who nightly attack their persons and break into their buildings, destroy their quiet, jeopardize their lives and property, and generally disturb the natural order of society; and

"Whereas, many of those taken by the police have succeeded in escaping from their prisons by carelessness, by connivance, or from want of proper means or force to secure their confinement; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the citizens of this place be made aware that the Committee of Vigilance will be ever ready to receive information as to the whereabouts of any disorderly or suspicious person or persons, as well as the persons themselves when suspected of crime.

"That as it is the conviction of a large portion of our citizens, that there exists in this city a nucleus of convicts and disorderly persons, around which cluster those who have seriously disturbed the peace and affected the best interests of our city—such as are known to the police of the city, or to the members of the Committee of Vigilance, as felons by conduct or association, are notified to leave this port within five days from this date; and at the expiration of which time they shall be compelled to depart, if they have not done so voluntarily within the time specified.

"Resolved, That a safety committee of thirty persons be appointed, whose sacred duty it shall be to visit every vessel arriving with notorious or suspicious characters on board, and unless they can present to said committee evidences of good character and honesty, they shall be re-shipped to the places from whence they came, and not be permitted to pollute our soil.

"Resolved, That all good citizens be invited to join and assist the Committee of Vigilance in carrying out the above measures so necessary for the perfect restoration of the peace, safety, and good order of our community."

S. E. Woodworth	Wm. H. Graham	H. Hazeltine
Fred A. Woodworth	B. E. Babcock	W. Iken
Francis E. Webster	J. A. Fisher	George D. Lambert
Wm. N. Thompson	Hartford Joy	John P. Half
Clinton Winton	Joshua Hilton	Joseph T. Harmer
James B. Huie	John F. Osgood	J. Seligman
B. Frank Hillard	James Pratt	H. F. Von Lenyerk
S. W. Haight	E. Kemp	J. E. Derby
George H. Howard	Wm. G. Badger	T. J. West
Caleb Hyatt	J. Mead Huxley	Wm. T. Coleman
Samuel R. Curwen	S. J. Stabler	J. S. Clark
James F. Curtis	Geo. Clifford	C. H. Clark
L. Hulsemann	Charles Soule, Jr.	Herman R. Haste
A. G. Randall	Robert H. Belden	H. F. Teschemacker
S. Brannan	N. Smith	Wm. J. Sherwood
George J. Oakes	Randolph M. Cooley	W. L. Hobson
R. D. W. Davis	Chas. H. Hill	E. W. Travers
Wm. H. Jones	James Shinaler	W. H. Tillinghast
Edward A. King	J. W. Rickman	Wm. Langerman
William A. Howard	W. S. Bromley	J. F. Hutton
Henry Dreshchfeldt	A. Ottenheimer	Thos. K. Battelle
James Ryan	B. H. Davis	Horace Morrison
Wm. Browne	P. Frothingham	Augustus Belknap
Robert Wells	E. E. Schenck	F. L. Dana
H. D. Evans	Geo. Austinworn	Horatio S. Gates
John J. Bryant	E. Botcher	O. P. Sutton
E. Kirtus	Samuel Marx	Jer. Spalding
Thos. N. Deblois	Daniel J. Thomas, Jr.	A. J. Ellis
E. Gorham	J. E. Farwell	John M. Coughlin
Frank S. Mahoney	Jacob P. Leese	Samuel Moss, Jr.
James C. Ward	Edgar Wakeman	C. O. Brewster

R. S. Watson
George Mellus
J. D. Stevenson
Chas. R. Bond
B. B. Arrowsmith
S. E. Teschemacker
C. H. Brinley
J. W. Salmon
Jesse Southam
T. H. Robinson
George R. Ward
C. L. Wilson
W. H. Taber
Isaac Bluxome, Jr.
Lathrop L. Bullock
John W. Rider
Theodore Kuhlman
Joseph E. Dale
Julius D. Shultz
J. P. Stevens
Thomas McCahill
Wm. Peake
Jonas Minturn
Lloyd Minturn
F. O. Wakeman
Wm. Forst
John W. Jackson
A. C. Tubbs
J. R. Curtis
A. H. Hill

A. Markwell
Samuel A. Sloane
W. B. Lucas
Henry M. Naglee
J. Thompson Huie
Otis P. Sawyer
Wm. Meyer
W. N. Hostin
John G. McKaraher
Eugene Hart
John Raynes
J. C. Treadwell
John H. Watson
Wm. Burling
F. Quincey Coale
Thomas N. Cazneau
Geo. W. Douglass
Wm. C. Graham
Chas. H. Vail
Charles Minturn
Howard Cunningham
Charles L. Case
Charles Moore
James R. Duff
E. M. Earle
A. Wheelwright
C. F. Fourgeaud
A. Jackson McDuffie
P. D. Headley
S. B. Marshall

Charles L. Wood
William Tell
James Dows
Benjamin Reynolds
A. W. Macpherson
John S. Eagan
J. C. L. Wadsworth
William Hart
George M. Garwood
R. S. Lanot
J. Neal, Jr.
F. A. Atkinson
Charles Miller
John O. Earle
N. T. Thompson
N. Reynolds Davis
Gabriel Winter
J. L. Van Bokkelen
George N. Blake
Dewitt Brown
Edward F. Baker
F. Argenti
Stephen Payran
C. Spring
E. W. Crowell
A. H. Gildemeester
Samuel S. Phillipps
Chas. Del Vecchio
Joseph Post
Jas. King of William

INDEX

INDEX

Actimira, Pedro José, 320.
Agriculture, Governor de Neve's encouragement of, 124; Governor Borica's encouragement of, 134; wheat crops in 1868, 281; effect of irrigation on, 298.
Aguilar, Juan Maria de, 39.
Alameda County, name and origin of, 309.
Alberni, Pedro de, 133.
Alegré, his account of Marques de Villa Puente, 328.
Alemany, Archbishop, efforts to recover the Pious Fund, 338-339.
Alpine County, name and origin of, 309.
Alvarado, Juan Batista, conspiracy against, 177-180.
Alviso, José Maria, lieutenant under General Castro, 193; captured by Americans, 194.
Amador, José Maria, 309-310.
Amador, Pedro, 309.
Amador County, name and origin of, 309.
Americans in Spanish and Mexican times, Governor Borica's attitude toward, 131-132; affair of the Lelia Byrd, 139-140; Captain Jedediah Smith's overland party, 166-171; Bear Flag Republic, 187-208; American conquest, 239-274.
Angulo, Pedro, at Santa Barbara, 171-172.
"Anian," straits of, 30-31, 36, 39.
Animals, discovery of prehistoric, 40.
Anza, Juan de, quarrel with Rivera y Moncada, 122-123; Sonora to Monterey, 123; trip to San Diego, 123.
Arce, Francisco de, 193; captured by Americans, 194.
Archuleta, Ignacio, 126.
Argentina, ship of Buenos Ayres Insurgents, 109.
Argonauts, 209-238; class of immigrants by sea and rules and regulations of, 219; section of California covered with, 224; arrival of first, from Atlantic states, 280.
Arguello, Concepcion, betrothed to M. de Résanoff and his death, 139-140.
Arguello, José Dario, 129; governor, 142; his Spanish grant, 158.
Arguello, Luis Antonio, letter to Governor Sola against Russians, 146; as governor, 162-166; bargain with Russian traders, 162; successful treatment of Indian uprising, 165-166; death, 162.
Argüello, Luisa, marriage to Augustin Zamorano and wedding tour, 173.
Argüello, Santiago, march against Buenos Ayres insurgents, 147.
Arid lands, reclamation by irrigation, 297-298.
Arrillago, José J., temporary governor, 129; report on pueblos, 129; as governor, 136-142; condition of presidios and his improvements of, 136, 138; attitude toward foreigners, 139; toward Russians, 140-141; his death, 136, 141-142.
Arrowhead Mountain, legend of, 10-12.
Arroyo, Father, at Santa Ynez mission, 93; grammar of Indian language prepared by, 93.
Aspiros, Manuel, 340.

Asser, Professor, 341.
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, see Santa Fé railway.
Augustin I, emperor, see Iturbide.
Avila, José Maria, how he killed Romualdo Pacheco, 176.
Ayala, Captain Juan M. enters San Francisco Bay with San Carlos, 80-81.

Bahia de los Fumos. See Santa Monica Bay.
Ball at Monterey in honor of Governor Sola, 144.
Bandini, Juan, 174, 179.
Barri, Felipe de, 120; quarrel with missionaries and removal from office, 121; succeeded by Governor de Neve, 121.
Battalion of California volunteers, organization of, 204.
Battles in California, Chino Rancho, 249-250; Laguna San Antonio, 200; Monterey, against Buenos Ayres insurgents, 109-110; Natividad, 262; San Buenaventura, 179; San Gabriel river, 264; San Pasqual, 257-262; Stanislaus river, 320.
Bear Flag, description of, 187, 195-196.
Bear Flag Republic, see Bear Flag Revolution.
Bear Flag Revolution, 187-208; capture of Sonoma, 194-195; not ill-founded and unjust, 197-198; Frémont's part in, 198-208; end of, 207, 239.
Bear and bull fight in honor of Governor Sola, 144.
Bears, white, 345.
Benicia, capital of California, 273.
Biddle, Commodore James, sent to succeed Commodore Shubrick, 269.
"Big Four," Western Pacific acquired by, 293; Foundation of Southern Pacific, 293.
Bigelow, John, his account of Col. Frémont's famous ride, 343-348.
Bigler, Henry W. 217.
Bigler, John, refusal of James Denver to give the State seal to, 358-359.
Bodega, Fort, Russians at, 145, 162.
Bonifacio, Senorita, Story of General Sherman and, 110-111.
Borica, Diego de, appointed governor and journey to Monterey, 129-130; relations with missionaries, 131-132; founding of Villa Branciforte, 132-135; death of, 135; endorsement of Arrillaga by, 136; attitude toward foreigners, 139.
Bouchard, Hypolite, in command of Buenos Ayres insurgents, 147.
Branciforte, Marquis de, viceroy of New Spain, reinforcements sent by, 133.
Branciforte, Villa de, foundation of, 132-134; failure of, 134-135.
Bucareli, Antonio Maria, viceroy of New Spain, orders foundation of San Francisco presidio and missions at San Francisco and Santa Clara, 80-81; government of California given authority to make land grants, 121.
Buena Vista, Marques de, gift to Pious Fund, 325.
Buenos Ayres insurgents, appearance in Pacific as privateers and attack upon Monterey, 109-110, 147; at Santa Barbara, at San Pedro, at San Juan Capistrano, 147; Father Martinez against, 147.
Bull and bear fight in honor of Governor Sola, 144.
Burleigh drill, 287.
Burnett, Peter H., governor of California, 273.
Burroughs, Captain Charles, killed at Battle of Natividad, 262.
Bustamante, Anastacio de, 178.

Butron, Manuel, first private land grant in California given to, 121.
Butte County, name and origin of, 310.
Byrd, the Lelia, see Lelia Byrd.

Caballero y Ozio, Juan, gift to Pious Fund, 325.
Cabesa de Vaca, Alvara Nunez, in the City of Mexico, 24-26.
Cabrillo, Juan Rodriguez, discovers California, 31, 38; explores California, 31-34; death of, 34, 53, 100, 139; log of, 45-54, 66; at Mendocino, 100; at San Miguel, 317.
Cahuenga, treaty of, 266-267.
Calaveras County, name and origin of, 310.
California, name of, 23; as an island, 23; discovered by Cabrillo, 31, 38; explored by Cabrillo, 31-34; early accounts of, 40-41; Drake's account of, 41; claimed for Spain, 72; expeditions sent out by Spain, 323.
  Boundaries, Alta and Baja distinctly established, 136; of California, 135; present fixed, 273.
  Spanish era, 117-150; life at Monterey during, 104-116; end of, 148-149; Mexican era, 151-186; Bear Flag Republic, 187-208; Argonauts, 209-238; as a state, 238, 273.
  Capitals: Monterey, 103; attempt to move to Los Angeles, 178; San José, 273; Vallejo, 273; Benicia, 273; Sacramento, 273-274.
  State seal, 355-359.
  Mountains of, 10-18; comparison in size of, 277; climate of, 277, 278; soil, 277; area in acres, 297.
  See also under Commerce; Foreigners in Spanish and Mexican times; Governors, Mexican; Governors, Spanish.
California Battalion, see Battalion of California volunteers.
California Republic, see Bear Flag Revolution.
"California," newspaper, started in Monterey, 111.
"California," steamship, 280.
Californians, life of, at Monterey, 104-116; horsemanship of, 347-348.
Cambon, Father Pedro Benito; at San Gabriel mission, 77-78; at San Francisco mission, 80-81; at mission San Buenaventura, 84, 322.
Capitals of California, Monterey made, 103; attempt to move from Monterey to Los Angeles, 178; San José made, 273; removed to Vallejo, 273; Benicia made, 273; Sacramento, 273-274.
Carmel, road from, to Monterey, 115-116.
Carmel mission, see San Carlos mission.
Carrillo, Carlos Antonio, conspiracy against Alvarado, 177-180; appointed governor of California, 178; refusal of Gov. Alvarado to resign, 178; in revolt against Americans in Los Angeles, 247.
Carrillo, José Antonio, pronunciamento against Victoria signed by, 174; expatriated, 174; delegate to Mexican congress, 178; at battle at San Gabriel River, 264.
Carrillo, Romona, marriage with Romualdo Pacheco and wedding tour, 173.
Carson, Christopher, his part in Bear Flag Revolution, 193-194; with Frémont at San Rafael, 200; his meeting with General Kearney, 255-256; description of his appearance, 255; at the Battle of San Pasqual, 257-262.
Casanate, Pedro Portal de, 323.
Casanova, Angelo D., statement of, regarding death and burial of Father Serra, 363-364.

Castillo, Alonzo del, 24.
Castro, José, governor of California, military services against Carrillo, 179, 180; quarrel between Pio Pico and, 184-185, 189; part in Bear Flag Revolution, 185, 193; Commodore Sloat's letter to, 240; his answer and actions, 243; delegation sent to Commodore Stockton by Pico and, 244-245; his retreat to Mexico, 245.
Castro, Manuel, at battle of Natividad, 262.
Catalina Island, see Santa Catalina Island.
Cattle, industry in California, 162.
Cavendish, Thomas, voyage to the Pacific, 36-37.
Central Pacific Railroad, promoters of, 282, 284; assistance from the government, San Francisco, California, and Nevada, 282; Theodore Judah's part in organization of company, 283-285, 293; Creed Haymond's description of difficulties in building, 285-290; completion of, and ceremonies attending, 290-293; Bret Harte's "What the engines said," 291-292.
Channel Indians, see Santa Barbara Channel Indians.
"Channel Islands," translation of Cabrillo's log as published in, 45-54.
China, John Rogers Cooper's trip to, 163-164.
Chinese laborers, "Crocker's battalions," 285.
Chino Rancho, battle at, 249-250.
Cibola, seven cities of, 24-30, 100; Fray de Niza's expedition to, 26-29.
Citrus industry, effect of irrigation on, 298.
Clark, J. Ross, connection with Salt Lake Railroad, 296.
Clark, W. A., projector of the Salt Lake Railroad, 296.
Clear Lake, massacre of Indians at, by Salvador Vallejo, 182-183.
College of San Fernando in Mexico, Serra and Palou at, 61-62; Palou retires to, 89.
Coloma, discovery of gold at, 212.
Colorado River, 49.
Columbia bar, mining camp, 224.
Colton Hall, Monterey, convention at, 272.
Colusa County, name and origin of, 310-311.
Commerce and trade, with the Russians, 140, 162; during Mexican rule, 153; anti-trading law passed by Mexico, 162-163; condition of, in 1822, 162; Governor Arguello's disregard of law, 163-164; John Rogers Clark's arrival in Monterey and employment as trader, 163-164; why the Pacific Coast did not progress as rapidly, commercially, as Atlantic, 276-277; commercial awakening, 278-281; from 1769-1840, 279-280; export trade in 1841, 279; trade in otter skins, 279; Russian traders, 280; Hudson Bay company, 280; gold production in 1848, 1853-1864, 280-281; merchandise trade, 1848-1867, 281; wheat crop in 1868, 281.
Constitution, convention at Monterey for framing and ratification of, 272-273.
Contra Costa County, name and origin of, 311.
Coon Hollow, gold output at, 231.
Cooper, John Rogers, arrival at Monterey and employment as trader, and trip to China, 163-164.
Cordoba, Alberto de, arrival in California of, 133; survey of San Francisco by, 133; assists Governor Borica in building Branciforte, 134-135.
Coronado, Francisco Vasquez de, expedition to seven cities of Cibola, 29-30.
Coronado Beach, 30.

Cortés, Hernando, conquest of, 23-24; expulsion of Jesuits from Mexico by, 56; decree passed secularizing the missions, 97.
Costanso, Miguel, engineer, on expedition in search of Monterey, 66, 67.
Counties of California, names and origin of, 309-322.
Crespi, Father Juan, on expedition in search of Monterey, 66, 67, 316; Father Casanova's statement regarding burial of, 363.
Crimes and punishments, during Father Serra's administration, 95; in 1849, 229; Vigilance committee in San Francisco, 235-237.
Crime and criminals, "The Hounds" in San Francisco, 231-235; in San Francisco, 234-235.
Crocker, Charles, 282; member of Central Pacific Railroad company, 284; part in building the road, 285, 290, 293.
"Crocker's battalions," 285.
Croix, Marques de, viceroy of New Spain, 101.
Cushing, Caleb, 340.
Cyane, U. S. ship, at Monterey, 205.

Dana, Richard Henry, his description of pueblos, 153-155; his description of San Francisco, 154-155.
Davalos, Alonzo, gift to Pious Fund, 325.
"Days of Forty-nine," official song of native sons of the Golden West, 237-238.
Declaration of Independence of California, 204.
De la Cruz, Mateo Fernandez, gift to Pious Fund, 325.
De la Guerra y Noriega, José Antonio, 172; marriage of daughter to W. E. P. Hartnell, 172.
De la Sierpe, Pedro Gil, 325.
De la Torre, Joaquin, at battle of San Rafael, 200; pursuit of his party by Frémont, 202-204.
De la Vega Vincent, his connection with the story of "The pearls of Loreto," 107-109.
De Resnoff, N. P. See Rezanoff, N. P.
Del Carmen, José, 250.
Del Norte County, name and origin of, 311.
Denver, James W., refusal of, to give Governor Bigler the state seal, 358-359.
Desert, difficulties in building the railroad across, 289.
Desert Isles, Cabrillo at, 46.
Diego, Bishop Francisco Garcia, in charge of the Pious Fund, 334.
Discovery of gold. See Gold.
Dominicans, dividing line between Franciscans and, 136; assigned to Lower California, 332.
Dorr, Ebenezer, captain of ship Otter, 139.
Doyle, John T., narrative of the Pious Fund, 323-342; his effort to recover Pious Fund for the Church, 338-340.
Drake, Sir Francis, voyage of, 34-38; his treatment of Indians, 35; return to England, 36; purpose of explorations, 37-38; his failure to discover San Francisco Bay, 39-40, 278.
Drake's Bay, 35.
Dumetz, Father Francisco, at San Fernando mission, 92.
Duran, Father Narcisco, letter from Jedediah Smith to, 169; his petition against General Vallejo's cruel treatment of Indians, 181-182.
Durant, vice-president of Union Pacific railway, 290.

Earthquakes, destruction of San Francisco by fire and, 300-301.

Eaton, Fred, connection with Owens River Aqueduct, 302-303.
Echeandia, José Maria de, as governor, 166-173; attitude toward foreigners and story of Jedediah Smith, 166-171.
El Camino Real, 70, 98; route taken by, 361-362.
El Dorado County, name and origin of, 311-312.
Emery, Lieutenant, at battle of San Gabriel River, 264.
Emigrant Cap, difficulties in building railroad from, to Truckee, 286-287.
Engelhardt, Father Zephyrin, his account of Father Serra's most famous walk, 349-354.
Estanislao, Chief, battle against the Spanish, 320, 321.
Estevanico, negro with Marcos de Niza, 24, 26, 27, 28.
"Eureka," motto on seal of California, 274.
Ezeta, Captain Bruno, 321.

Fages, Pedro, Lieutenant on Ship San Carlos, 63; on expedition in search of Monterey, 66, 67; quarrel with missionaries and removal from office, 121; as governor, 127-128; letter to Ignacio Vallejo, 128; Spanish grants given by, 158, 321; Serra's charges against, 352; instructions to, in regard to missions, 352-353.
Fages, Señora, Governor Fages' wife, 128.
Farallones, Isles of the, 67.
Feather River, 316.
Ferrelo, Bartolomé, explores California, 34, 39; in charge of Cabrillo's fleet, 53.
Fires, San Francisco destroyed by earthquake and, 300-301.
Flags, Mexican at Monterey, 148; Mexican hauled down from Sutter's Fort, 194-195; Bear, 187, 195-196.
Flores, José María, Commodore refuses to treat with, 244-245, 263; in defense of Los Angeles, 247; Andres Pico's report of battle of San Pasqual to, 261.
Ford, William, 200.
Foreigners during Spanish and Mexican times, immigrants by sea and rules and regulations of, 219; Governor Borica's attitude toward, 139; Governor Sola's attitude toward, 145.
  Americans: first American ship to visit California, 139; affair of brig Lelia Byrd, 140; Jedediah Smith's overland party, 166-171; English, 139.
  French, threatened invasion, 133.
  Russians, 139, 140-141; M. de Rezanoff, 139-140; at Fort Bodega, 145, 162; missions established as barriers to, 145-146; trade with, 162, 280.
Fort Hill, surrender of Gillespie's forces at, 250-251.
Fort Ross, see Ross, Fort.
Fortilla, Pablo de, see Portilla, Pablo de.
Franciscans, work with Indians in California, 55; at Santa Barbara, 86; dividing line in California between Dominicans and, 136; Jesuit missions transferred to, 332.
Freight, cost of, in building Central Pacific railroad, 288.
Frémont, John C., sent to survey Rocky Mountain country, 191; Americans advise with, 193; his part in the Bear Flag Revolution, 198-206; personal appearance, 199; pursuit of Captain de la Torre's party, 202-204; made commander of Bear Flag Republic, 204; organization of "California battalion of mounted riflemen," 204; despatched by Stockton to San Diego, 244; at Los Angeles, 246; at Monterey, 251; Stockton's letter to, 265-266; governor of California,

269; instructions sent by Kearney to, 270; quarrel between Colonel Mason and, 270; court-martialed and his resignation from army, 270-271; again in California, 271; United States senator, 273; account of his ride from Los Angeles to Monterey and back, 343-348.
French in California, threatened invasion of, 133.
Frenzeny, painted bar of Sanchez's saloon, 112-113.
Fresno County, name and origin of, 312.
Fry, Sir Edward, arbitrator for Pious Fund, 341.
Fuca, Juan de, claims to have passed through "Anian," 30-31, 36.

Gale, William A., establishment of mercantile house by, 164.
Galvéz, José de, his connection with Father Serra, 56-57, 63; character of, 57; expedition sent to California by, 58-59, 101; sites for first missions selected by, 59; sends relief to San Diego, 69-71; Portolá selected for governor by, 120; his idea of missions, 121.
Gandia, Duchess of, gift to Pious Fund, 328-329.
Gantt, John, Pio Pico's contract with, 184.
Garcias, Manuel, at battle of San Gabriel River, 264.
Garnett, Major Robert Selden, designer of the State seal, 274, 355, 357; sketch of his life, 359-360.
Gilbert, Edward, editor of "Alta California," 357; his repudiation of Caleb Lyon, 357-358; elected to Congress, 273.
Gillespie, Archibald H., in command of Los Angeles, 246; forced to capitulate, 246-251; battle of San Pasqual, 256-262; character of, in California, 260; with Stockton, 271.
Glenn, Dr. Hugh J., 312.
Glenn County, name and origin of, 312.
Gold, undiscovered by Spanish, 212; discovery of, 211, 212-218; condition of California six months after discovery of, 225; production of early mines, 230-231; production of, in 1848, 280; in 1853, 280; until 1864, 281; effect of discovery of, on trade, 278-280. See also under Mines and Mining.
Golden Gate first entered by Juan de Ayala, 80.
Gomez, Father Francisco, sails for California, 63; on expedition in search for Monterey, 66, 67; at San Diego mission, 71.
Gonzalez, Macedonio, 179.
Gould Lines. See Western Pacific Railroad.
Governors, Mexican, List of, 184.
Governors, Spanish, position of, 119. See also under Portolá, Barri, de Neve, Fages, Romeu, Arrillaga, Borica, Arguello, Sola.
Goycoechea, Felipe de, 129.
Grass Valley, 224, 231.
Green, General Will, 311.
"Green is the way to Monterey" (poem), 115-116.
Grigsby, John, 201.
Guadalupe, Hidalgo, treaty of, 271.
Guadalupe River, in Santa Clara County, 126.
Guarnaschelli, Senator, 241.
Guijarros Point. See Loma, Point.
Gwin, William M., United States Senator, 273.

Hague Convention, Court of arbitration in regard to Pious Fund, 340-342.
Halleck, Henry W., 357.
Hangtown. See Placerville.

Harte, Francis Bret, "What the engines said," 291-293.
Hartnell, William P., Father Payeras' contract with, 163; establishment of mercantile house by, 164; his marriage, 172.
Haymond, Creed, his description of difficulties in constructing the Central Pacific Railroad, 285-290.
Henley, William Ernest, Stevenson's letter to, 113.
Herrera, Isabel, story of the "Pearls of Loreto," 106-108.
Hidalgo, Manuel, how he started the Mexican revolution, 141.
Hides, trade in, 162; trade in, by the missionaries, 279.
Hittell, Theodore, his account of the massacre of Indians at Clear Lake, 182-183.
Holder, Charles Frederick, translation of Cabrillo's Log as published by, 45-54.
Hollywood. See Cahuenga.
Hopkins, Mark, 282, 293.
Horsemanship, Bancroft's reference to, 347-348.
Horses, power of endurance of California, illustrated by Frémont's ride, 343-348; test of, 346.
"Hounds," in San Francisco and how suppressed, 231-235.
"How much can you raise in a pinch," origin of expression, 227-228.
Howard, General O. O., his interpretation of name Modoc, 315.
Hudson Bay Company, trade with, 280.
Humboldt County, name and origin of, 312.
Huntington, C. P., 282; his connection with Central Pacific Railroad, 284, 285, 293.

Ide, William B., his proclamation at Sonoma, 185-186; in Bear Flag Revolution, 192; Bear Flag Republic proclamation, 197-198; sketch of his life, 198; his account of Frémont's arrival at Sonoma, 201-202; supplanted by Frémont, 204.
Imperial County, name and origin of, 312.
Imperial Valley, effect of irrigation on, 298.
Independence of California, declaration of, 204.
Indian villages, names of, 50, 51.
Indians, in California, 40; Cabrillo's account of, 40, 47-51, 53; Sir Francis Drake's account of, 41; of Point Reyes, 41; around San Francisco Bay, 41-42; of Santa Barbara Channel Islands, 42, 53; in San Joaquin Valley, 42; life of, 41; on Santa Catalina, 48; of Santa Monica Bay, 48-49; at San Carlos mission, 73; at mission San Antonio, 76-77; at San Gabriel, 78; at San Juan Capistrano, 82; at Santa Barbara mission, 85; Napa tribe, 315.
  Franciscans work with, 55-56; number of, converted during Serra's administration, 87; grief of, upon death of Serra, 88; their love of missionaries, 96; effect of missions on, 95-96, 98; assist Father Martinez against Buenos Ayres insurgents, 147.
  Sir Francis Drake's treatment of, 35; General Vallejo's cruel treatment of, 181-182; massacre of, at Clear Lake, 182-183; Pio Pico's treatment of, 184.
  Uprising of, at San Diego mission, 68; murder of Father Jayme by, 123; attack on Santa Ynez and La Purisima missions, 165-166; fight between valley tribes and Sierra tribes, 310; uprising and battle on Stanislaus River, 320.

Legend of Arrowhead Mountain, 11-12; story of the "woman of San Nicolas," 43-45.
Names of islands, 53; names of villages, 50, 51, 53; grammar of, prepared by Father Arroyo, 93.
Intermarriages, of Californians and Englishmen, 164; of Russians and Spanish, 164.
Inyo County, name and origin of, 312.
Iron rails, cost of, for Central Pacific Railroad, 288.
Irrigation, area of irrigated territory in California, 297; yearly expenditure on, 298; Imperial Valley and, 298; effect on citrus industry, 298-299.
Iturbe, Augustin de, empire of, 117; Sola surrenders California to, 148-149.

Jacksonville, mining camp, 224.
Jayme, Father Luis, killed by Indians, 123.
Jesuits, missions in Baja California; 56; expulsion of, from Mexico, 56, 120, 331-332; in Mexico and Lower California, 323-332; Fathers Kino and Salvatierra's mission, 330-331; missions in California transferred to Franciscans, 332.
Johnson, Captain, at battle of San Pasqual, 258; his death, 258.
Juan Rodriguez Island, 53.
Judah, Theodore, engineer, his part in organization of Central Pacific Railroad Company, 283-285, 293.
Junta directiva, 333.

Kansas City, trade between, and Santa Fé, 294.
Kearney, General Stephen W., message to Stockton, 252-253; instructions to, 253-254; in California, 254-256; battle of San Pasqual and his defeat, 257-262; at battle on San Gabriel River, 262-264; in Los Angeles, 265; relations with Commodore Stockton, 267-268; his relations with General Frémont, 268-271.
Kelsey, mining camp, 224, 230.
Kern County, name and origin of, 312.
Kings County, name and origin of, 313.
King's Highway. See El Camino Real.
Kino, Father E. F., authority given to, to undertake the conversion of California, 324, 330-331.
Kofkoff, Alexander. See Koskoff, Alexander.
Koskoff, Alexander, at Fort Ross, 146.
Kuner, Albrecht, engraver of original state seal, 360.
Kyburz, Samuel, 214.

"La Favorita." See Herrera, Isabel.
La Frambeau, Michel, 310, 320.
La Paz, 100.
"La Penetentia," 125.
La Purisima mission, foundation of, 89; attack on, by Indians, 165-166.
La Vittoria. See Santa Catalina Island.
Laguna San Antonio, skirmish at, 200.
Lake County, name and origin of, 313.
Land grants, Bucareli's instructions as to, 121; first in California, 121; first in San José pueblo, 126; Mexican grants, 158-159, 161-162; Spanish, 158, 161.
Larkin, Thomas O., at Monterey, 190; advice to Stockton and to Pio Pico 244; with Stockton, 245, 246, 270.

"Las Sergas de Esplandian," name "California" first mention in, 23.
Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad, branch of Salt Lake Railroad, 297.
Lassen, Peter, 313.
Lassen County, name and origin of, 313.
Lasuen, Father Fermin Francisco de, at San Juan Capistrano mission, 82; at Santa Barbara mission, 85; Father president of missions, 89; character of, 89; at La Purisima mission, 89; at San José, 90; at San Miguel mission, 91.
Law, early mining and other, 229; in San Francisco in 1849, 233-234; Vigilance committee, 235-237.
Legends, of Arrowhead Mountain, 10-11; of "Woman of San Nicolas," 43-45; of "Pearls of Loreto," 106-108.
Legislative Council, 269.
Legislature, first, of California, 273; election of United States Senators and Statehood granted, 273.
Lelia Byrd, affair of, and result, 139-140.
Levant, U. S. Ship, at Monterey, 205.
Lohman, Alexander, 341.
Loma, Point, formerly Point Guijarros, 140.
Lopez, Father Baldomero, 319.
Loreto, legend of the "Pearls of Loreto," 106-108.
Los Angeles, pueblo of, 14, 79, 118, 124, 126-127, 302; population in 1800, 138, in 1905, 302; condition of, during Mexican rule, 155-156; attempt to move capital to, 178; occupied by Stockton, 245-246; revolt of Californians at, 246-251.
Los Angeles Aqueduct. See Owens River Aqueduct.
Los Angeles County, name and origin of, 313; Spanish grant given in, 158.
Los Angeles River, 126.
Los Angeles Terminal Railway, purchase of, 296.
Los Flores, surrender of Carrillo's troops at, 179-180.
Los Robles, San Antonio de Padua mission founded at, 76-77.
Lugo, Antonio Maria, sketch of life, 159-161; his Spanish grant, 159-160.
Lyon, Caleb, design for state seal presented by, 355; repudiation of, as designer of seal, 357-358; offices held by, 360.

McDougall, John, Lieutenant-governor, 273.
McEnerney, Garret, argument before the Hague, 341-342.
Malibu Hills, 40.
Madera County, name and origin of, 313.
Marcos de Niza, journey to the Seven cities of Cibola, 26-30.
Marin County, name and origin of, 314.
Mariposa County, name and origin of, 314.
Marsh, John, Pio Pico's contract with, 184.
Marshall, James W., gold discovered by, 212-218; sketch of, 218-219; with Frémont at San Rafael, 200.
Martinez, Father Luis Antonio, assistance against Buenos Ayres insurgents, 147-148.
Maslin, Prentiss, data concerning names and origin of counties of California prepared by, 309-322.
Mason, Colonel Richard B., governor of California, 269; arrival at Los Angeles and quarrel with Frémont, 270; succeeded by Bennet Riley, 272.
Matzer, 341.
Meadow Valley, 296.

Mendocino, Cape, 34; Cabrillo at, 100.
Mendocino County, name and origin of, 314-315.
Merced County, name and origin of, 315.
Merritt, Ezekiel, 192; his part in the Bear Flag Revolution, 192, 194.
Mervine, Captain William, 205; defeated by Americans and his retreat, 252.
Mexican Empire, recognized in California, 148-149; proclamation of Augustin I, 148-149.
Mexican flag, 192.
Mexican governors. See Governors of California, Mexican.
Mexican land grants. See land grants.
Mexico, Governor Sola's transfer of California to, 148-149; California under, 151-186; war declared between United States and, 206.
Micheltorena, M., governor of California, 182-183.
Military affairs, condition of presidios and Governor Arrillaga's improvements, 138.
Military garrison, at Sonoma, 191.
Military organizations, California battalion of mounted riflemen, 204.
Mines, miners and mining laws, names of camps, 224; condition of California six months after discovery of gold, 225; pan mining, 227; typical mining expressions, 227-228; mining appliances, 228; mining laws, 229; production of early mines, 230, 231; songs sung in camp, 237-238.
Miravalles, Conde de, gift to Pious Fund, 325.
Missions, selection of first three sites, 59; names of, of Upper California and dates of their foundation, 332-333; building of, 275; plan of buildings, 353-354; La Purisima, 89, 165-166; San Antonio de Padua, 76-77; San Buenaventura mission, 59, 84, 350; San Carlos, 59, 72-75, 101, 103, 87, 121; San Diego, 59, 68-71; San Fernando, 92; San Francisco, 80-81; San Francisco Solano, 93-94; 146; San Gabriel, 77-78; San José, 90; San Juan Bautista, 91; San Juan Capistrano, 82; San Luis Obispo, 79-80; San Luis Rey, 92-93; San Miguel, 91; San Rafael, 145; Santa Barbara, 84-86; Santa Clara, 83-84; Santa Cruz, 89; Santa Ynez, 93; Sierra Gorda, 61-62; Soledad, 90.
Palou succeeds Serra as president of, 89; life at, 94-96; progress of, 96; secularization planned by Spain, 96-97; state of, when United States came into possession of California, 97-98; Galvez' idea for protection of, 121; Governor Borica's relation with, 131-132; products of, 162-279; advances money for Cooper's trip to China, 163-164; Serra's statement to Bucareli in regard to state of missions in California, 351; Father Palou's report, 353.
Franciscans' work with Indians, 55; Indians love of, 96; effect of, on Indians, 98; Indian uprising of 1824, attack upon Santa Ynez and La Purisima missions, 165-166.
Missions in Lower California, names and founders of, 326; Dominicans in, 332.
Modoc County, name and origin of, 315.
Mono County, name and origin of, 315.
Monterey, Conde de, viceroy of New Spain, 100, 315.
Monterey, named, 38-39, 100; Portola's expedition in search of, 65-67; Portola's second expedition and arrival at, 71-72; official statement of discovery of, 101; Juan Perez at, 101; arrival of Ship San Antonio at, 101; "Serra tree" at, 102; capital of California, 103, 269; life at, 104-116; first newspaper established at, 111; Commodore

Sloat's arrival at and raising of American flag, 110; Robert Louis Stevenson in, 112-114; trail blazed by Anza from Sonora to, 123; Governor de Neve's arrival at, 124; council held at, to appoint Arrillaga, 129; Peter Puget at, 132; Buenos Ayres insurgents attack upon, 147; Mexican flag over, 148; Dana's description of, 156-157; attempt to move capital, 178; American flag raised over, 185; Kearney at, 269; Fremont's return to, 251; convention held for framing of Constitution, 272-273.
Monterey County, name and origin of, 315.
Monterey Mission. See San Carlos mission.
Monterey Presidio, foundation of, 72, 101.
Montgomery, Captain, in command of U. S. Portsmouth, 203; at Yerba Buena, 203, 205.
Moraga, José Joaquin, at foundation of San José, 125-126; 310, 316, 321.
Mormon Trail, 295-296.
Mormons, 269.
Moscow, U. S. brig, 202, 203.
Mountains, Arrowhead and legend, 10-12; Rubidoux, 13.
Muir, John, greeting from, on Mt. Rubidoux, 13.
Mulholland, William, his connection with Owens River Aqueduct, 301-304; sketch of his life, 303-304.

Name "California." See under California.
Native Sons of the Golden West, official song of organization of, 237-238.
Natividad, battle of, 262.
Nevada City, 224, 231, 235.
Nevada County, name and origin of, 316.
Nevada State, assistance of, in building Central Pacific railroad, 282.
Neve, Felipe de, at San Buenaventura mission, 84; foundation of Santa Barbara presidio under, 85; governor, 121; arrival at Monterey, 124; founds pueblos of San José and Los Angeles, 79, 124-127; his relations with Father Serra, 124; his famous Reglamento and its provisions, 124; instructions from Mexico to, to erect pueblos, 125; honored by Spain, 127; his death, 127.
New Helvetia, 254, 321.
Newspapers, "Californian," 111.
Nieto, Manuel, his Spanish grant, 158.
Niza, Father Marcos de, expedition in search of Seven cities of Cibola, 26-29.
North, John, president of Pioneer Society, 299; story of original orange tree, 299.
Northwest Passage, Drake's search for, 36.

Oaks, at Monterey, 102.
Orange County, name and origin of, 316.
Orange industry, "original orange tree," 299; how Washington navels were brought to California, 299.
Orantes, Andreas de, 24.
Oregon, steamship, 280.
Orellana, Francis, his account of fictitious province in South America, 311-312.
Ortega, José Francisco de, sergeant on expedition on search for Monterey, 66; at discovery of San Francisco Bay, 67; at San Diego mission, 71, 129.
Osbourne, Fanny, 112.

Otondo, Admiral Isidro, expedition to California under, 323-324.
Otter, Boston ship, 139.
Otters, trade in, 279, 162.
Ottinger, Captain, 312.
Owens River Aqueduct, story of, 301-304; William Mulholland, 301-304; Fred Eaton's connection with, 304-303; cost of, 303; amount of supply, 304.

Pacheco, Romualdo, marriage and wedding tour, 73; placed in command of troops, unheeded advice to Victoria, his bravery and death, 176.
Palomares, Ignacio, 180.
Palou, Father Francisco, 61; at San Fernando college, 61-62; at San Francisco mission, 80-81; succeeds Serra, 89; returns to San Fernando college, 89; report on first four years in California, 353; his official record of Serra's death, 364-365.
Pan, its use in mining, 227.
Parron, Father Fernando, on ship San Carlos, 63; at San Diego mission, 71.
Paterna, Father, 350.
"Pathfinder." See Frémont, John C.
Payeras, Father Mariano, contract with Hartnell for trade, 163.
Pearl fisheries, at Monterey, 106-107.
"Pearls of Loreto," legend of, 106-108.
Peña, Father, 350.
Pepper tree, original, at San Luis Rey mission, 93.
Perea, Juan, sails for California, 63; arrival at Monterey, 101.
Peyri, Father Antonio, at San Luis Rey mission, 93.
Phelps, William B., his account of Frémont's pursuit of de la Torre's party, 202-204.
Piccolo, Father Francisco Maria, his association with Father Kino, 330; joins Father Salvatierra, 330.
Pico family, Spanish grant given to, 158.
Pico, Andres, 179; taken prisoner by Castro, 180; in revolt against Americans in Los Angeles, 247; at battle of San Pasqual, 256-262; at battle of San Gabriel River, 264; in command at capitulation of Cahuenga, 266.
Pico, Pio, his attempt to move capital to Los Angeles, 178; his attitude toward Carrillo's conspiracy, 179, 174; his treatment of the Indians, 184; his disloyalty to California during the Bear Flag Revolution, 185; quarrel between Castro and, 184-185, 189; Commodore Sloat's letter to, 240; his orders, 243; Thomas Larkin's advice to, 244; Stockton refuses to treat with delegation sent by, 244-245; his retreat to Mexico, 255.
Pilot Hill, mining camp, 224.
Pinos, Point, 33; Portola's second expedition at, 71.
Pioche, Nevada, 297.
Pioneer Society, John North, president of, 299.
Pious Fund, 323-342; gifts to, 324-330; seized by Spain and how managed, 333; under Mexican government, 333-334; transferred to Bishop Diego, 334; seized by Mexican government, 334; sale of property and results, 334-338; efforts to recover, for the Church, 338-340; decision of commission in regard to accrued interest, 340; payment of interest by Mexico, 340; submitted to court of arbitration, 340-341; Garret McEnerney's argument before the Hague Tribunal, 341.
Pirates, in California, 109; Buenos Ayres insurgents, 109-110.

Place of the Two Shrines. See Santa Clara Valley.
Placer County, name and origin of, 316.
Placerville, formerly mining town, "Hangtown," 224, 231.
Plaza Church of Los Angeles, foundation of, 127.
Plumas County, name and origin of, 316.
Point Reyes, 67; Indians of, 41.
Polk, President, accepts verdict against Frémont, but remits the sentence, 271.
Population, of California, in 1800, 137; in 1848, 280; of Los Angeles in 1800, 138; of Los Angeles in 1905, 302; of San José in 1800, 138.
Porciuncula River at Los Angeles, 126.
Portilla, Pablo de, his march against Governor Victoria, 174-176; joins Carrillo's conspiracy, 179.
Portola, Gaspar de, march to Alta California, 63; arrival at San Diego, 64, 117; expedition in search of Monterey, 65-67; discovers San Francisco Bay, 67; returns to San Diego, 68; relief sent from Spain and his second expedition and arrival at Monterey, 69-72; governor of California, 103, 119-120; his part in expulsion of the Jesuits, 120.
Portsmouth, U. S. ship, at Yerba Buena, 203, 205.
Posesion, Isla de, called La Isla de Juan Rodriguez, 53.
Poverty Flat, mining camp, 224.
Powder, amount used in building railroad across the Sierra, 287-288.
Prat, Pedro, surgeon of San Carlos, 63.
Presidios, San Carlos, "Royal presidio," 72; foundation of Monterey, 72, 101; San Francisco, 80; Santa Barbara, 85; provision for government of, 124; condition of and Arrillago's improvements of, 138.
Price, Rodman, 356.
Privateers. See Buenos Ayres insurgents.
Proclamation, Commodore Sloat's on raising American flag, 240-243.
Prudon, Victor, 192.
Pueblo de las Canoas, 49.
Pueblos, Governor de Neve's reglamento as to, 124; foundation of San José, 124; foundation of Los Angeles, 125-126; instructions to Governor de Neve to erect, 125; solars, building lots in, 126; Governor Arrillaga's report on condition of, 129; during Mexican rule, 153-157; Dana's description of, 153-155.
Puente, Marques de Villa, account of, 326-328.
Puget, Peter, in Monterey harbor, 132.
Purisima mission. See La Purisima mission.

"Queen of the Missions." See San Gabriel mission.
Quentin, sub-chief of the Licatiut tribe, 314.
Quivira, 39.

Railroads in California, in 1868, 281-282; Central Pacific, 282-293; Santa Fé, 293-294; Las Vegas and Tonopah, 297; Salt Lake, 295-297; Union Pacific, 290; Western Pacific, 295.
Ramirez, José, 180.
Ramirez, Pedro, correspondence in regard to Pious Fund, 336-337, 338.
Reclamation of Deserts, area of irrigated territory, 297; cost of irrigation yearly, 298; Imperial Valley, 298.
Reglamento, Governor de Neve's, 124.
Religious service, first Christian in California, 35; first Roman Catholic, in California, 39.
Republic of California. See Bear Flag Revolution.

Revere, Joseph Warren, 206-207.
Rezanoff, N. P. de, in California, his betrothal to Concepcion Arguello and his death, 140-144.
Ridley, Robert, captain of the port of Yerba Buena, 202.
Riley, Bennet, governor of California, 272-273.
Rivera y Moncado, Fernando de, at San Diego 64; on expedition in search of Monterey, 66-67; authority to make land grants given, 121; excommunicated and appeal to Serra, 122; quarrel with Anza, 122-123.
Riverside, 13; original orange tree in, 299.
Riverside County, name and origin of, 316.
Roca, José, 133.
Rocker, as mining appliance, 228.
Rocky Mountain survey, Frémont sent to make, 195.
Rodriguez, Juan, 49.
Rogers, Woodes, voyage of, 37.
Romeu, José Antonio, governor of California, uneventful administration of, 128-129; illness and death, 128-129.
Roosevelt, Theodore, transplanting of "original orange tree" by, 299.
Ross, Fort, Alexander Kofkoff in charge, 146.
Rover, Boston schooner, arrival in Monterey, 163.
Royal chapel. See San Carlos mission.
Royal presidio. See Monterey presidio.
Royal road. See El Camino Real.
Rubidoux Mountain, cross erected in memory of Serra on, 13; greeting from John Muir, 13.
Russians, M. de Rezanoff in California, 139-140; Governor Arrillaga's attitude toward, 140-141; at Fort Bodega, 145, 162; Luis Antonio Arguello's letter to Governor Sola against, 146; San Rafael and San Francisco Solano missions established as barriers to, 145-146; Governor Arguello's bargain with traders, 162; trade with, 280.

Sacramento, distributing point for the mines, 224, 231; capital of California, 273-274.
Sacramento County, name and origin of, 316.
Saint Joseph, patron saint of California, 63.
Sal, Hermenegildo, 129.
Salazar, Father, 319.
Salinas River, 76.
Salt Lake, Captain Jedediah Smith at, 167, 170.
Salt Lake Railroad, 295; projectors of, 296; scenic beauties of, 296; Las Vegas and Tonapah, branch of, 297.
Salvatierra, Father Juan Maria, authority given to, to undertake the conversion of California, 324; in Mexico, 330; in Lower California, 330-331.
San Antonio, ship, sails for California, 63; at Monterey, 101.
San Antonio de Padua mission, foundation of, 76-77; Indians at, 76-77.
San Benito County, name and origin of, 316-317.
San Benito Valley, San Juan Bautista mission in, 91.
San Bernardino, Captain Jedediah Smith at, 170.
San Bernardino County, name and origin of, 317.
San Bernardino Mountains, legend of Arrowhead, 10-12.
San Blas, port of, necessity of keeping open, urged by Serra, 352.
San Buenaventura County. See Ventura County.
San Buenaventura, battle of, 179.

San Buenaventura mission, site selected, 59; foundation of, 84; establishment delayed, 350.
San Carlos mission, site selected, 59; foundation of, 72, 73, 101; Indians around, and Serra's work with, 73-74; removal to Carmel, 73-74; scenery of new site, 74-75; death of Father Serra at, 87; "Serra's tree" in Royal Chapel, 102; Royal Chapel, 103; relics in church of, 103; first land grant given in California, 121.
San Carlos presidio, "Royal presidio," 72.
San Carlos, ship, sails for California, 63, 65; first to enter the Golden Gate, 80-81; arrival at Monterey flying the Mexican flag, 148.
San Clemente Island, discovery of, 33; named San Salvador, 48.
San Diego Bay, discovery of, 8-9; called San Miguel, 32; Viscaino at, 38; called San Mateo, 45-46; arrival of Portola at, 64; Landing of Galvez' expedition, 100; affair of the Lelia Byrd, 140; Captain Jedediah Smith sails from, 170.
San Diego, during Mexican rule, 156.
San Diego County, name and origin of, 317.
San Diego mission, selection of site, 59; foundation of, 68; uprising of the Indians, 68; intention to abandon mission, 68-69; relief sent to, 69-71; Gomez at, 71; Father Jayme killed at, 123.
San Fernando College (Mexico), Serra and Palou at, 61-62: Palou retires to, 89.
San Fernando mission, foundation of, 92.
San Francisco Bay, passed undiscovered, 39; Indians around, 41-42; discovered by Portola, 67; named by Serra, 68; first ship to enter Golden Gate, 80-81; survey by Alberto de Cordoba, 133.
San Francisco, settlers brought from Sinaloa to, 123; Dana's description of, 154-155; condition in 1849, 220; effect of gold discovery on, 221-223; influx of criminals in 1849 in, 231, 234-235; "Hounds," outrages by in, and how suppressed, 231-235; laws in 1849 in, 233-234; Vigilance Committee in, 235-237; assistance of, in building Central Pacific Railroad, 282; destroyed by earthquake and fire and rebuilding of, 299-301.
San Francisco County, name and origin of, 317.
San Francisco mission, foundation of, 80-81.
San Francisco presidio, foundation of, 80.
San Francisco Solano mission, foundation of, 93-94, 146; Russians at, 94.
San Gabriel mission, foundation of, 77-78; Indians at, 78; progress of, 78; punishments for crimes at, 95; Captain Jedediah Smith at, 167.
San Gabriel River, battle of, 264.
San Joaquin, name and origin of, 317.
San José, foundation of pueblo of, 118, 124, 125-126; population in 1800, 138; condition during Mexican rule, 155-156; made capital, 273.
San José mission, foundation of, 90; 169.
San Juan Bautista mission, foundation and progress, 91.
San Juan Capistrano mission, foundation of, 82; success of, 82; Indians of, 82; destroyed by earthquake, 82; sold, 97; Buenos Ayres insurgents at, 147.
San Lucas Islands. See Santa Rosa Island.
San Luis Obispo, first tile manufactured in, 80.
San Luis Obispo County, name and origin of, 318.
San Luis Obispo mission, foundation of, 79-80.
San Luis Rey mission, foundation of, 92-93; Indians of, 92; restoration of, 92-93; Mormon volunteers at, 269.
San Mateo Bay. See San Diego Bay.

San Mateo County, name and origin of, 318.
San Miguel Bay, named, 32, 46-47; 317.
San Miguel Island, 33, 52; Cabrillo's death on, 100.
San Miguel mission, foundation of, 91; Father Lasuen's account of, 91-92.
San Nicolas, story of The Woman of, 43-45.
San Pasqual, battle of, 257-262.
San Pedro Harbor, discovered, 33; Buenos Ayres insurgents at, 147.
San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad. See Salt Lake Railroad.
San Rafael, General Castro at, 200; Kit Carson and Frémont at, 200.
San Rafael Mission, foundation of, 93; established, 145.
San Salvador. See San Clemente.
Sanchez' saloon, bar painted by Tavernier and Frenzeny, 112-113.
Santa Ana, General, decree of, in regard to Pious Fund, 334.
Santa Barbara Channel Indians, 42; story of the "woman of San Nicolas," 43-45; superiority of, 85.
Santa Barbara, location and climate of, 16-17; discovery of, 33; Buenos Ayres insurgents at, 147; during Mexican rule, 156; Captain Pedro Arguello at, 171-172.
Santa Barbara County, name and origin of, 318.
Santa Barbara mission, site of, 84; foundation of, 85; Indians of, 84-85; "sacred gardens" of, 86.
Santa Barbara presidio, foundation of, 85.
Santa Catalina Island, discovery of, 33; named La Vittoria, 48.
Santa Clara College, 83-84.
Santa Clara County, name and origin of, 318-319.
Santa Clara mission, Bucareli orders foundation of, 80-81; foundation of, 83; Jesuits at, 83-84.
Santa Clara Valley, 17-19, 49.
Santa Cruz Island, discovery of, 33.
Santa Cruz, during Mexican rule, 156.
Santa Cruz County, name and origin of, 319.
Santa Cruz mission, foundation of, 89-90.
Santa Fé, New Mexico, establishment of, 294; trade with Kansas City, 294; railroad from Kansas City to, 295.
Santa Fé Railroad, in California, 293-294; route from Santa Fé to California and through California, 295.
Santa Fé trail, 294, 295.
Santa Inez mission. See Santa Ynez mission.
Santa Maria, Father Vicente, at San Francisco, 81.
Santa Monica Bay, name, 48; Indians of, 48-49.
Santa Rosa, ship of Buenos Ayres insurgents, 109.
Santa Rosa Island, discovery of, 33, 52; called Las Islas de San Lucas, 52.
Santa Ynez mission, foundation of, 93; restoration of, 93; attack on, by Indians, 165-166; Father Uria's defense against Indians, 165-166.
Saravia, Father Tomas de la Peña, foundation of Santa Clara mission conducted by, 83; death of, 90.
Savannah, U. S. frigate, at Monterey, 205.
Scott, William, 206.
Seal of California. See State seal.
Sears, Mrs. John, assists in making Bear flag, 195.
Secularization of missions. See Missions.

Semple, Robert, started "Californian" newspaper, 111; in Bear Flag Revolution, 192, 202; chairman of convention for framing the constitution, 272.

Sequoias, 40.

Serra, Father Junipero, cross erected in memory of, on Mt. Rubidoux, 13; connection with José Galvez, 56-59, 62, 63; sketch of life of, 60-62; expedition to California, 62; in Mexico, 61-62; at San Diego, 64, 65, 68-71, 117; accompanies Portola on his second expedition in search of Monterey, 71-72; foundation of San Carlos mission by, 72; work with the Indians, 73-74; return of, to San Carlos mission, 77; San Antonio de Padua mission founded by, 76-77; San Gabriel mission founded by, 77-78; San Luis Obispo mission, founded by, 79-80; at San Francisco mission, 80-81; Santa Clara mission founded, 83; San Buenaventura, 84, 322; at Santa Barbara, 85; his last two years, 86-87; death of, 87; result of his work, 87-88; grief of Indians upon death of, 88; his punishment of criminals, 95; why his work was successful, 98; dispute with military authority, 121; his relations with Governor de Neve, 124, 282, 283; first waterway in California projected by, 305; in California, 332-333; his most famous walk, 349-354; statement to Viceroy Bucareli in regard to state of missions in California, 351-354; charges against Comandante Fages, 352; grave of, 363-366; official record of the death of, 364-365.

"Serra Tree," story of, 102.

Seven Cities of Cibola. See Cibola, seven cities of.

Shasta County, name and origin of, 319.

Shelvocke, Captain George, voyage of, 37.

Sherman, William Tecumseh, story of Señorita Bonifacio and, 110-111.

Sherwood, W. S., 356.

Shubrick, W. Branford, arrival at Monterey, 269; succeeded by Commodore Biddle, 269.

Sierra County, name and origin of, 319.

Sierra Gorda mission, Serra at, 61-62.

Sierra Mountains, difficulties in building railroad across, 286-289.

Sinaloa, settlers brought from to San Francisco, 123.

Sir Francis Drake Bay. See Drake's Bay.

Siskiyou County, name and origin of, 319-320.

Sitjar, Father Buenaventura, at San Miguel mission, 92.

Six Callieux, Ford on Umpqua River, 320.

Slavery, danger of California becoming a slave state, 272.

Sloat, John D., arrival at Monterey of, 205; instructions to, from United States government, 205, 239-240; his indecision in regard to Frémont, 205-206; United States flag raised at Monterey under, 110, 239; his letters to General Castro and Pio Pico, 240; proclamation of, 240-243; Pico's failure to answer letter of, 243; Castro's evasive reply, 243; transference of authority to Stockton, 243; his protest to Secretary of Navy against Stockton's address, 244.

Sluice, as mining appliance, 228.

Smith, Azariah, 217.

Smith, Jedediah, leads first American overland expedition to California, 166; unwelcome reception, 167-168; failure to leave California, 168-169; letter to Father Duran, 169; departure from California, 169, 170; return to California, 170; arrest of and final departure, 170-171.

Snyder, Jacob R., 320, 357.

Sola, Pablo Vicente de, his defense against Buenos Ayres insurgents, 109-110; his opposition to Mexican revolution, 142-143; his trip from Mexico to Monterey and his welcome, 143-145; as governor, 145; his troubles with foreigners, 145-146; establishments of missions under, 145-146; letter from Luis Arguello to, against Russians, 146; defense against Buenos Ayres insurgents at Santa Barbara, 147; at San Pedro, 147; transference of California to Mexican rule, 148-149.
Solano County, name and origin of, 320.
Solano Mission. See San Francisco Solano mission.
Solars, building lots in pueblos, 126.
Soledad Mission, foundation of, 90; death of Father Sarria at, 90.
Soler, Pablo, surgeon and physician, 128.
Somera, Father Angel, at founding of San Gabriel mission, 77-78; 350.
Songs, in mining camps, 237-238; official song of Native Sons of the Golden West, 237-238.
Sonoma, captured by Americans and Bear Flag hoisted, 185, 192, 193, 194, 195; Mexican military garrison at, 191; Bear flag replaced by United States flag, 207.
Sonoma County, name and origin of, 320.
Sonoma Mission. See San Francisco Solano mission.
Sonora, trail blazed by Anza from, to Monterey, 123.
Soto, Antonio, commander of troops against Indian revolt, 181-182.
Spain, Mexican revolution against, 141-142.
Spanish Era in California, 117-150; why the Spanish were unprogressive commercially, 278-279.
Spikes, on Central Pacific railroad, 290.
Stanford, Leland, 282; member of the Central Pacific company, 284-285; governor of California and Senator from, 284; founding of the University, 284; 290, 293.
Stanislaus County, name and origin of, 320-321.
State seal of California, designed by Major Garnett, description of, 274; 355-359.
Stearns, Abel, expatriated, 174.
Sterling, ship, 251.
Stevenson, Jonathan D., arrival of first detachment of a regiment, 269-270.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, life at Monterey, 112-114.
Stockton, Robert F., arrival at Monterey and Sloat's transfer of authority to, 243; address to people of California, 243-244; Sloat objects to address, 244; disregards Larkin's advice, 244; his refusal to negotiate with Flores, 244-245, 263; at San Pedro, 244; in possession of Los Angeles, 245; declares himself Governor of California and appoints Frémont military commander, 246; returns to Monterey, 246; General Kearney's message to, 252-253; his march from San Diego towards Los Angeles and fight on San Gabriel River, 262-264; again takes possession of Los Angeles, 265; letter to Frémont from, 265-266; his relations with General Kearney, 267-268; Frémont's acknowledgment of his authority, 268-269; leaves California, 271.
Stockton (city), 231, 235.
Storm, Peter, his part in making Bear flag, 195.
Suertes, lots for cultivation in pueblos, 126.
Sutter, John A., contract with James W. Marshall, 213-214; Marshall's interview with in regard to discovery of gold, 216-217; 321.
Sutter County, name and origin, 321.

Sutter's Fort, prisoners in, during Bear Flag Revolution, 192; Mexican flag replaced by Bear flag, 194-196; Bear flag replaced by United States flag, 206.
Swift, G. P., 195.

Tavernier, paints bar of Sanchez' saloon, 112-113.
Tehama County, name and origin of, 321.
Thornton, Sir Edward, 340.
Tiles, manufacture of first, at San Luis Obispo, 80.
Todd, William L., artist of Bear flag and his description of flag, 195-196.
Tonopah Railroad. See Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad.
Trade. See Commerce and trade.
Transportation. See Railroads.
Treaties, Cahuenga, 266-267; Guadalupe Hidalgo, 271.
Trees, sequoias, 40; "Serra tree," 102; oaks at Monterey, 102; first orange, 299.
Trinity County, name and origin of, 321.
Truckee, difficulties in construction railroad from Emigrant Gap to, 286-287.
Tulare County, name and origin of, 321.
Tuolumne County, name and origin of, 321.
"Two years before the mast," description of pueblos in, 153-155; description of San Francisco, 154-155.

Ugarte, Father Juan, 330-331.
Unicorns, 28-29.
Union Pacific Railroad, vice-president of, 290.
United States Senators, William M. Gwin, 273; Frémont elected, 273; Stanford elected, 284.
Urdenata, Andreas de, 278.
Uria, Father Francisco Xavier, his defense of Santa Ynez mission against Indians, 165-166.

Valencia, Gabriel, 336.
Vallejo, capital of California, 273.
Vallejo, Ignacio, Governor Fages letter to, 128.
Vallejo, Maria Antonio Lugo de, 160-161.
Vallejo, Mariano G., character of, 179-180; prisoners sent by Castro to, 180; cruel treatment of Indians by, 181-182; his attitude during the Bear Flag Revolution, 185; taken prisoner at Fort Sutter, 185; in charge of Sonoma garrison, 191-192; 356.
Vallejo, Salvador, massacre of Indians by, 182-183; taken prisoner, 192.
Vancouver, George, in Monterey harbor, 132; meeting between Governor Borica and, 132; Governor Arrillaga's attitude toward, 129.
Vandalia, ship, 251.
Varela, Serbulo, leads attack against Americans in Los Angeles, 246-251; his pronunciamento, 247-249.
Vasquez, Tiburcio, 104.
Ventura County, Spanish grant given to Picos in, 158; name and origin of, 322.
Verdugo, José Maria, his Spanish grant, 158.
Viceroys of New Spain. See under: Branciforte, Marques de; Bucareli, Antonio Maria; Croix, Marques de; Zuñiga, Gaspar de.

Victoria, Manue', as governor, 174-177; pronunciamento against, 174-175; Pablo de Portilla marches to Los Angeles against, 175-176; result of fight, 176-177.
Vigilance Committee, organized in San Francisco, 235-237; official declaration of, 367-368; names of, of San Francisco, 368.
Vigilantes, list of names of, 368-369.
Villa, Vicente, commander of ship San Carlos, sails for California, 63; at San Diego mission, 71.
Viscaino, Juan, sails on ship San Antonio for California, 63.
Viscaino, Sebastian, 31; expedition to California, 38-40; reaches San Diego, 38, 317; at Santa Catalina, 38; at Monterey, 39, 100, 102; his map, 58, 59, 71, 315; names Santa Barbara, 318.
Visitador-general. See Galvez, José de.
Vittoria (afterwards Santa Catalina), named, 48.
Vizcaino. See Viscaino.

Warner's ranch, General Kearney at, 256.
Washington navel, how brought to California, 299.
Water Ways. See under Serra, Father.—Owens River Aqueduct.
Western Pacific Railroad, acquired by "Big Four," 293; 295.
"What the Engines Said," Bret Harte's poem in celebration of completion of Central Pacific Railroad, 291-293.
Wheat, crop in 1868, 281.
Wimmer, Mrs. Jane, her account of discovery of gold, 215-216.
Wimmer, Peter L., 214.
"Woman of San Nicolas," legend of, 43-45.
Workman, William, 263.
Wozencraft, O. M., 356.
Wright, George W., elected to Congress, 273.

Yerba Buena, meaning of the word, 221. See also, San Francisco.
Yolo County, name and origin of 322.
Yuba County, name and origin of, 322.

Zamorano, Augustin, his marriage, 173.
Zanjero, William Mulholland as, in Los Angeles, 303-304.
Zuñiga, Gaspar de, Conde de Monterey, viceroy of New Spain, Monterey named in his honor, 100, 315.

.RY

:urned on
elow

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 019 989 016

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(650) 723-9201
salcirc@sulmail.stanford.edu
All books are subject to recall.
DATE DUE

DEC 13 2005
NOV 1 9 2005